

THE
ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME L.



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THE

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TWO ON A TOWER.

X.

THE placid inhabitants of the parish of Welland, including warbling waggoners, lone shepherds, plowmen, the blacksmith, the carpenter, the gardener at the Great House, the steward and agent, the parson, clerk, and so on, were hourly expecting the announcement of St. Cleeve's death. The sexton had been going to see his brother-in-law, nine miles distant, but promptly postponed the visit for a few days, that there might be the regular professional hand present to toll the bell in a note of due fullness and solemnity; an attempt by a deputy, on a previous occasion of his absence, having degenerated into a miserable stammering clang that was a disgrace to the parish. But Swithin St. Cleeve did not decease, a fact of which, indeed, the habituated reader will have been well aware ever since the rain came down upon the young man in the twenty-sixth paragraph of the ninth chapter, and led to his alarming illness. Too many maimed histories (such as his would have read, in those circumstances) are hourly enacting themselves in this dun-colored world to justify the gratuitous infliction of yet other mournful details concerning those

"Who lay great bases for eternity

Which prove more short than waste or ruining."

How it arose that he did not die was in this wise; and his example affords another instance of that reflex rule of the vassal mind over the sovereign body, which, operating so wonderfully in elastic natures, and more or less in all, originally gave rise to the legend that the supremacy lay on the other side.

The evening of the day after the tender, despairing farewell kiss of Lady Constantine, when he was a little less weak than during her visit, he lay with his face to the window. He lay alone, quiet and resigned. He had been thinking, sometimes of her and other friends, but chiefly of his lost discovery. Although nearly unconscious at the time, he had yet been aware of that kiss, as the delicate flush which followed it upon his cheek would have told; but he had attached little importance to it as between woman and man. Had he been dying of love instead of wet weather, perhaps the impulsive act of that handsome lady would have been seized on as proof that his love was returned; as it was, her kiss seemed but the evidence of a naturally demonstrative kindness, felt towards him chiefly because he was believed to be leaving her forever.

The reds of sunset passed, as dusk drew on. Old Hannah came up-stairs to pull down the blinds, and as she ad-

vanced to the window he said to her, in a faint voice, "Well, Hannah, what news to-day?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," Hannah replied, looking out of the window with sad apathy, "only that there's a comet, they say."

"A what?" said the dying astronomer, starting up on his elbow.

"A comet, — that's all, Master Swithin," repeated Hannah, in a lower voice, fearing she had done harm in some way.

"Well, tell me, tell me!" cried Swithin. "Is it Gambart's? Is it Charles the Fifth's, or Halley's, or Faye's, or whose?"

"Hush!" said she, thinking St. Cleeve slightly delirious again. "'Tis God A'mighty's, of course. I have n't seed en myself; but they say he's getting bigger every night, and that he'll be the biggest one known for fifty years when he's full growed. There, you must not talk any more now, or I'll go away."

Here was an amazing event, little noise as it had made in the happening. Of all phenomena that he had longed to witness during his short astronomical career, those appertaining to comets had excited him most. That the magnificent comet of 1811 would not return again for thirty centuries had been quite a permanent regret with him. And now, when the bottomless abyss of death seemed yawning beneath his feet, one of these much-desired apparitions, as large, apparently, as any of its tribe, had chosen to show itself.

"Oh, if I could but live to see that comet through my equatorial!" he cried.

Compared with comets, variable stars, which he had hitherto made his study, were, from their remoteness, uninteresting. They were to the former as the people of Ujiji or Unyamwesi to the people of his own country. Attached to the solar system, these dazzling and

perplexing rangers, the Byrons of firmamental celebrities, the fascination of all astronomers, rendered themselves still more fascinating by the sinister suspicion attaching to them of being possibly the ultimate destroyers of the human race. In his physical prostration St. Cleeve wept bitterly at not being hale and strong enough to welcome with proper honor the new-come specimen of these desirable visitors.

The strenuous wish to live and behold the new phenomenon, supplanting the utter weariness of existence that he had heretofore experienced, lent him a new vitality. The crisis passed; there was a turn for the better; and after that he rapidly mended. The comet had in all probability saved his life. The limitless and complex wonders of the sky resumed their old power over his imagination; the possibilities of that unfathomable blue ocean were endless; finer feats than ever he would perform were to be achieved in its investigation. What Lady Constantine had said, that for one discovery made ten awaited making, was strikingly verified by the sudden appearance of this splendid marvel.

The windows of St. Cleeve's bedroom faced the west, and nothing would satisfy him but that his bed should be so pulled round as to give him a view of the low sky, in which the as yet minute tadpole of fire was recognizable. The mere sight of it seemed to lend him sufficient resolution to complete his own cure forthwith. His only fear now was lest, from some unexpected cause or other, the comet would vanish before he could get to the observatory on Ring's-Hill Speer.

In his fervor to begin observing, he directed that an old telescope, which he had used in his first celestial attempts, should be tied at one end to the bed-post, and at the other fixed near his eye, as he reclined. Equipped only with this rough improvisation, he began to take notes. Lady Constantine was

forgotten, till one day, suddenly, wondering if she knew of the important phenomenon, he revolved in his mind whether, as a fellow-student and sincere friend of his, she ought not to be sent for, and instructed in the use of the equatorial.

But though the image of Lady Constantine, in spite of her kindness and unmistakably warm heart, had been obscured in his mind by the heavenly body, she had not so readily forgotten him. Too shy to repeat her visit after so nearly betraying herself, she yet, every day, by the most ingenious and subtle means that could be devised by a woman who feared for herself, but could not refrain from tampering with danger, ascertained the state of her young friend's health. On hearing of the turn in his condition she rejoiced on his account, and became yet more dependent on her own. If he had died, she might have mused on him as her dear departed saint without much sin; but his return to life was a delight that bewildered and dismayed.

One evening, a little later on, he was sitting at his bedroom window, as usual, waiting for a sufficient decline of light to reveal the comet's form, when he beheld, crossing the field contiguous to the house, a figure which he knew to be hers. He thought she must be coming to see him on the great comet question, to discuss which with so delightful and kind a comrade was an expectation full of pleasure. Hence he keenly observed her approach, till something happened that surprised him. When, at the descent of the hill, she reached the stile that admitted to Mrs. Martin's garden, Lady Constantine stood quite still for a minute or more, her gaze bent on the ground. Instead of coming on to the house she went heavily and slowly back, almost as if in pain; and then at length, quickening her pace, she was soon out of sight. She appeared in the path no more that day.

XI.

Why had Lady Constantine stopped and turned?

A misgiving had taken sudden possession of her. Her true sentiment towards St. Cleeve was too recognizable to herself to be tolerated.

That she had a legitimate interest in him as a young astronomer was true; that her sympathy on account of his severe illness had been natural and commendable was also true. But the superfluous feeling was what filled her with trepidation. Superfluities have been defined as things you cannot do without, and this particular emotion, that came not within her rightful measure, was just such a superfluity with her. In short, she felt there and then that to see St. Cleeve again would be dangerous; and by a violent effort she retreated from his precincts, as he had observed.

She resolved to ennoble her conduct from that moment of her life onwards. She would exercise kind patronage towards Swithin without once indulging herself with his company. Inexpressibly dear to her deserted heart he was becoming, but for the future he should at least be hidden from her eyes. To speak plainly, it was growing a serious question whether, if he were not hidden from her eyes, she would not soon be across the ragged boundary which divides the permissible from the forbidden.

By the time she drew near home the sun was going down. The heavy and handsome church, now subdued by violet shadow, except where its upper courses caught the western stroke of flame-color, stood close to her grounds, though the village of which it formerly was the nucleus had become quite depopulated, its cottages having been demolished to enlarge the park, leaving the old building to stand there alone,

like a standard without an army. It was Friday night, and she heard the organist practicing voluntaries within. The hour, the notes, the even-song of the birds, and her own previous emotions combined to influence her devotionally; she entered, turning to the right and passing under the chancel arch, where she sat down and viewed the whole empty length, east and west. The semi-Norman arches of the nave, with their multitudinous notchings, were still visible by the light from the tower window, but the lower portion of the building was in obscurity, except where the feeble glimmer from the candle of the organist spread a glow-worm radiance around. The player, who was Miss Tabitha Lark, continued without intermission to produce her wandering sounds, unconscious of any one's presence except that of the youthful blower at her side.

The rays from the organist's candle illuminated but one small fragment of the chancel outside the precincts of the instrument, and that was the portion of the eastern wall whereon the ten commandments were inscribed. The gilt letters shone sternly into Lady Constantine's eyes; and she, being as impressionable as a turtle-dove, watched one of those commandments on the second table, till its thunder broke her spirit with blank contrition.

She knelt down, and did her utmost to eradicate those impulses towards St. Cleeve which were inconsistent with her position as the wife of an absent man, though not unnatural in her as his victim.

She knelt till she seemed scarcely to belong to the time she lived in, which lost the magnitude that the nearness of its perspective lent it on ordinary occasions, and took its natural rank with the other centuries. Having once got out of herself, she was calmer, and went on to register a magnanimous vow. She would look about for some maiden fit

and likely to make St. Cleeve happy; and this girl she would endow with what money she could afford, that the natural result of their apposition should do him no worldly harm. The interest of her, Lady Constantine's, life should be in watching the development of love between Swithin and the ideal maiden.

The very painfulness of the scheme to her susceptible heart made it pleasing to her conscience; and she wondered that she had not before this time thought of a stratagem which united the possibility of benefiting the astronomer with the advantage of guarding against peril to both Swithin and herself. By providing for him a suitable helpmate she would preclude the dangerous awakening in him of sentiments reciprocating her own. Arrived at a point of exquisite misery through this heroic intention, Lady Constantine's tears moistened the books upon which her forehead was bowed. And as she heard her feverish heart throb against the desk, she firmly believed the wearing impulses of that heart would put an end to her sad life, and momentarily recalled the banished image of St. Cleeve to apostrophize him in a paraphrase of the poet's quaint lines:—

"Dear love, press thy hand to my breast, and tell
If thou tracest the knocks in that narrow cell:
A carpenter dwells there; cunning is he,
And slyly he's shaping a coffin for me.

"He hammers and knocks by night and by day;
My repose he has utterly banished away.
O carpenter, carpenter, prithee work fast,
That I in still silence may slumber at last."

Lady Constantine was disturbed by a break in the organist's meandering practice, and raising her head she saw a person standing by the player. It was Mr. Torkingham, and what he said was distinctly audible. He was inquiring for herself.

"I thought I saw Lady Constantine walk this way," he rejoined to Tabitha's negative. "I am very anxious indeed to meet with her."

She went forward. "I am here," she

said. "Don't stop playing, Miss Lark. What is it, Mr. Torkingham?"

Tabitha thereupon resumed her playing, and Mr. Torkingham joined Lady Constantine.

"I have some very serious intelligence to break to your ladyship," he said. "But — I will not interrupt you here." (He had seen her rise from her knees to come to him.) "I will call at the house the first moment you can receive me, after reaching home."

"No, tell me here," she said, reseating herself.

He came close, and placed his hand on the poppy-head of the seat. "I have received a telegram," he resumed, haltingly, "in which I am requested to prepare you for the contents of a letter that you will receive to-morrow morning."

"I am quite ready."

"The subject is briefly this, Lady Constantine: that you have been a widow for more than eighteen months."

"Dead!"

"Yes. Sir Blount was attacked by dysentery and malarious fever, on the banks of the Zonga in South Africa, so long ago as last October twelvemonths, and it carried him off. Of the three men who were with him, two succumbed to the same illness, a hundred miles further on; while the third, retracing his steps into a healthier district, remained there with a native tribe, and took no pains to make the circumstances known. It seems to be only by the mere accident of his having told some third party that we know of the matter now. This is all I can tell you at present."

She was greatly agitated for a few moments; and the Table of the Law opposite glistened indistinctly upon a vision still obscured by the old tears, which now seemed to appertain to another dispensation.

"Shall I conduct you home?" asked the parson.

"No, thank you," said Lady Constantine. "I would rather go alone."

XII.

On the afternoon of the next day Mr. Torkingham, who occasionally dropped in to see St. Cleeve, called again as usual, and after duly remarking on the state of the weather, congratulating him on his sure though slow improvement, and answering his inquiries about the comet, said, "You have heard, I suppose, of what has happened to Lady Constantine?"

"No. Good heavens! Nothing serious?"

"Yes, it is serious." The parson informed him of the death of Sir Blount, and of the accidents which had hindered all knowledge of the same, — accidents favored by the estrangement of the pair, and the lack of correspondence between them for some time.

His listener received the news with the concern of a friend, Lady Constantine's aspect in his eyes depending but little on her condition matrimonially.

"There was no attempt to bring him home when he died?"

"Oh, no. The climate necessitates instant burial. We shall have more particulars in a day or two, doubtless."

"Poor Lady Constantine, — so good and so emotional as she is! I suppose she is quite prostrated by the bad news."

"Well, she is rather serious, — not prostrated. The household is going into mourning."

"Ah no, she would not be quite prostrated," murmured Swithin, recollecting himself. "He was unkind to her in many ways. Do you think she will go away from Welland?"

That the vicar could not tell. But he feared that Sir Blount's affairs had been in a seriously involved condition, which might necessitate many and unexpected changes.

Time showed that Mr. Torkingham's surmises were correct. During the long weeks of early summer, through which

the young man still lay imprisoned, if not within his own chamber, within the limits of the house and garden, news reached him that Sir Blount's mismanagement and eccentric behavior were resulting in serious consequences to Lady Constantine; nothing less, indeed, than her almost complete impoverishment. His personalty was swallowed up in paying his debts, and the Welland estate was so heavily charged with annuities to his distant relatives that only a mere pittance was left for her. She was reducing the establishment to the narrowest compass compatible with decent gentility. The horses were sold one by one; the greater part of the house was shut up, and she resided in the smallest rooms. All that was allowed to remain of her former contingent of male servants were an odd man and a boy. Instead of using a carriage, she now drove about in a donkey-chair, the said boy walking in front to clear the way and keep the animal in motion; while she wore, so his informants reported, not an ordinary widow's cap or bonnet, but something even plainer, the black material being drawn tightly round her face, giving her features a small, demure, devout cast, very pleasing to the eye.

"Now what's the most curious thing in this, Mr. San Cleeve," said Sammy Blore, who, in calling to inquire after Swithin's health, had imparted some of the above particulars, "is that my lady seems not to mind being a pore woman half so much as we do at seeing her so. 'Tis a wonderful gift, Mr. San Cleeve, to be able to guide yerself, and not let loose yer soul at such a misfortune. I should go and drink neat if it had happened to me; but my lady's plan is best, though I only know such practices by hearsay, to be sure, for I never had nothing to lose."

Meanwhile, the observatory was not forgotten; nor that visitant of singular shape and habits, which had appeared

in the sky from no one knew whither, trailing its luminous streamer, and proceeding on its way in the face of a wondering world, till it should choose to vanish as suddenly as it had come. When, about a month after the above dialogue took place, Swithin was allowed to go about as usual, his first pilgrimage was to the Rings-Hill Speer. Here he studied at leisure what he had come to see.

On his return to the homestead, just after sunset, he found his grandmother and Hannah in a state of great concern. The former was looking out for him against the evening light, her face showing itself worn and rutted like an old highway by the passing of many days. Her information was that in his absence Lady Constantine had called in her driving-chair, to inquire for him. Her ladyship had wished to observe the comet through the great telescope, but had found the door locked when she applied at the tower. Would he kindly leave the door unfastened to-morrow, she had asked, that she might be able to go to the column on the following evening, for the same purpose? She did not require him to attend.

During the next day he sent Hannah with the key to Welland House, not caring to leave the tower open. As evening advanced and the comet grew distinct, he doubted if Lady Constantine could handle the telescope alone with any pleasure or profit to herself. Unable, as a devotee to science, to rest under this misgiving, he crossed the field in the furrow that he had used ever since the corn was sown, and entered the plantation. His unpracticed mind never once guessed that her stipulations against his coming might have arisen from a sense that such meetings had already been too frequent to bear repetition with propriety, innocent as they had been in fact and intent.

On ascending he found her already there. She sat in the observing-chair:

the warm light from the west, which flowed in through the opening of the dome, brightened her face, and her face only, her robes of sable lawn rendering the remainder of her figure almost invisible.

"You have come!" she said, with some dismay. "I did not require you. But never mind." She extended her hand cordially to him.

Before speaking he looked at her with a great new interest in his eye. It was the first time that he had seen her thus, and she was altered in more than dress.

"Have you nothing to say?" she continued. "Your footsteps were audible to me from the very bottom, and I knew they were yours. You look almost restored."

"I am almost restored," he replied, respectfully pressing her hand. "A reason for living arose, and I lived."

"What reason?" she quickly inquired.

He pointed to the rocket-like object in the western sky. His eyes then returned to her face, whose soberly-sweet expression was of a rare and peculiar kind,—something that he had never seen before in woman.

"You mean the comet? Well, you will never make a courtier! You know, of course, what has happened to me. Have you also heard that I am now quite a poor woman? Tell me what you think of it."

"I have thought very little of it, since I heard that you seemed to mind it but little. There is even this good in it, that I may now be able to show you some little kindness for all those you have done me, my dear lady."

"Unless, for economy's sake, I go and live abroad,—at Dinan, Versailles, or Boulogne."

Swithin, who had never thought of such a contingency, was earnest in his regrets; without, however, showing more than a sincere friend's disappointment.

"I did not say it was absolutely nec-

essary," she continued. "I have, in fact, grown so homely and home-loving, I am so interested in the place and the people here, that, in spite of advice, I have almost determined not to let the house; but to continue the less business-like but pleasanter alternative of living humbly in a part of it, and shutting up the rest."

"Your love of astronomy is getting as strong as mine!" he said ardently.

"You could not tear yourself away from the observatory?"

"You might have supposed me capable of a little human feeling as well as scientific, in connection with the observatory."

"Dear Lady Constantine, by admitting that your astronomer has also a part of your interest"—

"Ah, you did not find it out without my telling!" she said, with a playfulness which was scarcely playful, a slight accession of pinkness being visible in her face. "I diminish myself in your esteem by reminding you."

"You might do anything in this world without diminishing yourself in my esteem, after the goodness you have shown. And more than that, no misrepresentation, no rumor, no damning appearance whatever, would ever shake my loyalty to you."

"But you put a very matter-of-fact construction on my motives, sometimes. You see me in such a hard light that I have to drop hints in quite a manoeuvring manner to let you know I am as sympathetic as other people. I sometimes think you would rather have me die than have your equatorial stolen. Confess that your admiration for me was based on my house and position in the county! Now I am shorn of all that glory, such as it was, and am a widow, and am poorer than my tenants, and can no longer buy telescopes, and am unable, from the narrowness of my circumstances, to mix in circles that people formerly said I adorned, I fear I

have lost the little hold I once had over you."

"You are as unjust now as you have been generous hitherto," said St. Cleeve, with tears in his eyes at the gentle banter of the lady, which he, poor innocent, read as her real opinions. Seizing her hand, he continued, in tones between reproach and anger, "I swear to you that I have but two devotions, two thoughts, two hopes, and two blessings in this world, and that one of them is yourself!"

"And the other?"

"The pursuit of astronomy."

"And astronomy stands first."

"I have never ordained two such dissimilar ideas. And why should you deplore your altered circumstances, my dear lady? Your widowhood, if I may take the liberty to speak on such a subject, is, though I suppose a sadness, not perhaps an unmixed evil. For though your pecuniary troubles have been discovered to the world and yourself thereby, your happiness in marriage was, as you have generously confided to me, not great; and you are now left free as a bird to follow your own hobbies."

"I wonder you recognize that."

"But perhaps," he added, with a sigh of regret, "you will again fall a prey to some man, some uninteresting country squire or other, and be lost to the scientific world, after all."

"If I fall a prey to any man, it will not be to a country squire. But don't go on with this, for Heaven's sake! You may think what you like in silence."

"We are forgetting the comet," said St. Cleeve. He turned, and set the instrument in order for observation, and wheeled round the dome. While they were looking at the nucleus of the fiery plume, that now filled so large a space of the sky as completely to dominate it, Swithin dropped his gaze upon the field, and beheld in the dying light a number of laborers crossing it directly towards the column.

"What do you see?" Lady Constantine asked, without ceasing to observe the comet.

"Some of the work-folk are coming this way. I know what they are coming for, — I promised to let them look at the comet through the glass."

"They must not come up here," she said decisively.

"They shall await your time."

"I have a special reason for wishing them not to see me here. If you ask why, I can tell you. They mistakenly suspect my interest to be less in astronomy than in the astronomer, and they must have no showing for such a wild notion. What can you do to keep them out?"

"I'll lock the door," said Swithin. "They will then think I am away."

He ran down the staircase, and she could hear him hastily turning the key. Lady Constantine sighed.

"What weakness, what weakness!" she said to herself. "That envied power of self-control, — where is it? That power of concealment which a woman should have, — where? To run such risks, to come here alone, — oh, if it were known! But I was always so, — always!"

She jumped up, and followed him down-stairs.

XIII.

He was standing immediately inside the door at the bottom, though it was so dark she could hardly see him. The villagers were audibly talking just without.

"He's sure to come, sooner or later," resounded up the spiral in the voice of Hezzy Biles. "He would n't let such a fine show as the comet makes to-night go by without peeping at it, — not Master Cleeve! Did ye bring along the flagon, Haymoss? Then we'll sit down inside the hut here and wait. He'll come afore bed-time. Why, his spy-glass

will stretch out that there comet as long as Welland Lane."

"I'd as soon miss the great peep-show that comes every year to Green-hill Fair as a sight of such a immortal spectacle as this!"

"Immortal spectacle,"—where did ye get that choice morsel, Haymoss?" inquired Sammy Blore. "Well, well, the Lord save the simple. But, as 't is so dark in the hut, suppose we draw out the bench into the front here, souls?"

The bench was accordingly brought forth, and in order to have a back to lean against they placed it exactly across the door into the spiral staircase. "Now, have ye got any backer? If ye have n't, I have," continued Sammy Blore. A striking of matches followed, and the speaker concluded comfortably, "Now we shall do very well."

"And what do this comet mean?" asked Haymoss. "That some great tumult is going to happen, or that we shall die of a famine?"

"Famine?—no," said Nat Chapman. "That only touches such as we, and God only concerns himself wi' his upper creatures. It is n't to be supposed that a strange fiery lantern like that would be lighted up for folks with ten or a dozen shillings a week and their gristing, and a load o' thorn fagots when we can get 'em. If 't is a signal to mend the ways of anybody in this parish, 't is to my Lady Constantine, since she is the only one with feelings worth such a hint."

"As for her income,—that she's now lost."

"Ah, well; I don't take in all I hear."

Lady Constantine drew close to St. Cleeve's side, and whispered, trembling, "Do you think they will wait long? Or can we get out?"

Swithin felt the awkwardness of the situation. The men had stupidly placed the bench close to the door, which, owing to the stairs within, opened outwards;

so that, at the first push by the pair inside to release themselves, the bench must have gone over, and sent the smokers sprawling on their faces. He whispered to her to ascend the column and wait till he came.

"And have the dead man left her nothing? And have he carried his inheritance into 's grave? And will his skeleton lie warm on account o' t? Hee-hee!" said Haymoss.

"'T is all swallowed up," observed Hezzy Biles. "His goings-on made her miserable till 'a died, and if I were the woman I'd have my antics now. He ought to have bequeathed to her this young gentleman, Mr. St. Cleeve, as some sort of amends. I'd up and marry him if I were she; since her downfall has brought 'em quite near together, and made him as good as she in rank, as he was afore in bone and breeding."

"D' ye think she will?" asked Sammy Blore. "Or is she intending virginity for the rest of her days?"

"I don't want to be unreverent to her ladyship; but I really don't think she is intending any such desperate martyrting of herself. I say she's rather intending to commit lawful matrimony with somebody or other, and one young gentleman in particular."

"But the young man himself?"

"Planned, cut out, and finished for the delight of woman!"

"Yet he must be willing."

"That would soon come. If they get up this tower ruling plannards together much longer, their plannards will soon rule them together, in my way of thinking. If she've a disposition towards the knot, she can soon teach him."

"True, true, and lawfully. What before might ha' been a wrong desire is now a holy wish."

The scales fell from Swithin St. Cleeve's eyes as he heard the words of his neighbors. How suddenly the truth dawned upon him; how it bewildered

him, till he scarcely knew where he was ; how he recalled the full force of what he had only half apprehended at earlier times, — these vivid things are difficult to tell in slow verbiage. He could remain there no longer, and with an electrified heart he retreated up the spiral. He found Lady Constantine half-way to the top, standing by a loop-hole, and when she spoke he discovered that she was almost in tears. "Are they gone?" she asked.

"I fear they will not go yet," he replied, with a nervous fluctuation of manner that had never before appeared in his bearing towards her.

"What shall I do?" she asked. "I ought not to be here ; nobody knows that I am out of the house. Oh, this is a mistake ! I must go home somehow."

"Did you hear what they were saying?"

"No," said she. "What is the matter? Surely you are trembling? What did they say?"

"It would be the exaggeration of frankness in me to tell you."

"Is it what a woman ought not to be made acquainted with?"

"It is, in this case. It is so new and so indescribable an idea to me — that" — He leant against the concave wall, quite tremulous with strange incipient sentiments.

"What sort of an idea?" she asked gently.

"It is — an awakening. In thinking of the heaven above, I did not perceive — the" —

"Earth beneath?"

"The other heaven beneath. Pray, dear Lady Constantine, give me your hand for a moment!"

She seemed startled, and the hand was not given. "I am so anxious to get home," she repeated. "I did not mean to stay here more than five minutes!"

"I fear I am much to blame for this accident," he said. "I ought not to

have intruded here. But don't grieve ! I will arrange for your escape, somehow. Be good enough to follow me down."

They redescended, and, whispering to Lady Constantine to remain a few stairs behind, he began to rattle and unlock the door. The men precipitately removed their bench, and Swithin stepped out, the light of the summer night being still enough to enable them to distinguish him.

"Well, Hezekiah, and Samuel, and Nat, how are you?" he said boldly.

"Well, sir, 't is much as before with me," replied Nat. "One hour a week with God and the rest with the devil, as a man may say. And really, now yer poor father's gone, I'd as lief that Sunday hour should go like the rest ; for Pa'son Tarkenham do tease a feller's conscience that much that church is no hollerday at all to the limbs, as it was in yer reverent father's time. But we've-been waiting here, Mr. San Cleeve, supposing ye had not come."

"I have been sitting at the top, and fastened the door not to be disturbed. Now I am sorry to disappoint you, but I have another engagement this evening, so that it would be inconvenient to admit you. To-morrow evening, or any evening but this, I will show you the comet and any stars you like."

They readily agreed to come the next night, and prepared to depart. But what with the flagon and the pipes and the final observations, getting away was a matter of time. Meanwhile, a cloud, which nobody had noticed, had arisen from the north overhead, and large drops of rain began to fall so rapidly that the conclave entered the hut till it should be over. St. Cleeve strolled off under the firs. The next moment there was a rustling through the trees at another point, and a man and woman appeared. The woman took shelter under a tree, and the man, bearing wraps and umbrellas, came forward.

"My lady's man and maid," said Sammy.

"Is her ladyship here?" asked the man.

"Her ladyship keeps more kissable company," replied Nat Chapman.

"Hush!" said Blore.

"Not here? Well, to be sure! We can't find her anywhere in the wide house! I've been sent to look for her with these overclothes and umbrella. I've suffered horse-flesh traipsing up and down, and can't find her nowhere. Lord, Lord, where can she be, and two months' wages owing to me!"

"Why so anxious, Anthony Green, as I think yer name is shaped? You be not a married man?" said Hezzy.

"'Tis what they call me, neighbors, whether or no."

"But surely you was a bachelor chap by late, afore her ladyship got rid of the regular servants and took ye?"

"I were; but that's past."

"And how came ye to bow yer head to 't, Anthony? 'Tis what you never was inclined to. You was by no means a doting man in my time."

"Well, had I been left to my own free choice, 'tis as like as not I should ha' shunned forming such kindred, being at that time a poor day man, or weekly, at my highest luck in hiring. But 'tis wearing work to hold out against common usage, and the woman wanting ye to stand by her and save her from unborn shame; so, since custom would have it, I let myself be carried away by opinion, and took her. Though she's never once thanked me for covering her confusion, that's true. Well, well, 'tis the way of God's creatures, as a man may say, and I don't complain. Here she is, just behind, under the tree, if you'd like to see her. Well, well, where can my lady be? And I the trusty jeneral man, — 'tis more than my place is worth to lose her! Come forward, Christiana, and talk to the gentlemen."

While the woman was talking, the rain increased so much that they all retreated further into the hut. St. Cleeve, who had impatiently stood a little way off, now saw his opportunity, and, putting in his head, said, "The rain beats in; you had better shut the door. I must ascend and close up the dome." Slamming the door upon them without ceremony, he quickly went to poor Lady Constantine in the column, and telling her she could pass them unseen gave her his arm; thus he conducted her across the front of the hut into the shadows of the firs.

"I will run to the house and harness your little carriage myself," he said tenderly. "I will then take you home in it."

"No; please don't leave me alone under these dismal trees." Neither would she hear of his getting her any wraps; and, opening her little sunshade to keep the rain out of her face, she walked with him across the insulating field, after which the trees of the park afforded her a sufficient shelter to reach home without much damage. Swithin was too greatly affected by what he had overheard to speak much to her on the way, and protected her as if she had been a shorn lamb. After a farewell which had more meaning than sound in it, he hastened back to Ring's-Hill Speer. The workfolk were still in the hut, and by dint of friendly converse and a sip at the flagon had so cheered Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Green that they neither thought nor cared what had become of Lady Constantine.

St. Cleeve's sudden sense of new relations with that sweet patroness had taken away in one half hour his natural ingenuousness. Henceforth he could act a part.

"I have made all secure at the top," he said, putting his head into the hut. "I am now going home. When the rain ceases, lock this door and bring the key to my house."

XIV.

Rural solitude, which provides ample themes for the intellect and sweet occupations innumerable for the minor sentiments, affords no normal channel for those stronger passions that enter no less than the others into the complicated stream of human consciousness. The suspended pathos finds its remedy in crystallizing on the first intrusive object that happens to be reasonably well organized for the purpose, regardless of reasonable accessories. Where the solitude is shadowed by the secret melancholies of the solitary, this process is still surer in operation.

The labored resistance which Lady Constantine's judgment had offered to her rebellious affection ere she learnt that she was a widow, and which had taken the form of sharp remorse, became now an inward bashfulness, that rendered her even more unstable of mood than she was before. However, having discovered herself to love this handsome youth of intellectual promise, she was one of that mettle, fervid, cordial, and spontaneous, who would rather see all her affairs going to rack and ruin than abjure a tender faith in anybody to repair them. But they had already gone to rack and ruin by no fault of hers, and had left her such a painfully narrowed existence as even lent something of rationality to her attachment. Thus it was that her restful and unambitious soul found comfort in her reverses.

As for St. Cleeve, the tardiness of his awakening was the natural result of his inexperience combined with devotion to his hobby. But, like a spring bud hard in bursting, the delay was compensated by after-speed. At once breathlessly recognizing in this fellow-watcher of the skies a handsome woman attached to him in addition to the patroness and friend, he truly translated the nearly

forgotten kiss she had given him in her moment of despair. The first word of self-communing about her in this aspect begot a second, and the second a third, and so on to the end of the chapter of development which makes up the growth of a love.

Lady Constantine, in being seven years his senior, was an object even better calculated to nourish a youth's first passion than any girl his own age, superiority of experience and ripeness of emotion exercising a peculiar fascination over young men in their first ventures in this kind.

The alchemy which thus transmuted an abstracted astronomer into an eager lover—alas, must it be said, spoilt a promising young physicist to produce a commonplace innamorato?—may be almost described as working its change in one short night. Next morning he was so fascinated with the new sensation that he wanted to rush off at once to Lady Constantine, and say, "I love you true!" in the intensest tones of that mental condition, so as to register his assertion in her heart before any of those accidents which "creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings," should occur to hinder him. But his embarrassment at standing in a new position towards her would not allow him to present himself at her door in any such hurry. He waited on, as helplessly as a girl, for a chance of encountering her.

But though she had tacitly agreed to see him on any reasonable occasion, Lady Constantine did not put herself in his way. She even kept herself out of his way. Now that for the first time he had learnt to feel a strong impatience for their meeting, her shyness for the first time led her to delay it. But given two people living in one parish, who long from the depths of their hearts to be in each other's company, what resolves of modesty, policy, pride, or apprehension will keep them for any

length of time apart? One afternoon he was watching the sun from his tower, and half echoing the Greek astronomer's wish that he might be set close to that luminary for the wonder of beholding it in all its glory, at the slight penalty of being utterly consumed the next instant. Glancing over the high-road between the field and the park (which sublunary features now too often distracted his attention from his telescope), he saw her passing along that way. She was seated in the donkey-carriage, that had now taken the place of her landau, the white animal looking no larger than a cat at that distance. The buttoned boy, who represented both coachman and footman, walked alongside the animal's head at a solemn pace; the dog stalked at the distance of a yard behind the vehicle, without indulging in a single gambol; and the whole turn-out resembled in dignity a dwarfed state procession.

Here was an excellent opportunity but for two obstructions: the boy, who might be curious; and the dog, who might bark and attract the attention of any laborers or servants near. Yet the risk was to be run, and, knowing that she would soon turn up a certain shady lane at right angles to the road she had followed, he ran hastily down the staircase, crossed the barley (which now covered the field) by the path not more than a foot wide, which he had trodden for himself, and got into the lane at the other end. By slowly walking along it in the direction of the turnpike road he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her coming. To his surprise, he also had the additional satisfaction of perceiving that neither boy nor dog was in her company.

They both blushed as they approached, she from sex, he from juvenility. One thing she seemed to see in a moment, that in the interval of her absence St. Cleve had become a man; and as he greeted her with this new and

maturer light in his eyes, she could not hide her embarrassment or meet their fire.

"I have just sent my page across to the column with your book on Cometary Nuclei, that you might not have to come to the House for it. I did not know I should meet you here."

"Did n't you wish me to come to the House for it?"

"I did not, frankly. You know why, do you not?"

"Yes, I know. Well, my longing is at rest. I have met you again. But are you unwell, that you drive out in this chair?"

"No; I walked out this morning, and am a little tired."

"I have been looking for you night and day. Why do you turn your face aside? You used not to be so." Her hand rested on the side of the chair, and he took it. "Do you know that since we last met, I have been thinking of you — daring to think of you — as I never thought of you before?"

"Yes, I know it."

"How did you know?"

"I saw it in your face when you came up."

"Well, I suppose I ought not to think of you so. And yet, had I not learnt to, I should never fully have felt how gentle and sweet you are. Only think of my loss if I had lived and died without seeing more in you than in astronomy! But I shall never cease to do so now. When you talk I shall love your understanding; when you are silent I shall love your face. But how shall I know that you care to be so much to me?"

Her manner was disturbed as she recognized the impending self-surrender, which she knew not how to resist, and was not altogether at ease in welcoming.

"Oh, Lady Constantine," he continued, bending over her, "give me some proof more than mere seeming

and inference, which are all I have at present, that you don't think this I tell you of presumption in me! I have been unable to do anything since I last saw you for pondering uncertainly on this. Some proof, or little sign, that we are one in heart!"

A blush settled on her face; and half in effort, half in spontaneity, she put her finger on her cheek. He respectfully, almost devotionally, kissed the spot.

"Does that suffice?" she asked, scarcely giving her words voice.

"Yes; I am convinced."

"Then that must be the end. Let me drive on; the boy will be back again soon." She spoke hastily, and looked askance, to hide the heat of her cheek.

"No; the tower door is open, and he will go to the top, and waste his time in looking through the telescope."

"Then you should rush back, for he will do some damage."

"No; he may do what he likes, tinker and spoil the instrument, destroy my papers, — anything, so that he will stay there and leave us alone."

She flushed with a species of pained pleasure. "You never used to feel like that!" she said, and there was keen self-reproach in her voice. "You were once so devoted to your science that the thought of an intruder into your temple would have driven you wild. Now you don't care; and who is to blame? Ah, not you, not you!"

The animal ambled on with her, and he, leaning on the side of the little vehicle, kept her company. "Well, don't let us think of that," he said. "I offer myself and all my energies, frankly and entirely, to you, my dear, dear lady, whose I shall be always. But my words in telling you this will only injure my meaning, instead of emphasize it. In expressing, even to myself, my thoughts of you, I find that I fall into phrases which, as a critic, I should hitherto have heartily despised for their commonness.

What's the use of saying, for instance, as I have just said, that I give myself entirely to you, and shall be yours always, — that you have my devotion, my highest homage? Those words have been used so frequently in a flippant manner that honest use of them is not distinguishable from the unreal." He turned to her, and added, smiling, "Your eyes are to be my stars for the future."

"Yes, I know it, — I know it, and all you would say! I dreaded even while I hoped for this, my dear young friend," she replied, her eyes being full of tears. "I am injuring you; who knows that I am not ruining your future, — I who ought to know better? Nothing can come of this, — nothing must, — and I am only wasting your time. Why have I drawn you off from a grand celestial study to study poor lonely me? Say you will never despise me, when you get older, for this episode in our lives. But you will, — I know you will. All men do, when they have been attracted in their unsuspecting youth as I have attracted you. I ought to have kept my resolve."

"What was that?"

"To bear anything rather than draw you from your high purpose; to be like the noble citizen of old times, who, attending a sacrifice; let himself be burnt to the bone by a coal that jumped into his sleeve rather than disturb the sacred ceremony."

"But can I not study and love both?"

"I hope so, — I earnestly hope so. But you'll be the first if you do, and I am the responsible one if you do not."

"You speak as if I were quite a child, and you immensely older. Why, how old do you think I am? I am twenty."

"You seem younger. Well, that's so much the better. Twenty sounds strong and firm. How old do you think I am?"

"I have never thought of considering." He innocently turned to scruti-

nize her face. She winced a little. But the instinct was premature. Time had taken no liberties with her features as yet; nor had trouble very roughly handled her, to outward view.

"I will tell you," she replied, speaking almost with physical pain, yet as if determination should carry her through. "I am six and twenty — nearly — I mean a little more, a few months more. Am I not a fearful deal older than you?"

"At first it seems a great deal," he answered, musing. "But it does n't seem much when one gets used to it."

"Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "It is a good deal."

"Very well, then, sweetest Lady Constantine, let it be," he said gently.

"You should not let it be! A polite man would have flatly contradicted me. . . . Oh, I am ashamed of this!" she added, a moment after, with a subdued, sad look upon the ground. "I am speaking by the card of the outer world, which I have left behind utterly: no such lip-service is known in your sphere. I care nothing for those things, really; but that which is called the Eve in us will out sometimes. Well, we will forget that now, as we must, at no very distant date, forget all the rest of this."

He walked beside her thoughtfully a while, with his eyes also bent on the road. "Why must we forget it all?" he inquired.

"It is only an interlude."

"An interlude! It is no interlude to me. Oh, how can you talk so lightly of this, Lady Constantine? And yet, if I were to go away from here, I might, perhaps, soon reduce it to an interlude! Yes," he resumed impulsively, "I will go away. Love dies, and it is just as well to strangle it in its birth; it can only die once! I'll go."

"No, no!" she said, looking up apprehensively. "I misled you. It is no interlude to me, — it is tragical. I only meant that from a worldly point of view it is an interlude, which we should try

to forget. But the world is not all. You will not go away?"

But he continued, drearily, "Yes, yes, I see it all: you have enlightened me. It will be hurting your prospects even more than mine, if I stay. Now Sir Blount is dead, you are free again, — may marry where you will, but for this fancy of ours. I'll leave Weland, before harm comes of my staying."

"Don't decide to do a thing so rash!" she begged, seizing his hand, and looking miserable at the effect of her words. "I shall have nobody left in the world to care for! And now I have given you the great telescope, and lent you the column, it would be ungrateful to go away! I was wrong; believe me that I did not mean that it was a mere interlude to *me*. Oh, if you only knew how very, very far it is from that! It is my doubt of the result to you that makes me speak so slightly."

They were now approaching cross-roads, and, casually looking up, they beheld, thirty or forty yards beyond the crossing, Mr. Torkingham, who was leaning over a gate, his back being towards them. As yet he had not recognized their approach.

The master passion had already supplanted St. Cleeve's natural ingenuousness by subtlety.

"Would it be well for us to meet Mr. Torkingham just now?" he began.

"Certainly not," she said hastily, and pulling the rein she instantly drove down the right-hand road. "I cannot meet anybody!" she murmured. "Would it not be better that you leave me now? — not for my pleasure, but that there may arise no distressing tales about us before we know — how to act in this — this" — (she smiled faintly) "heart-aching extremity."

They were passing under a huge oak-tree, whose limbs, irregular with shoulders, knuckles, and elbows, stretched horizontally over the lane in a manner

recalling Absalom's death. A slight rustling was perceptible amid the leafage as they drew out from beneath it, and, turning up his eyes, Swithin saw that very buttoned page, whose advent they had dreaded, looking down with interest at them from a perch not much higher than a yard above their heads. He had a bunch of oak-apples in his hand, plainly the object of his climb, and was furtively watching Lady Constantine with the hope that she might not see him. But that she had already done, though she did not reveal it, and, fearing that the latter words of their conversation had been overheard, they spoke not till they had passed the next turning.

She stretched out her hand to his. "This must not go on," she said imploringly. "My anxiety as to what may be said of such methods of meeting makes me too unhappy. See what has happened!" She could not help smiling. "Out of the frying-pan into the fire! After meanly turning to avoid the parson, we have rushed into a worse publicity. It is too humiliating to have to avoid people, and lowers both you and me. The only remedy is not to meet."

"Very well," said Swithin, with a sigh. "So it shall be."

And with smiles that might as well have been tears they parted there and then.

XV.

The summer passed away, and autumn, with its infinite succession of tints, came creeping on. Darker grew the evenings, tearfuller the moonlights, and heavier the dews. Meanwhile the comet had waxed to its largest dimensions, — so large that not only the nucleus but a portion of the tail had been visible in broad day. It was now on the wane, though every night the equatorial still afforded an opportunity of observing the singular object, which would soon dis-

appear altogether from the heavens for perhaps thousands of years.

But the astronomer of the Rings-Hill Speer was no longer a match for his celestial materials. Scientifically he had become but a dim vapor of himself; the lover had come into him like an armed man, and cast out the student, and his intellectual situation was growing a life-and-death matter.

The resolve of the pair had been so far kept: they had not seen each other in private for three months. But on one day in October he ventured to write a note to her: —

"I can do nothing. I have ceased to study, ceased to observe. The equatorial is useless to me. This affection I have for you absorbs my life, and outweighs my intentions. The power to labor in this grandest of fields has left me. I struggle against the weakness till I think of the cause, and then I bless her. But the very desperation of my circumstances has suggested a remedy; and this I would inform you of at once.

"Can you come to me, since I must not come to you? I will wait to-morrow night at the edge of the plantation by which you would enter to the column. I will not detain you; my plan can be told in ten words."

The night after posting this missive to her he waited at the spot mentioned. It was a melancholy evening for coming abroad. A blustering wind had risen during the day, and still continued to increase. Yet he stood watchful in the darkness, and was ultimately rewarded by discerning a shady muffled shape that embodied itself from the field, accompanied by the scratching of silk over stubble. There was no longer any disguise as to the nature of their meeting. It was a lovers' assignation, pure and simple; and boldly realizing it as such he clasped her in his arms.

"I cannot bear this any longer!" he

exclaimed. "Three months since I saw you alone! Only a glimpse of you in church, or a bow from the distance, in all that time! What a fearful struggle this keeping apart has been!"

"Yet I would have had strength to persist, since it seemed best," she murmured, when she could speak, "had not your words on your condition so alarmed and saddened me. This inability of yours to work, or study, or observe, — it is terrible! So terrible a sting is it to my conscience that your words about a remedy have brought me instantly."

"Yet I don't altogether mind it, since it is you, my dear lady, who have displaced the work; and yet the loss of time nearly distracts me, when I have neither the power to work nor the delight of your company."

"But your remedy! Oh, I cannot help guessing it! Yes, you are going away!"

"Let us ascend the column; we can speak more at ease there. Then I will explain all. I would not ask you to climb so high, but the hut is not yet furnished."

He entered the cabin at the foot, and, having lighted a small lantern, conducted her up the hollow stair-case to the top, where he closed the slides of the dome to keep out the wind, and placed the observing-chair for her.

"I can stay only five minutes," she said, without sitting down. "You said it was important that you should see me, and I have come. I assure you it is at a great risk. If I am seen here at this time I am ruined forever. But what would I not do for you? Oh, Swithin, your remedy — is it to go away? There is no other; and yet I dread that like death!"

"I can tell you in a moment, but I must begin at the beginning. All this ruinous idleness and distraction is caused by the misery of our not being able to meet with freedom. The fear that something may snatch you from me

keeps me in a state of perpetual apprehension."

"It is too true also of me. I dread that some accident may happen, and waste my days in meeting the trouble half-way."

"So our lives go on, and our labors stand still. Now for the remedy. Dear Lady Constantine, allow me to marry you."

She started, and the wind without shook the building, sending up a yet intenser moan from the firs.

"I mean, marry you quite privately. Let it make no difference whatever to our outward lives for years, for I know that in my present position you could not possibly acknowledge me as husband publicly. But by marrying at once we secure the certainty that we cannot be divided by accident, coaxing, or artifice; and, at ease on that point, I shall embrace my studies with the old vigor, and you yours."

Lady Constantine was so agitated at the unexpected boldness of such a proposal from one hitherto so boyish and deferential that she sank into the observing-chair, her intention to remain for only a few minutes being quite forgotten.

She covered her face with her hands. "No, no, — I dare not!" she whispered.

"But is there a single thing else left to do?" he pleaded, kneeling down beside her, less in supplication than in abandonment. "What else can we do?"

"Wait till you are famous."

"But I cannot be famous unless I strive, and this distracting condition prevents all striving!"

"Could you not strive on if I — give you a promise, a solemn promise, to be yours when your name is fairly well known?"

St. Cleeve breathed heavily. "It will be a long, weary time," he said. "And even with your promise I shall work but half-heartedly. Every hour of study will be interrupted with 'Sup-

pose this or this happens;’ ‘Suppose somebody persuades her to break her promise;’ worse still, ‘Suppose some rival maligns me, and so seduces her away.’ No, Lady Constantine, dearest, best, as you are, that element of distraction would still remain, and where that is, no sustained energy is possible. Many erroneous things have been written and said by the sages, but never did they float a greater fallacy than that an ardent love serves as a stimulus to win the loved one by patient toil.”

“I cannot argue with you,” she said weakly.

“My only possible other chance would lie in going away,” he resumed, after a moment’s reflection, with his eyes on the lantern flame, which waved and smoked in the currents of air that leaked into the dome from the fierce wind-stream without. “If I might — take away the equatorial, supposing it possible that I could find some suitable place for observing in the southern hemisphere, — say, at the Cape, — I *might* be able to apply myself to serious work again, after the lapse of a little time. The southern constellations offer a less exhausted field for investigation. I wonder if I might!”

“You mean,” she answered, uneasily, “that you might apply yourself to work when your recollection of me began to fade, and my life to become a matter of indifference to you. . . . Yes, go! No, — I cannot bear it! The remedy is worse than the disease. I cannot let you go away!”

“Then how can you refuse the only condition on which I can stay, without ruin to my purpose and scandal to your name? Dearest, agree to my proposal, as you love both me and yourself!”

He waited, while the fir-trees rubbed and prodded the base of the tower, and the wind roared around and shook it; but she could not find words to reply.

“Would to God,” he burst out, “that I might perish here, like Winstanley in

his lighthouse! Then the difficulty would be solved for you.”

“You are so wrong, so very wrong, in saying so!” she exclaimed passionately. “You may doubt my wisdom, pity my short-sightedness; but there is one thing you do know, — that I love you dearly!”

“You do, — I know it!” he said, softened in a moment. “But it seems such a simple remedy for the difficulty that I cannot see how you can mind adopting it, if you care so much for me as I do for you.”

“Should we live . . . just as we are, exactly, . . . supposing I agreed?” she faintly inquired.

“Yes, that is my idea.”

“Quite privately, you say. How could — the marriage be quite private?”

“I would go away to London and get a license. Then you could come to me, and return again immediately after the ceremony. I could return at leisure, and not a soul in the world would know what had taken place. Think, dearest, with what a free conscience you could then assist me in my efforts to plumb these deeps above us! Any feeling that you may now have against clandestine meetings as such would then be removed, and our hearts would be at rest.”

There was a certain scientific practicability even in his love-making, and it here came out excellently. But she sat on with suspended breath, her heart wildly beating, while he waited in open-mouthed expectation. Each was swayed by the emotion within them, much as the candle flame was swayed by the tempest without. It was the most critical evening of their lives. The pale rays of the little lantern fell upon her emotional face, snugly and neatly bound in by her black bonnet, but not a beam leaked out to suggest to any watchful eye that human life at its highest excitement might be beating within that dark and isolated tower; for the dome had no windows, and every shutter that af-

forded an opening for the telescope was hermetically closed. Predilections and misgivings so equally strove within her still youthful breast that she could not utter a word; her intention wheeled this way and that like the balance of a watch. His unexpected proposition had brought about the smartest encounter of inclination with prudence, of impulse with reserve, that she had ever known.

Of all the reasons that she had expected him to give for his urgent request to see her this evening, an offer of marriage was probably the last. Whether or not she had ever amused herself with hypothetical fancies on such a subject, — and it was only natural that she should vaguely have done so, — the courage in her *protégé* coolly to advance it, without a hint from herself that such a proposal would be tolerated, showed her that there was more in his character than she had reckoned on; and the discovery almost frightened her. The humor, attitude, and tenor of her attachment had been of quite an unpremeditated quality, unsuggestive of any such audacious solution to their distresses as this.

"I repeat my question, dearest," he said, after her long pause. "Shall it be done? Or shall I exile myself, and study as best I can, in some distant country, out of sight and sound?"

"Are those the only alternatives? Yes, yes; I suppose they are!" She waited yet another moment, bent over his kneeling figure, and kissed his forehead. "Yes; it shall be done," she whispered. "I will marry you."

"My angel, I am content!"

"I am weaker than you, — far the weaker," she went on, her tears falling. "Rather than lose you out of my sight I will marry without stipulation or condition. But — I put it to your kindness — grant me one little request."

He instantly assented.

"It is that, in consideration of my

peculiar position in this county, — oh, you can't understand it! — you will not put an end to the absolute secrecy of our relationship without my full assent. Also, that you will never come to Welland House without first discussing with me the advisability of the visit, accepting my opinion on the point. There, see how a timid woman tries to fence herself in!"

"My dear lady-love, neither of those two high-handed courses should I have taken, even had you not stipulated against them. The very essence of our marriage plan is that those two conditions are kept. I see as well as you do, even more than you, how important it is that for the present — more, for a long time hence — I should still be but the curate's lonely son, unattached to anybody or anything, with no object of interest but his science; and you the recluse lady of the manor, to whom he is only an acquaintance."

"See what deceits love sows in honest minds!"

"It would be a humiliation to you at present that I could not bear if a marriage between us were made public; an inconvenience without any compensating advantage."

"I am so glad you assume it without my setting it before you! Now I know you are not only good and true, but politic and trustworthy."

"Well, then, here is our covenant. My lady swears to marry me; I, in return for such great courtesy, swear never to compromise her by intruding at Welland House, and to keep the marriage concealed till I have won a position worthy of her."

"Or till I request it to be made known," she added, possibly foreseeing a contingency which had not occurred to him.

"Or till you request it," he repeated.

"It is agreed," murmured Lady Constantine.

Thomas Hardy.

CARE FOR THE PEOPLE UNDER DESPOTISM.

THERE is an impression that in a republic the people are better cared for than under despotism; that the new order of things is more favorable to popular enjoyment than the old; that, in a word, people care for themselves better than they are or can be cared for. That such ought to be the case need not be disputed; that it is actually the case is open to doubt. A casual visitor to the Old World sees many things, excellent, democratic, which he cannot find in the New, a difference that age will not account for, and which cannot be ascribed to any supposed advantage of climate, or explained by a designing purpose on the part of government to drag the populace by cheap satisfactions into insensibility to essential injustice. For example, in London, a royal city, where the traditions of nobility prevail, where rank is held supreme, and the commonalty, however independent, are still under the shadow of the crown, — to say nothing of museums, galleries, the Crystal Palace, and other places of popular resort, — there are no less than seven great parks: Hyde Park, of three hundred and ninety-five acres; Regent's Park, of four hundred and fifty acres; Green Park, of sixty acres; St. James' Park, of ninety-one acres; Battersea Park; Victoria Park; and Kensington Gardens, — all open to the multitude on the easiest conditions, and so distributed over the huge city that the population can find ready access to them. The environs are brought so near by means of steamboat and railroad that Richmond, Hampton Court, and Kew are within reach of all. In Paris, beside the Bois de Boulogne, the Gardens of the Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Parc Monceaux, the Buttes de Chaumont, Vincennes, there are the wide Boulevards, the Jardin des Plantes,

the Jardin d'Acclimatation, and numberless pleasant places of recreation, which are full of people on holidays. Vienna, a city not much larger than Boston, has its Prater, its Volksgarten, its Burg-Platz, and several open spaces along the river, where nurses and children enjoy themselves, and the laboring classes congregate in leisure hours. Madrid has its Prado, its Plaza Mayor, its Puerta del Sol; Florence, its Cascine, the Boboli Gardens, delightful environs terraced and planted, squares, porticoes, shaded seats, all within easy walking distance of the homes of its hundred or more thousand of inhabitants. The little town of Salzburg, in the Austrian Tyrol, taxes itself to maintain drives, walks, seats, open points of view, terraces on the Mönchsberg, the Capuzinerberg, the Francisci Schlüssel, making the heights around the city most attractive to strangers, as well as most charming to its population. Ischl, a town famous for the romantic beauty of its situation, the resort of princes, the favorite watering-place of the Austrian aristocracy, honored by an imperial villa, is yet so beautified and glorified that the poor villager may derive benefit from the ornamentation. Even a place so little known as Gratz, at the foot of the Sömmering Pass, is surrounded by gardens and pleasure-grounds. There is one large, open, pleasant space on a level with the streets, where old gentlemen sit and read, students lounge, and children play, and another enchanting promenade above the little city, the circuit whereof commands delicious views of mountain, valley, and river. At the best points, diagrams painted on stone indicate the distance and the direction of celebrated spots discernible by aid of a glass, or too remote to be visible at all, while frequent benches invite those who are

satisfied only to sit and gaze. In fact, there is not a village, whether situated among the hills or in the plain, that is not provided with facilities for popular recreation.

How shall this be explained? Partly, no doubt, by climate, which, if hardly more merciful, is yet more even than with us; the winters being shorter and less severe, the springs less capricious, the summers less torrid, — heat and cold being more fairly distributed through the year. To this is due in great measure the custom of sitting in the air, listening to out-door music, cultivating out-door exercise and amusement, publicly meeting and chatting, walking abroad, sauntering, loitering in sun or shade, mingling leisure with occupation, and spreading both equally over the twelve-month, instead of sharply separating the seasons as we do, thus making quite useless habits which may be good all the year round. To the same cause may be ascribed the love of nature, which is most remarkable in genial climates; the taste for simple pleasures, such as can be enjoyed in the open air; the custom of wearing clothing suitable to different seasons, depending for heat more on the temperature of the body and less on artificial appliances, like stoves and furnaces. Of course, such amenities as these are enjoyed by the inhabitants of southern rather than of the more northerly European climes, but they are more or less common to them all. No institutions can claim merit for these advantages of nature. They would be the same and would produce the same results under democratic as under despotic government, in the New World as in the Old. We must look elsewhere if we would find a criterion for judging between the two dispensations.

Another cause of the greater number of parks, gardens, promenades, in the Old World than in the New is one from which the New World is happily free, and the Old World is in some meas-

ure delivered, — the prevalence of the war spirit. The Parisian Boulevards, the "Rings" of Vienna (wide avenues planted with trees), the walks and drives on the heights above Salzburg, the superb terraces overhanging Gratz, the delightful esplanades and grounds at Nice, the long reaches of glorious view at Angoulême, are due to the conversion of ramparts, bastions, lines of fortification, walled and castellated elevations, into pleasure-grounds; as if cannon had been melted down to make ornamental bronzes. Modern warfare has no need of antiquated castles, and modern engineering makes light of walls, moats, and draw-bridges. The only way to make the old battlements useful, therefore, was to change them into popular resorts; and as they always occupied noble positions, they became exceedingly attractive. The Old World is covered with these enchanting spots. The smallest town, so it were romantically situated, was sure to be first occupied, afterward adorned. Often the military power came earliest, the town growing about the castle, so that its beauty was predestined by the bitterness that went before.

To a third cause, from which the New World is fortunately free, the Old World owes much of its apparent humanity, — the possession of large tracts of desirable land by princes and nobles, who, having inherited them, and being unable to enjoy them, throw them open to the people, who thus come late into the enjoyment of property of which their ancestors had been defrauded. Victoria Park in London, which Lady Burdett-Coutts adorned with a fountain, was formed with money that the Duke of Sutherland paid for the crown lease of a house in St. James' Park. At Vienna the park of Schönbrunn belongs to an imperial villa. The gardens of Prince Schwartzenberg are connected with a palace. At Rome the Borghese, Pallavicini, Corsini, Albani, and count-

less other villas had extensive grounds connected with them. The visitor is grateful to the generosity that throws them open, but does not think of the means by which they were originally acquired, or the uses to which they were for ages put. Republicanism often steps into privileges which were appropriated by despotism. How few of the admiring thousands who lounge through the splendid rooms of the Louvre recall the history of the building, or of the treasures of art which it contains? The liveried attendants, the patient, obliging service, the easy access to precious relics, the relics themselves, no democracy would secure. They were arranged under a very different form of administration. The people enjoy what was erected and gathered when the people were despised; in fact, before the existence of "the people" was regarded, or so much as suspected, by the lords of misrule. Republicanism in Europe has this advantage over republicanism in America, that it is the residuary legatee of feudalism. The opening of galleries on Sunday, a usage to which one is accustomed everywhere on the Continent, is easily sustained by the successors of people who set little value on the day. Even Calvin, a Protestant and a grim one, is said to have played at bowls on the Sabbath. He was a European; so was Luther. Both had behind them the habits of centuries, and did unsuspectingly what an American would feel guilty in doing. The most generous art collector in New York was a German by extraction, and carries in his constitution the indifference to modern prejudices which was native to his forefathers. If traced back to its beginning, this indifference may be subject to criticism, sometimes to rebuke. But in the long run evil becomes tributary to good, and may even be taken for it when age has mellowed its harshness, worn off its roughness, and smoothed away its violence. At all events, it makes a solid

pedestal for good to stand upon. Man assists nature in the task of covering ruins with roses. The ruins perform good service when they show off the flowers which need the decay to support them.

So far, the New World need envy the Old World nothing. At least, there is nothing in its institutions to account for advantages which were not enjoyed or comprehended when the characteristic social forms of the old system were in full force, but which first become apparent when the institutions no longer exist, — advantages that are consequently incidental, and may be otherwise compensated for. The beauty which grows from slime may be disregarded by those who can raise loveliness out of a fresh soil; at any rate, can choose the slime from which their beauty shall grow. But is there nothing for the New World to covet as a basis for its democratic humanity? Yes; there are two or three things, which apparently result from European institutions, which may better be furnished by intellectual cultivation and moral refinement, but which in some way must be supplied, in order that the results of a generous humanity may be produced. The first of these is an instinct of order.

An instinct of order: I call it an instinct, for such, in the multitude of people, it practically is. Habits of restraint imposed by society, of acquiescence in the general structure of the world, of obedience to superior powers, have created a mental constitution favorable to respectfulness and quiet. The people are not forth-putting, noisy, turbulent, or destructive. They regard themselves as recipients of favor from spheres outside of them and above them. They think less of rights than of duties. They are scrupulous and considerate, observant of proprieties, circumspect, careful not to trespass beyond bounds, or commit nuisances, or encourage dissipation. They do not defile paths, hack trees, trample

on flower beds, pull to pieces shrubbery, ramp and tear through arbors. They require less watching, less supervision, than an equal number of English or Americans, because the watchmen and policemen are inside their breasts. This not only makes easy the task of providing recreation for them, but encourages the authorities to do the utmost possible for their pleasure. The expense of keeping grounds in good condition for them is inconsiderable, and the care bestowed on the preservation and decoration of gardens is much diminished. The municipality of even small towns like Blois in France is not severely taxed by the duty of furnishing seats by the Loire, or trimming the grass by the steps which lead to the cathedral. The people are preservers.

An advantage like this we can ascribe to nothing but the effect of institutions whose pressure is felt gently but powerfully in remote districts. It by no means follows that a firm arrangement must be an oppressive one; that people who are kept in place are held there by demonstration of force. There is a social as there is a natural atmosphere, which acts powerfully but invisibly, compelling objects to maintain their position, yet exerting no violence. Some years ago, at Malvern, I attended a horticultural fair in the public garden. There were prizes to be given for the finest specimens of vegetables and plants. The farmers from the neighboring country were present; the squires and a few of the higher order of gentry were there also, interested in the occasion and in the productions of the garden. There was no visible distinction of ranks; no formal deference on one side, no assumption of superior dignity on the other. All classes mingled, standing or walking, listening to the music of the band, examining the objects on exhibition, or attending to the award of the judges. There was every semblance of mutual courtesy. Yet a feeling of difference

kept the ranks apart, and created a natural but not disagreeable distance. There was order and quietness; no crowding or pushing, no unseemly rudeness, no disregard of neighborly convenience. And this was in England, the land where social distinctions are said to be more roughly emphasized than anywhere in Europe. Probably an equal independence of conventional forms would not have been possible near London: still it did exist under aristocratic arrangements; a few miles of space were sufficient to produce it; at a short distance from the centre of authority acerbity disappeared; a soft mellowness of acquiescence took the place of resentment and scorn; it was tacitly acknowledged that existing social arrangements were due to some general appointment to which all must submit, each falling into his sphere and doing his allotted work. The lines of demarcation were, no doubt, somewhat capriciously drawn, but on the whole they represented pretty fairly the finer lines which were indicated by nature, and which will be copied more nicely as the generations move on. The total erasure of the lines is not aimed at or thought of in the Old World, and one result of their existence and their observance is this beneficent limitation which insures docility and gentleness. One may be a good American, a believer in American institutions, an advocate of the American idea in its full significance, and yet envious of this fixed though formal distinction, which renders possible concessions to freedom that cannot be safely made where freedom is all in all.

The great ones, on their part, confess to a feeling of responsibility, which, under other circumstances, they might not be sensible of. Aware that their privileges are inherited, they are the more inclined to make a humane use of them. They are safe against intrusion and overflow. Their position is assured. They

can afford to be generous. Their motives are beyond suspicion, and their deed cannot be taken advantage of for any malicious purpose. They do not enter the lists as rivals of the people or contestants for social or political honor. Their daily lives do not run in the same grooves. They are not poor men seeking for employment, or politicians scheming for popularity, or obscure citizens pushing towards distinction, or adventurers looking for opportunity to engross attention, or millionaires eager to display their wealth. They need not think flatteringly of themselves, or struggle to mount upon the shoulders of their inferiors. Their thoughts of others may be disinterested. The Prince of Schwartzenberg throws open to the public his fine gardens, quite indifferent to the effect on public opinion of his generosity. The Emperor of Austria visits the ruins of the Ring theatre, and takes an interest in the victims of the disaster, without once considering the influence of his action on the good-will of his people. No tyrannous, inhuman aristocracy exists in Europe. The nobility of England live to serve the general good. The advance of general education and enlightenment goes on steadily, making head and gaining vigor through the necessity of facing the elements and meeting the demands of an established standard. In the mean time, between the separate stages of progress, an enforced patience keeps each class in place, maintains contentment with actual circumstances, and prevents the destructive restlessness which leads to insubordination and violence. Of course individual moral restraint would be better than this imposed limitation, but so long as the moral restraint does not exist, and is quite as likely to be fostered inside of the barrier as outside of it, the limitation may, as a preliminary arrangement, be an advantage. At all events, whatever may be thought of the more serious questions of social progress, the lighter

forms of popular recreation thrive under the care of institutions which excite the rage of the reformer, and even try the patience of the philanthropist. We are not discussing social problems, but æsthetic ones, rather. We are concerned about flowers and gardens and public parks; and here an aristocratic form of society seems to possess an advantage over the republican or democratic, in that it favors orderliness, care, gentleness, gratefulness, on the one side, generosity on the other, a disposition to use without abusing, and to provide without fear of waste. In other respects the republican system is undoubtedly preferable, and how far the sense of personal dignity, private influence, individual independence, may make amends for the loss of public neatness and decoration may be a question; but this much is certain, that parks are not improved by being turned into commons, with foot-tracks running in all directions, a baseball ground established in this corner, a cricket ground in that. The public health may be promoted, but artistic beauty is not. The old order lends itself to the ornamental arts in a manner which the new order has not yet attained, and so far illustrates the idea that the people will not do for themselves what their enemies have been known to do for them. To complain that they will not would be idle. The new order cannot be arrested in its advance; the old order cannot be restored. We must wait till the want is born, and along with the want the disposition to satisfy it. An Englishman at Hombourg, who with his family had been enjoying the noble park and the pleasure it gave to the multitude, wondered why nothing like it could be provided in London. Yet a few weeks later, in London, I observed that the authorities were taking pains to reclaim and adorn Regent's Park, which was once a vast common, and the people were slowly foregoing their ancient privilege of wandering

wherever they chose, and were keeping within the appointed barriers. Republicanism was by degrees bringing beauty in its train, and despotism was becoming human.

How far religion conspires with other forms of social stability to favor popular recreations is too ponderous a subject to be handled here. It may operate as cause, or as effect; in either case, climate and the genius of the people must be taken into account as factors. The established religion of Southern Europe is Catholicism, and it is easily comprehended why this form of Christianity tolerates, if it does not favor, popular diversion. It is, for the mass of people, an external system, an institution the ends whereof are served by a brief attendance at ceremonies. The priests, it may be presumed, would be glad if people would restrain themselves more than they do, would read their Bibles, would observe the Sabbath. A belief in human depravity is fundamental in the theology of the Romish church, which can approve of none of the manifestations of human nature, and logically must applaud asceticism. Still, as nothing can be done to correct the evil, as the large majority of the pleasure-seekers have attended mass, as the pleasures are in the main innocent, as air and sunshine are preferable to close rooms, tobacco fumes, and wine, the church authorities let the matter pass, and even countenance the diversion. For the rest, no small part of the self-restraint that exists may be due to the presence of the priests, representing as they do a church whose dogmas are never doubted, whose rites stand by the ordination of God.

The Protestant faith, on the other hand, is internal, resting on a vital experience of religion in the individual soul; seeking to produce that, and jealous of everything that interferes with it; suspicious, therefore, to say the least, of all kinds of recreation, not merely as

leading to vice, but as counteracting, perhaps fatally, the movements of the Spirit. For this reason, among others, in Protestant countries, — such as England and the United States, — every species of diversion is discouraged; all spectacles, shows, dancing, social amusement. The Sabbath-day is held in peculiar veneration as being set apart for religious observance: all books are put aside that the Bible alone may be studied; the multiplication of Sunday trains, affording facilities for getting into the fields, is protested against, and the thronging to places of general resort is disapproved of. All this, it is obvious, tends to the diminution of pleasure-grounds. Parks and gardens will not be laid out or improved when the disposition to frequent them in leisure hours is frowned on by the guides of religious opinion. The discouragements of climate in most Protestant lands are so great as to call for unusual care to foster a taste for such diversion as may be accessible. The care being refused, the taste will inevitably die out. The softening of religious prejudices, for better or worse, is visibly accompanied already by a disposition to increase the number and attractiveness of public resorts; but such a disposition cannot be expected to prevail extensively until a love for nature and natural elements shall expel the ingrained contempt which still holds its ground among Protestant Christians.

In Catholic climes the priesthood are easily persuaded to indulge a taste for trees and flowers and woodland scenery; for the spring is fair, the summer is long, the autumn is enchanting, and the winter is short. But in Protestant countries winter is an ally of narrowness, uncertain skies favor home pursuits, and the brief summer suggests the fleetingness of sunshine. The seasons preach the perishableness of joy, the evanescence of delight, the deceitfulness of pleasure.

The rage for self-satisfaction, self-aggrandizement, self-indulgence, the passion for individual fullness, which is characteristic of democratic institutions is not propitious to the growth of that kind of public spirit which consults the comfort of the people at large. The radical principle of a democracy is faith in the capacity and jealousy for the independence of the separate man, without regard to acquirement or condition. The natural consequence is a development of selfish ambition, which sometimes takes the shape of aspiration, and sometimes of ostentation; oftener, of course, the latter, because the lower propensities are thus far in excess of the higher. In either case, the individual is absorbed in the pursuit of what he considers his private good. To get riches, honors, distinctions, privileges, for himself is the engrossing aim. To build a more superb house than his neighbors, to accumulate land, to multiply capital, to have at call a retinue of servants, to rise by standing on others' shoulders, and thus exemplify the worst evils of despotism, is the perpetual temptation. The illustrations of public spirit are not frequent in such communities, occurring as they do and must in the case of exceptionally noble and generous minds, who hold their gifts and opportunities as trusts for the benefit of mankind. Even in these few instances, the demand for popular institutions of a substantial, rudimental kind exhausts their power, and would if it were four times as great as it is, leaving them no margin for decorative gifts. The people themselves are too poor to afford embellishments for their meagre existence. The result is semi-barbarous cities and towns destitute of elegance; splendor here and there, squalor prevailing; a few palaces, a multitude of tenement houses; fine gardens fenced off from public view; great estates which the passer-by can only gaze at from afar. The remedy for this (there is a rem-

edy) will be found in settled wealth and an established order of society, that shall reproduce the beneficial effects of the old order, which is European, and is passing away. The settled wealth will give rise to restfulness, leisure, cultivation, humanity. The established order will produce quiet, contentment, docility, a disposition to accept and enjoy.

The amenities of life come last. In the Old World the boulevards were originally ramparts, the gardens were camps, the parks were princely domains or haunts of vice. Violence and profligacy preceded grace and innocence. In the New World selfishness and greed will gradually prepare the way for gentleness and generosity. The type of self-love becomes less inhuman as the generations pass, and in the future we shall have parks, gardens, ornamental walks, and grounds, not on the traces of hate and sorrow, but on spots where land has been reclaimed, and beauty has been earned by industry.

It must not be supposed that the writer has forgotten the stately parks which honor and beautify several of our republican cities, — New York, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Baltimore, and others of less renown. Too much has not been said, too much cannot be said, in praise of their beauty of situation, the skill of their arrangement, the splendor of their architectural effects, the thoroughness of their practical workmanship, the loveliness of their landscape views. That the Old World presents nothing similar to them may be cheerfully granted. They attest the increasing magnificence of our wealthy towns, and the love of sumptuousness, the ambition to excel in works of display, which is characteristic of young and rapidly augmenting opulence. But these fine pleasure-grounds cannot fairly be called products of the democratic principle. They illustrate the exuberance rather than the sober, established power of the community which makes them; the

gushing overflow of a new system rather than the mature strength of an old one. They were not fashioned in the interest of the people, nor for the people's enjoyment, so much as in the interest of the city and for the recreation of a special class. The public visit them in crowds on Sundays and holidays, but the rest of the time they are used by the leisurely class who keep horses, or can afford to saunter in the glades. Fashion finds them a valuable addition to its stock of pastimes. They are too remote from the homes of the common people to be easily reached on foot. To visit them costs time and trouble, and for more than one—even for one, often—an inconvenient expenditure of money. The poor cannot incur the cost of expeditions; their best clothes are hardly befitting the company they are likely to meet, and the fatigue more than balances the recreation.

Besides this, they are enormously expensive. Taxation must be increased to maintain them, and the money for the taxes is mainly contributed by the poor, who thus pay for what they can seldom enjoy. Over against the superb pleasure-grounds, with lordly avenues,—well drained, hard, and smooth,—charming retreats, bowers, walks, terraces, verandas, must be set the noisome tenement houses, ill drained, ventilated, heated, the foul cellars, the cheerless garrets, where the people herd, ungladdened by sunlight, unblest by the sweet air. The melancholy truth seems to be that the aristocracy of wealth, like every other semi-barbarous aristocracy, begins its course in disregard of the people, in indifference to popular wants, if not in contempt of them, in selfish regard for its own indulgence, in pursuit of its own pleasure. It does substitute charity for violence; and that is much, as exhibiting an immense stride forward in social ethics. But until the charity shall in turn be superseded by humanity, a noble public spirit, a generous disposition

on the part of the very rich to diminish the burdens and increase the joys of those who are not rich, and can never become so, the true democracy will not be inaugurated; the new system will not prove its essential superiority to the old.

Walking through Vienna, with an old resident as guide, I asked him to take me through the lowest quarter,—the “Five Points” of the town, the haunts of the disorderly and criminal. “We have none,” he replied; “our people are quiet, contented, peaceable. The very poor are provided for; the vicious are restrained by the authority of government; the criminal are watched and disposed of; misery and lawlessness are not allowed to fester in streets and breed disaffection.” When, I reflected, can as much be said of any city of equal size in the New World? Meanwhile, as we strolled through the open spaces, the working men and women were resting, a few minutes at a time, on the benches, unaware of the despotic authority to which they were subject. The whole may have been an illusion, but it was a charming one. The apparent humanity of the old system may be only a dim foreshadowing of the genuine humanity of the new, but the future must needs be fair which brings to fruition such wealth of promise; at present we see but rude beginnings of it. The Central Park in New York is fast becoming a fashionable quarter, and in a few years will be surrounded by stately houses, which will virtually exclude the multitude; then where shall the people go? We will hope that the republic will devise a way of doing a great deal better what despotism of recent years has been doing so well. The rule of *laissez faire*, each one for himself, and therefore a good providence for all, has not hitherto been productive of either duty or beauty; and it is not probable that it will work differently in the New World from what it has in the Old. Human-

ity must come in somewhere. In the Old World it is the transformation of an ancient system. In the New World it should be the result of an original

social idea, — that the best things are primarily for the people, whether the people are in condition to supply them for themselves or not.

O. B. Frothingham.

DOCTOR ZAY.

VIII.

THE patient continued for several days clearly worse for the episode of Molly and Jim. The physician was penitently assiduous in her attentions. As soon as he was better they cooled off quietly, but so obviously that Mrs. Butterwell turned her soft eyes, not without sympathy, upon her invalid lodger.

"She's like a candle, — knows her mould, and gets into it, and no fuss. Some folks are like ice-cream; can't freeze without churning. Doctor's always just so with patients. I would n't notice her, — she has to be; they'd lean her life out."

In fact, Yorke found himself reduced to his office-calls again, and to a limited allowance of those. He now took occasional meals with the family, and thus sometimes met her at the table. She was very irregular. The office-bell pealed, or Handy summoned her authoritatively; or she was hours behind time. She nodded to him kindly when she came, or they chatted a few moments. She glanced at him with her direct, brilliant, healthy look. He watched her with his sad, refined, invalid eyes. She poured her abundant personality into half a hundred empty lives a day. He received into his vacant hours the influences of the moment. She went; he stayed. He suffered; she acted. He remembered; she forgot.

One day he called her, as he sat on the piazza. She was coming from the dining-room, after a late and hurried

dinner. She had her hat and gloves in her hand. "Doctor," he said, "do you know that this is August?"

"It is the 3d, — yes."

"I thought you would n't know. How did you happen to?"

"I always date my prescriptions."

"I might have known there was a scientific reason. For, as nearly as an ignorant layman can observe, the seasons slip away from your attention like cured patients. One is like another, to you. Doctor Zay, do you know that you have never asked me yet to call on you?"

"To call on — Oh, you mean" — She stopped.

"As a person, I mean, not a patient. Is there any reason why I should n't?"

"Why, no!" she said cordially, — "none in the world."

"Only you never thought of it."

"That is all," quietly.

"*All!*" cried Yorke.

She swept upon him a fine look; half rebuke, like a monarch's, half perplexity, like a little girl's. He hastened to placate this expression.

"Would you like to have me come? I had rather be denied than endured."

"That is manly. So should I. Certainly, I should like to see you. Only I never am at home. I suppose it was rude not to ask you before. I am so out of the way of — all these little things."

She spoke the last three words with an accent before which his heart shrank. But he only said, —

"May I come — to-night?"

"Oh, yes," she answered lightly; "any time you like, after office-hours and before your bed-time."

"I'm coming," he said, in a low, significant tone.

"What did you say?"

He rose and confronted her. He leaned upon his crutch, but she felt that the man was waxing strong.

"I'm coming," he repeated firmly.

She had turned to go, but regarded him for an instant over her shoulder. A beautiful mocking light darted from her lip to her eye. She did not say a word. But he heard every nerve in the woman defy him. It was like the challenge before a battle. The convalescing man welcomed the signal of contest.

He went that evening, "after office-hours and before bed-time," dutifully, as she had bidden. It was a superb evening, and he lingered a moment outside the door to watch the western colors behind the forest. He had already acquired that half-plaintive sympathy with the setting sun which is so noticeable a feature in the lives of invalids. Is it because the hour marks another finished period of suffering, or that it promises renewal of life, which is always resurrection of hope?

It was a quiet sunset of pale chromes and violets, sinking gently into gray below, melting to the deep blue of advancing night above. The long forest, with its procession of pine outlines, cut the horizon. The heavy mists of the Maine evening rose from the little river and the mill-ponds. This fog caught fire, and the village seemed to stagger in it. Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Butterwell were picking currants together in the garden, stooping to their task in the level light; they did not watch the sunset. Handy was watering Old Oak at the spring in the pasture behind the barn. The stage was late, and the two worn horses struggled, with hanging heads, up the lonely street. Two or three lumbermen fol-

lowed the stage, singing. They sang a chorus which ran, —

"Thus with the man, thus with the tree,
Sharp at the root the axe shall be."

Mr. Butterwell called out to the driver to toss him over a paper. The stage crawled on, and turned the corner to the post-office. The fire fell from the mists, the deserted road grew gray, and Yorke felt damp as soon as the color dropped.

The solitude of the scene oppressed him at that moment, as if he had known that he should never have power to separate himself from it. The limit of life in this poor place, its denial, its desolateness, came to his consciousness with the vividness and remorselessness of personal fate. He thought of that wealthy nature, that glorious vigor, that delicate youth, impoverished here. He thought of going back to Boston, and leaving her. He rang the office-bell sharply, and entered without waiting for it to be answered.

No one was in the reception-room, and he passed through. The office was empty. All the doors were open. As he stood hesitating, she came from the parlor beyond. She stood in the doorway, and held out her hand.

"Ah, it is you?" she said graciously. He was confused by a consciousness of change in her, but could not have told what it was. As he followed her into the room, he perceived that this impression came from her dress. She wore a muslin gown of a violet color; it was finished at the throat and wrists by fluttering satin ribbons and lace; it was a cool, sheer thing, as befitted the warm night, — a parlor dress, sweeping the floor. He had always seen her in her business clothes.

He was not sure at first that he liked to see her in any other way. He felt a vague jealousy of her individuality, on which this dainty feminine gear seemed to encroach. But in a moment, when he had accustomed his eye to the trans-

formation, he acknowledged that he would not have missed it for the world.

"What is the matter?" she asked, in her outright fashion; her profession had cultivated in her, to perhaps an extreme limit, what was probably great native directness of manner.

"Excuse me. Was I staring? I have never seen you in a—don't you call them trails?"

She blushed a little, looking over her shoulder down at the wave of purple color, out of which she seemed to rise, as if she floated on it.

"I do not wear such things. I do not respect them," she said, with a latent vexation in her voice. "I feel as if I ought to apologize to my womanhood or something, every time I encumber my feet and other people's in this way. But it was so warm, and this is the coolest thing I have. I had been dusty and uncomfortable all day. And it is pretty, in itself, I think; don't you?"

"I shall not—that is to say I cannot—tell you what I think," he answered. The undisguised admiration in his eyes roamed over her with daring leisure.

It was characteristic of these two people—and to which the more creditable, one can hardly say—that it no more occurred to the young man that there was a remote touch of pardonable feminine coquetry in the coincidence of his call and the violet muslin than it did to the lady that he might think so. Doctor Zay knew how often she wore that gown on warm evenings, shut in alone in her dark little parlor, after the last patient was gone, after the care and fever of the long day were spent,—when the doctor melted into the woman. And Yorke was beginning to know Doctor Zay.

He took the easy-chair which she offered him, quietly observing the scene upon which he had fallen, and in which the violet muslin was only what artists would call the "high light." After his hair-cloth sofa and framed certificate, this

young lady's parlor affected him like a restored and precious painting. He felt the powerful influence of the cultivated interior, to which he yielded with that composite emotion, half homesickness, half instinct, which we all know, and which draws the exile from what we are pleased to call "the world," like a magnet, back.

Yorke, as he sat and talked of little things, assimilated his surroundings gently: the books, the engravings, few but fine, the bronze *Psyche*, the little landscape of Gifford's, magazines, newspapers, reviews, and colors that he had not seen since he left home.

While she busied herself in drawing the long curtains and lighting the lamps, he noticed the Chickering upright across the corner, and a curious afghan, knit of dull harmonious tints, like a Persian rug. There were flowers, too. The lamps had green and yellow globes. There were many pillows in the room, of odd shapes, and all sorts of hospitable things to sit on; an open fire-place, filled now with ferns: yet nothing seemed to be a reproduction of a fashionable craze. There was no incoherent attempt at affecting cracked bricabrac, deteriorated Japanese art, or doubtful colonial fashions. One did not even think of Queen Anne or Louis Quinze, but only of Doctor Zay, who had a pleasant room and lived there.

It affected Yorke strongly to meet his doctor here,—a lady, like other ladies, in a shelter, among little lovely things, quiet and set apart, protected from encroachments, forgetful of care. He was glad that the patients were never allowed to come into that room. He felt dizzy with his own privilege.

He leaned his head back against his boldly modern but proportionally easy chair, and watched her, while they chatted pleasantly. They talked of Boston, of books, of people, of well things. Left to herself, he noticed that she avoided all pathological subjects

with a rigor which in itself was all that reminded him of their existence. She made no inquiries about the state of his prevailing sensations, nor alluded in any way to his relation as a patient to herself. She had a fine tact in this, which made him feel as if he were a well man again. He rested in her dainty vicinity, the quiet things she said, the sound of her voice, the delicacy of her dress, in herself. He forgot for one delicious hour the real and rugged world in which she lived. Or rather, perhaps, if he analyzed his feeling, he had a vague sense of mastery, as stimulating as it was unprecedented, as if he himself were the agent, not the subject, of a new experience, in which he drew her from a consecration to a dream.

He asked her to play to him.

"No," she said, "you are a Bostonian."

"But not a critic."

"Impossible! You approve the Handel and Haydn, and patronize the Symphony. You do your duty by the prevailing artists; hold them at arm's-length as I do my last new babies, with about the same complacency in their existence, as if the Creator had an obligation to you for the fact. You are like the man who declined to be a vegetarian on the ground that *pâté de foie gras* was good enough for him. I had a patient once who abandoned smoking because his taste had developed so fastidious a quality that he could find no tobacco fine enough for him."

"I am still a crude smoker. Play to me, please!"

"I know two tunes: one is China, and the other is n't. Which will you have?"

"The other one. Play to me!"

"It is a Scotch song. Do you like Scotch songs?"

"Do you sing?"

"Not in the least. I can play you the accompaniment."

He made a little movement of impatience. He was by nature of a restless,

not to say an imperious temper, which his illness (or perhaps it would be more precise to say, his physician) had subdued rather than instigated.

Her ready merriment came to her eyes.

"You cannot make me believe," he insisted, "that you are not musical. Physicians are."

"That is true enough," she answered, quickly warming to the subject. "Science is harmony. Music and science are twins. Music is the feminine, though, I think."

"It is a fine marriage. Oh, you called them twins, though."

"You are not so far out of the way. There is an element of twinship in all absolute marriage." This was said with her scientific expression, as if she were dissecting a radial artery.

"How many 'absolute' marriages have you known?" asked Yorke, as nearly as possible in the same tone.

"Just three," said Doctor Zay.

"In all your experience? Only three that would — that *you* would have been satisfied with?"

"It is not a question of what would satisfy one's self," she said, freezing swiftly and slightly, like thin November ice. "It is a matter of psychological investigation."

"What a horrible advantage over mankind your profession gives!" said Yorke, between his teeth. She nodded gravely.

"It is unmatched, I believe. Even the clergy have a poor one beside us. We stand at an eternal confessional, in which the chance of moral escape or evasion is reduced to a minimum. It is holding human hearts to count their beats. When you add the control of life and death you have a position unique in human relations. When I began, it seemed to me like God's. My mother used to" — She stopped.

"What did your mother do?" asked Yorke, gently.

"She encouraged that feeling," said

Doctor Zay. "She said no one was fit to enter the profession who did not have it."

"I wish I had known your mother," he ventured.

"You would have loved her," said the doctor, simply.

"And I wish you knew mine!" continued the young man, fatuously.

"She would not be interested in me," returned Doctor Zay, coldly. It was good, honest December ice now. He could have skated on the barrier she had thrust between them, he neither knew how nor why.

"Oh, you don't know her" — he began. At this moment the office-bell rang. Handy answered it, and knocked at the parlor door to announce (with evident pleasure) the presence of a patient who "was in an Ananias 'n' Sapphury hurry. Guessed it was somebody dyin' or smushed."

The doctor rose leisurely, too used to these interruptions to expend nerve force on little haste or premature excitement, and went into the reception-room. She did not excuse herself to her visitor. She left the doors ajar, and he could hear her hearty voice: —

"Well, Mr. Beckwith! What now?"

"Wall," replied the man's voice that Yorke had heard on his first office-call, "Puella, you see, she's bad. She's took screechin' bad ag'in, and don't give none of us no peace. She wants you right away. She made me tackle up so's to bring you myself. I *told* her, says I, 't was a kind of shame! — you'd be all beat out, this time o' night. But, Doctor," plaintively, "it ain't no use to tell Puella things."

"Anything new, Mr. Beckwith? Any serious change in the case? What are the symptoms?"

"Wall," said Mr. Beckwith slowly, "I can't say 's it's so very *noo*. It's that same crookedness in her mind. She suffers a sight," solemnly, "from crookedness in the mind, Doctor."

"I'll send her something," said the doctor kindly. "I do not think it necessary for me to go to-night. There! One powder dry on the tongue, if you please, every two hours. I will look in to-morrow."

"I *told* her you would n't come," said Mr. Beckwith, triumphantly. "And what's more, I said, says I, Puella, I would n't if I was her, says I. But says she, You don't none of you know what it is to have crookedness into your mind."

Silence succeeded. The doctor returned, closing the doors as she came. She made no comments on the interruption. She drifted into the quiet room, past the green and golden lamps, in her violet dress, and resumed her chair in silence. Yorke looked at her without speaking.

"What are you thinking?" she asked abruptly. There was a dash of something which he could almost have dared to call friendly freedom in the tone of the question.

"I was thinking that you harmonize with your environment."

"That would be the acquisition, as it is the aspiration, of one's life-time. The compliment is too large for the occasion."

For answer, he glanced about the room and back at herself. She smiled, not without a touch of scorn, or it might have been of bitterness.

"But then," he continued dreamily, "you are of course an exception, not a representative, among women who adopt your vocation."

"You only exhibit your ignorance by such a remark," said the young lady quietly. "Among the thousand of us now practicing medicine in this country, there are many more successful than I, and abroad there is some superb work done. I should like to give you the figures some time. They are very interesting. But I won't bore you now. It would be like putting sermons in a novel."

"What is the proportion of ladies in the profession?" asked Yorke, with a slight shrug.

"What is the proportion of gentlemen in the profession?"

"Except that I really know nothing about it, I should suppose it is larger."

"It probably is, a little. Until recently, it needed force rather than fineness to bring a woman to the surface of a great progressive movement. We are coming to a point where both are to be absolutely necessary to success in the art of healing. A union of these qualities will be demanded of women, because they are women, such as has never been expected of men, or perhaps been possible to them. We have a complex task before us."

"It seems a dreary one to me," said Yorke, rather sadly. "And yet you find it" —

"Bright!" she said quickly; "bright, bright!" Her earnest face fired.

"You really seem happy," he urged.

"I *am* happy!" she cried, in her resonant, joyous tone.

"I wonder if I could say as much, if I had done as much?" queried the sick man.

Her whole expression changed instantly. Both felt, what neither said, that they had approached difficult and delicate ground.

"I do not take as dark a view of your case as you do," she said.

"In other words, I am not lost to your respect, because I have not become an eminent jurist at the age of — I am only twenty-eight, after all," he added.

"I am a year older than that," she smiled. "I ought to have done more. What is the trouble, Mr. Yorke? Don't you get any clients?" She took unconsciously the professional tone she had so long assumed to him, as if she had asked, "Does n't your dinner agree with you?"

"I had one divorce case last winter; I lost it."

"You resent my asking questions. You ought not to."

"I feel it. I do not resent it."

"That is kind in you, and discriminating. You silence me."

"No, go on. Say what you think of me. Tell me, — I can stand it. What a consummate donkey a man of my sort must seem to a woman of yours! And yet I'm not a donkey; I am really a very good sort of fellow."

"You are rudimentary," said the doctor, with an inscrutable look.

"Hum — um — um."

"Honestly, Mr. Yorke, my diagnosis of you is different from — It is my own, at any rate, be it worth little or much."

"You have had some chance to form one, I'll admit," said Yorke. "Let me make a guess at it: Inherited inertia. Succumbed to his environment. Corrosion of Beacon Street upon what might, in a machine-shop, for instance, or a factory, have been called his brain. Native indolence, developed by acquired habit. Hopeless correlation of predestined forces. Atrophied ambition. Paralyzed aspiration. No struggle for existence. Destitute of scientific basis. *Reductio ad absurdum*, — *Laborare est orare*, — *Facilis descensus*. No correspondent in the *Materia Medica*. Hahnemann knew not of him. (*He* was mobbed for a great cause.) The *Organon* foresaw him not. There is no divine remedy for him. Give him *sac. lac.* powders, and send him back to Beacon Street. By the way, Doctor, did you ever give me a sugar powder?"

"Once."

"When was that? I'll know, or I'll never forgive you."

"The day you disobeyed me about going out-doors, and caused me an unnecessary call."

"On your honor, is that the only time?"

"By my diploma! — the only time."

"You did not say whether I had hit the diagnosis, Doctor Zay."

She did not answer him at once, and when she spoke he felt, rather than saw, that it was with her guarded look.

"I do not make it a case of paralysis, exactly. I should rather call it one of hyperæsthesia."

"Hyperæsthesia— that was what was the matter with me when I could n't let Mrs. Butterwell shut a door, or drop a thimble; when the horses kept me awake, stamping in the barn. You mean that you do me the honor to infer that I have ideals, despite my failure to give an inquiring world evidence of the fact, and that (if I do not strain your goodness) the idealizing fibre is not without superfluous sensitiveness?"

"Superfluous, and therefore injurious, sensitiveness. You experience a certain scorn of the best into which you know yourself capable of resulting. You cherished this scorn, at one time, as a silent proof of superiority of nature, patent only to yourself, and the more precious, like family lace or jewels worn out of sight. You were met at the outset of life by the conviction that you were without extraordinary gifts, and it struck you as original to snub the ordinary ones, as if it were their fault. I am not sure that it was even original; it certainly was not admirable. But you have outgrown that. I recognize now a genuine modesty at root of your inertia. Your self-estimate is calculably less than that of almost any other Boston man I ever met. I prognosticate that the next phase of experience will be a healthier and haughtier one. I think you capable of service." The young lady uttered these sentences slowly, with palliative pauses between them; she had an absorbed and studious look.

"I always thought I might have made a good head-waiter," said the young man grimly.

"Take me as you please," persisted the doctor. "I have paid you a compliment; my first—and last. Cut yourself with it, if you want to. It would

be malpractice, but I am not the surgeon."

Yorke made no reply. He sat and watched her, thinking that he would not have borne from any other woman in the world what came like a fine intoxication from her; he drank her noble severity like gleaming wine.

"You are not a great man," she urged gently, as if she had to say, "You have a spinal injury," "but you have uncommon qualities,—perhaps I should say quality; you have hardly taken the trouble, as yet, to indicate what your qualities are. You could be successful if you chose. The difficulty has been that you have not respected what we are in the habit of calling success."

"Frankly, no; it has never seemed worth while."

"The Christians have a phrase," said Doctor Zay, "which expresses the deficiency in most of our standards. They talk of consecration. It means something, I find."

"Are you a Christian?" asked Yorke.

"I do not know—yet," she answered, gravely.

"Now, I have always thought I was," he said, smiling sadly.

"Are you?" She looked at him wistfully.

"At least I was confirmed once, to please my mother. It may belong to that pervasive weakness of nature, which you classify so indulgently as sensitiveness, that I never have grown away as far from all that as many fellows I know. There, now, is an ideal! Where in history or philosophy can it be mated? Faith is beauty. I should like to hold on to my faith, if I can,—if I had no other reason, just as I should wish to keep my paintings or bronzes. But I know it is harder for a camel to go through the knee of an idol, as the little boy said, than for a student of science to enter the kingdom of heaven. Are you one of the two atheists, in the historic three doctors?"

"God forbid!" she cried. "I am a seeker, still. That is all I mean to say. And I know I must seem" — She paused, stricken by an unprecedented and beautiful blushing embarrassment.

"What must you seem?"

"It was nothing, — a foolish speech. It is time for you to go home, Mr. Yorke, and go to bed."

"What must it make you seem? I will go when I know. Tell me, — you shall! Indulge me, please." He limped over towards her; his words fell over each other; his figure towered above her.

She gave one glance at his agitated face, and collected herself by a movement swift and secretive as the opening of a water-lily.

"I only meant to say that a woman usually — naturally, perhaps — is the guide in matters of belief. Spiritual regnancy belongs to her historically, and prophetically too, I do not dispute. It occurred to me, at that moment, how it must strike a man, if she were below him on that basis; if she had no power to heighten or deepen his ideal, — that was all. Good-night, Mr. Yorke. If you don't sleep, take that powder marked 'Cham. 5 m.' Now go!"

"You heighten and deepen every other ideal I have," said the young man, solemnly. "You cannot fail me there. It will not be possible to you."

His agitation had urged itself upon her now, against her will; he was half shocked, half transported, to see that a slow pallor advanced like a spirit towards him, over her resolute face. He watched it with a kind of awe, and made a gesture with one of his thin hands, as if to check an invisible presence which he was not strong enough to meet. It was the movement of a sick man whose physical strength was spent by emotion. The physician perceived this instantly.

"There is the office-bell," she said,

in her business tone. "I will answer it as I help you out."

He made no reply, and they left the parlor in uneasy silence. He had tried to come on one crutch that night; now, weakened with excitement, he made bad work of the experiment.

"Put your hand on my shoulder," ordered Doctor Zay.

"You are not tall enough," he objected.

"I am strong enough," she insisted.

He obeyed her, and thus came limping to the front door between the lady and the crutch. The patient who had rung the office-bell stood in the doorway. It was a man. It was a gentleman. It was a stranger. At sight of him Doctor Zay colored with impulsive pleasure. She said: —

"Why, Doctor!"

The stranger answered: —

"Good-evening, Doctor."

Yorke found this dialogue monotonous, and removed his hand from the violet muslin shoulder.

"Walk in," said the lady, turning heartily to her guest. "Go right through into the parlor. I will be with you in a moment."

The stranger, bowing slightly to Yorke, stepped in and passed them. By the sharp light of the kerosene entry lamp Yorke perceived a man of years and dignity; in fact, a person of distinguished appearance.

"I will not trouble you to go any farther with me," said Doctor Zay's patient, stiffly.

"Nonsense!"

The soft, warm shoulder presented itself with a beautiful — it seemed to Yorke a terrible — unconsciousness, leaning towards him like a violet indeed.

"No, no," he said, roughly; "I don't want it. It won't help me. Don't you understand a man better than that?"

As soon as the words were uttered, he would have given, let us say, his sound

ankle to recall them. She shrank all over, as if, indeed, he had stepped on a flower, and, gathering herself with a grave majesty, swept away from him.

IX.

Yorke limped back to his room, and sank into the first chair that presented itself. It happened to be the high rocker, and he put his head back, and thrust his hands into his pockets, and got his ankle across another chair, and for a few moments occupied himself in a savage longing for a smoke. His physician had forbidden him his cigars pending the presence of certain spinal symptoms, which she was pleased to consider of importance to her therapeutic whims. A good square disobedience would have relieved him. He would have liked nothing better than for the odor of the tobacco to steal around through her parlor windows, while she sat there in that trailed gown making herself lovely to that fellow. Was it possible she knew *he* was coming when she put the thing on? . . .

Yorke found himself engulfed in a chasm of feeling, across which, like a bridge whereon he had missed his footing, ran one slender thought:—

"I ought to have gone home three weeks ago."

It was quarter past nine when she sent him to his room. He sat in the big rocker, in the dark, without moving, till ten. No sound had come from the doctor's side of the house. Acting upon a sudden impulse, of which he was half ashamed, half defensive, and which he owned himself wholly disinclined to resist, he groped for his crutches and got out upon the piazza, where he could see the light from her windows making a great radiance upon the acacia-tree, and showing the outlines of the short, wet grass. A honeysuckle clambered over the nearest window. When the curtain

drifted in the warm wind, the long-necked flowers seemed to look in. The subdued sound of voices came to his ear. He went back, and got upon the lounge. As he lay there, the lumbermen returned, singing,—

"Thus with the man, thus with the tree,
Sharp at the root the axe must be."

Mrs. Butterwell came in to say good-night. She held a candle, which made fickle revelations of her black silk dress and sallow cheeks. She expressed surprise at finding her lodger in the dark, and lighted his Japanese lantern assiduously. She thought Mr. Yorke had been calling on the doctor.

"She sent me to bed," said Yorke. "She has another fellow there."

"They will come at all hours," replied Mrs. Butterwell, serenely. "More blame to 'em!"

"Who will come at all hours?" gasped Yorke.

"Why, patients, of course. Who else?"

"This is n't a patient. This is a gentleman."

"I want to know!" said Mrs. Butterwell, putting down the light.

"And so do I," said Yorke, grimly.

"A tall, dark-complected gentleman? Wears a crush felt hat and gray gloves,—a *beautiful* fit?"

"I did n't notice his gloves," savagely.

"A handsome man, was n't he?" pursued Mrs. Butterwell, cruelly. "Splendid figure and great blue eyes"—

"How should I know about his eyes?" groaned Yorke.

"Oh, it must be he," returned Mrs. Butterwell, placidly. "I wonder I did n't see him in the stage. I always mean to look in the stage. May be he drove,—he sometimes does."

Yorke made no answer. Every word of Mrs. Butterwell's caused an acute pain in his left temple, like the nail in the brain of Sisera; he put up his hand to his head.

"His name is Penhallow," hammered

Mrs. Butterwell, — "Doctor Penhallow, of Bangor. He is a famous surgeon, — very famous. He sets the world by her."

"It can't be — it is n't the fellow she telegraphed to about my case, at the beginning?" cried Yorke.

"Oh, I dare say. Doctor did n't mention it to me. Doctor never talks about her cases. She admires Doctor Penhallow above all. He was her preceptor. He's old enough to be — well, it would be a young sort of father; but he's well along; he could n't be so famous if he was n't; nor she would n't feel that kind of feeling for him, — that looking up. He's the only man I ever saw doctor look up to. She ain't like the rest of us; we wear our upper lids short with it. I declare! It seems to me in course of generations women would n't have had any eyelids; they'd be what you call nowadays selected away, by worshipin' men-folks, if Providence had n't thrown in such lots of little men, — mites and dots of souls, too short for the biggest fool alive to call the tallest. Then, half the time, she gets on her knees to him to make out the difference. Oh, I've seen 'em! Down on their knees, and stay there to make him think he's as big as he wants to be, and pacify him. Then, another thing," added Mrs. Butterwell, gently, "is babies. You've got to look down to your babies, and that keeps the balance something like even. Providence knew what he was up to when he made women, though I must say it looks sometimes as if he'd made an awful botch of it."

"Is he married?" asked Yorke.

"Who? Oh, Doctor Penhallow? (I was thinking about Providence.) No. He's an old bach," said Mrs. Butterwell in a mysterious manner, "and only one sister, and she just married and gone to Surinam to live. It seems to make it such a useful place; I never felt as if anybody lived there before. He used to have to have her home in Bangor till

a gracious mercy removed her, for she was squint-eyed and had spells. He was a friend of her father's, too."

"Whose father's?" cried Yorke, desperately.

"Why, doctor's father's, — Doctor Zay's father's. Old Doctor Lloyd and Doctor Penhallow were friends, the dearest kind; he was his preceptor, too, and Doctor" —

"We are getting our pronouns, not to say our physicians, dreadfully mixed," interrupted the young man wearily. "And I suppose the lady has a right to her admirers, whether they meet our views or not. There really is nothing extraordinary about it, except the fact that it should never have occurred to me that she could have them, in this wilderness."

"Well, there! I should like to know why not!" Mrs. Butterwell fired at once. "You don't suppose a woman ain't a woman because she's a doctor, do you? There was a fellow here last summer, — a family of summer folks at the Sherman Hotel, three brothers: one was a minister, and one was an editor of something, — I forget what, but he was n't a widower, that I'm sure of, — and one had a patent on mouse-traps. I can't say much for the minister, for he preached on woman's sphere in the Baptist church, — may the Lord forgive him, if he ever heard the sermon, which I don't believe he did, — and the mouse-trap was engaged, besides having his front teeth out, and coming down here to wait till he shrank for a new set. But that poor little editor, Mr. Yorke, I wish you could have made his acquaintance. The table-girl at the Sherman House told my girl he'd lost his appetite to that pass he would n't eat a thing but shoo-fly potatoes. Think," added Mrs. Butterwell, with a gravity which deepened to solemnity, "of supporting an honorable and unrequited affection on shoo-fly potatoes!"

"I did not know," observed Yorke,

acutely conscious of the indiscretion of his remark, "that physicians — men physicians — were apt to be appreciative of the lady members of the profession in any way, least of all in that. Many of these facts in social progress, you see, are novel to me. I am very dull about them."

"Well, I declare!" objected Mrs. Butterwell. "I must say I think you are. For my part, I can't conceive of anything more natural. When you consider the convenience of taking each other's overflow practice, and consulting together when folks die, and the sitting down of an evening to talk over operations; and then one boy would do for both sets of horses. And when you think of having a woman like Doctor to turn to, sharin' the biggest cares and joys a man has got, not leanin' like a water-soaked log against him when he feels slim as a pussy-willow himself, poor fellow, but claspin' hands as steady as a statue to help him on, — and that hair of hers, and her eyes, for all her learning! But there, Mr. Yorke! I've talked you dead as East Sherman. I'll fix your blinds for you and put in the pegs, and get your milk, and go. Don't you lie awake listening for him. He won't go till half past eleven. He never does. He ain't able to get over very often, for his business is tremendous, and he's sent for all over the State, consultin'. He's *famous* enough for her, if that is all," she added, by way of final consolation.

Mrs. Butterwell's prophecy proved so far correct that at quarter of eleven the hospitable light still shone from Doctor Zay's parlor upon the acacia leaves and clovers, and the slender-throated honeysuckles, curious and dumb. It was with an emotion of exultance, for which he blamed and shamed himself with bitter helplessness, that Yorke heard, at ten minutes before eleven, the office-bell struck by what he knew was the imperative hand of a messenger in mortal need.

He heard Doctor Zay come out quickly to the wagon which had brought the order. She did not wait for her own horse to be harnessed, but was driven rapidly and anxiously away. It seemed to him that he heard Jim Paisley's voice, and that Jim said something about Molly. Yorke was sorry for Molly, but he was not sorry for Doctor Penhallow, whose distinguished footsteps echoed down the lonely street, on their way back to the Sherman Hotel.

"I think, Doctor, if I was you, — which I ain't, goodness knows, I don't mean to set myself up, — I should go and look at Mr. Yorke before you go out," said Mrs. Butterwell, presenting herself at the office the next morning. "He has a dreadfully peaked look, and he's got past Sally Lunn for breakfast. As long as he took his Sally LUNDS, I knew you'd found THE REMEDY." (Mrs. Butterwell pronounced these two words with that accent of confiding reverence by which the truly devout homœopathist may be instantly classified.) "But now I'm afraid you have n't. He never looked at a thing only his coffee, and he swore at that, too. He thought I'd gone, but I had n't."

"I never heard Mr. Yorke swear," observed Doctor Zay dryly.

"Well, he did; he said he supposed the sooner he drank the infernal thing and done with it, the better. I was clear across the entry, but I heard him."

The doctor went as she was bidden, fortified by her hat and gloves and full professional demeanor. Yorke was on the lounge, glaring at his breakfast tray. He pushed it aside when he saw her, and held out his hand. She did not take it, but drew out her note-book and medicine-case, and coldly asked for the symptoms.

"I owe you an apology," said the patient at once, drawing back his hand. "You do indeed," she answered sternly.

"I can do no more than offer it," returned the young man with spirit. "If you had ever been a man, you would be less implacable."

"I am not implacable," she softened. "No one ever called me that."

"It is possible that no one ever called you several things that I shall have occasion to," observed the patient, running his white hand through his hair, and sturdily meeting her eyes, which seemed to overlook him with a fathomless, fatal calm, as if he were a being of another solar system, speaking in an unknown tongue.

"Mrs. Butterwell said you were worse."

"I have had no sleep and no breakfast: it does not signify."

"It does signify," returned Doctor Zay; "it is — ridiculous."

"You use sympathetic language, Doctor Lloyd."

"I do not feel sympathetic." She looked deeply annoyed; she drew out her miniature vial with her tiny pincers in frowning hesitation. "I have no symptoms. Give me some symptoms before I prescribe."

"Where is your friend?" asked Yorke abruptly. "Has he gone?"

She evinced neither surprise nor displeasure at the question, but laconically answered, —

"Yes."

"Then you will not be engaged with him. Will you take me to ride to-night?"

"What do you want to do that for?"

"I am going home next week. I want a ride before I go."

"Very well," said Doctor Zay, after a severe pause. "Have it as you will. Only remember that I did not invite you."

"I promise you to remember as much as that."

"Did you take that powder, last night?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I did not want your sugar!" with rising fierceness. He quickly repented this outburst, and as she was leaving the room, he asked, with what he thought a masterly effort to be civil, if not natural, "What does *Cham. 5 m.* stand for, Doctor?"

"Champs Elysées, five miles," she said, without turning around.

"That is a long tramp for a man on crutches."

"Altogether too long," retorted the doctor. "He should n't try it."

The phaeton came to the door directly after an early tea, and Yorke went out, and got in without further invitation. Handy helped him. The doctor did not offer her shoulder. She came down the walk consulting her visiting-list with an absorption which the vainest of men could not have interpreted as less than real. It bitterly occurred to Yorke that she had already forgotten even to seem to forget what had cost him more than he had nerve of soul or body to waste. She took the reins without speaking, and they drove for some time silently towards the large August sunset. She wore a white dress which did not, for some reason become her. It was one of her plainest hours. He watched her studious and anxious face, on which lines of care were beginning — he had never noticed before — to notch themselves lightly, as if with the probational or preparatory motion which the heavy chisel stroke must follow soon and surely. It came to his thought with a complex emotion how dear she looked to him when she was not beautiful. It would have been hard to say why this discovery was so fraught with significance to him.

"You are anxious and tired, to-night," he ventured at length, when her silence had lasted so long that he felt it was veering over the margin between the oppressive and the dangerous.

"I have a diphtheria case that is go-

ing hard," she said, wearily. "It is Johnny Sanscrit, the minister's little boy,—his only child. I never stand it well with only children. They sent Doctor Adoniram off, in their extremity, which makes it worse. That is too often the way: the patient comes into our hands just in time for us to sign the"—

"Death warrant?" interrupted Yorke.

"The technical expression is death certificate; you can take your choice. This is the house. I must stop here first."

Yorke did not experience that acute anxiety in behalf of Johnny Sanscrit which perhaps should have been expected of a humane neighbor. He occupied himself with dwelling upon the modern disadvantages attending an interest in the Useful Woman, who has no time to be admired, and perhaps less heart. It occurred to him to picture one of Scott's or Richardson's stately heroes stranded meekly in a basket phaeton, with matters of feeling trembling on his lips, while the heroine made professional calls and forgot him. How was a man going to approach this new and confusing type of woman? The old codes were all astray. Were the old impulses ruled out of order, too?

But Johnny Sanscrit, as fate would, was better, and the doctor returned to the phaeton, transformed.

"It is a remarkable adaptation of *Lachesis*," she said, with a radiant smile.

"Is it?" said Yorke.

"And I hope you have n't got chilly?" She looked at him absently, with her hazy, happy eyes. She began to sparkle with conversation, and overflow with good humor. Yorke reminded himself that it was owing to Johnny Sanscrit.

She had regained herself, and looked superbly. The opacity of the white dress softened in the softening light. As the sun dropped, she drew over her shoulders a fine Stuart plaid shawl which he liked. He welcomed her moody

beauty with exultance, as he had protected its absence with tenderness.

They drove to poor Molly's, who proved to be better. Everybody was better. The doctor was girlishly happy. They rode past the mill-pond and the silent wheel, and through the well of trees, and up the darkening hill; and she said she had but one more call to make, and then they would go home. There was a wood-cutter's wife who expected her, if Mr. Yorke felt able to go. Mr. Yorke felt quite able, and they turned from the road into the narrow cart-path, that wound at that hour like a blazing green and golden serpent through the late light and long shadow, towards the forest's heart.

"Are you never tired of it?" asked Yorke, suddenly, as they entered the cart-path.

"Of my work? Never!"

"I don't mean that. It would be like tiring of a great opal to be fickle with usefulness like yours."

"What a pretty thought!" she interrupted, with that delicate and gradual expression of surprise by which a poetic image always overtook her practically occupied imagination.

"I meant," explained Yorke, "don't you get tired of the surroundings you have chosen for it? Do you never feel the need of resetting it?"

"What could be better?" She pointed with her whip down the sinuous, shaded driveway. The trees met above it. The horse's feet sounded softly on the grass. The great shadows from the forest advanced. The great glory of the receding sun struggled through the shield of fine leaf-outlines. The entrance to the road, like its termination, was blotted out in splendid curves and colors, which seemed to bar the intruders in, as if they had trespassed upon some sweet or awful secret of the woods, with which they could not be trusted if set free. It was one of those scenes, it was one of those moments, when the power of the

forest overshadows the soul like the power of the Highest, and when Nature seems to approach us on her knees in the service of a Greater than herself, bearing a message too mystic for any but our unworldly, unspotted selves to receive.

Yorke looked from the face of the wilderness to the face of the woman.

"It is very beautiful," he said, "but it is very lonely."

She did not answer him, but, turning a sudden soft grassy corner, came to a halt at her wood-cutter's, and forsook him for her patient with that easy adaptability to which he never became accustomed. She was not gone long, but it was darkening rapidly in the woods when she came out, and she drove slowly through the looming shadow, over the rude road.

"There is a short cut home through the woods," she said. "We will take it, unless it seems damp to you."

"No, let us take it," he said absently. They rode through the sweet, dry dusk among the pines. It was too dark to see each other's faces. The consciousness of her presence, their solitude, their approaching separation, arose and took hold of Yorke like a hand at his throat, from whose grip he was strangling. It was to him as if he struck out for his life when he said, —

"Miss Lloyd, I told you I was going home next week. I wish to tell you why."

"Don't!" she said quickly. "*Don't!*"

He thrust her words aside, as if they had been women, with a fierce gesture of his invalid hands. "It is not for you to tell me what I shall do or not. I am not talking about my ankle or my spine. This is not a case of pellets and bandages and faints and fol-de-rol. I will not have your precautions and advice.

I will say what I have to say. I will take no interference. I will speak, and you shall hear."

"If you speak, I must hear, but I warn you. I *beg* you not!"

"And why, I demand, do you beg me not? What right have you? What?" —

"The right of my responsibility," she answered, in a tone too low to be calm, and yet too controlled to be agitated.

"I relieve you of the slightest responsibility!"

"You cannot."

"But I do assume that deadly burden. My shoulders are broad enough yet, — though I am a poor fool of a sick man, dependent on your wisdom, in debt to you for his unfortunate life" —

"Oh, please, Mr. Yorke" —

"I insist. You will oblige me by explaining why I should not say what I like to you, as well as to any other woman."

"Because you are not strong enough."

"I am strong enough to love you, at all events." He drew one great breath, and looked at her through the dark with straining eyeballs, like a blind man. She gave no sign of surprise or frail feminine protest. Although it was so dark, he could see (her long gloves were white) the steady pull of her hand on the reins, at which the pony was twitching and shying over the uneven road. After a moment of oppressive silence, she said, with cruelly gentle sadness, —

"That is exactly what you are *not* strong enough to do."

"Do you presume to tell a man he does n't know when he loves a woman?" cried Yorke, quivering, stung beyond endurance.

"You are not in love," she said calmly, "you are only nervous."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

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THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

[Mad River, published in *The Atlantic Monthly* for May, was the last poem that we received directly from Mr. Longfellow's hand. Shortly after his death several unprinted poems were found among his papers. Two of these lyrics were placed at our disposal. The first, *Decoration Day*, appeared in the June number of this magazine; the second, to which a sad interest attaches itself as being the last verse he penned, is now laid before the reader. The manuscript bears the date of March 15, 1882. — EDITOR ATLANTIC MONTHLY.]

WHAT say the bells of San Blas
To the ships that southward pass
From the harbor of Mazatlan?
To them it is nothing more
Than the sound of surf on the shore, —
Nothing more to master or man.

But to me, a dreamer of dreams,
To whom what is and what seems
Are often one and the same, —
The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a name.

For bells are the voice of the church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of young and old;
One sound to all, yet each
Lends a meaning to their speech,
And the meaning is manifold.

They are a voice of the Past,
Of an age that is fading fast,
Of a power austere and grand,
When the flag of Spain unfurled
Its folds o'er this western world,
And the Priest was lord of the land

The chapel that once looked down
On the little seaport town
Has crumbled into the dust;
And on oaken beams below
The bells swing to and fro,
And are green with mould and rust.

"Is, then, the old faith dead,"
They say, "and in its stead
Is some new faith proclaimed,
That we are forced to remain
Naked to sun and rain,
Unsheltered and ashamed?"

"Once, in our tower aloof,
We rang over wall and roof
Our warnings and our complaints;
And round about us there
The white doves filled the air,
Like the white souls of the saints.

"The saints! Ah, have they grown
Forgetful of their own?
Are they asleep, or dead,
That open to the sky
Their ruined Missions lie,
No longer tenanted?

"Oh, bring us back once more
The vanished days of yore,
When the world with faith was filled;
Bring back the fervid zeal,
The hearts of fire and steel,
The hands that believe and build.

"Then from our tower again
We will send over land and main
Our voices of command,
Like exiled kings who return
To their thrones, and the people learn
That the Priest is lord of the land!"

O Bells of San Blas, in vain
Ye call back the Past again;
The Past is deaf to your prayer!
Out of the shadows of night
The world rolls into light;
It is daybreak everywhere.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

NAVAL COURTS-MARTIAL AND THE PARDONING POWER.

THERE is no department or branch of the government service which Americans are wont to regard with greater pride than the navy. This pride is fully justified by our naval history. From March 11, 1794, when the federalists carried through their bill for building six frigates, down to the present time the record of the navy of the United

States has been one of constant and conspicuous success in every direction. It was the navy which checked the insolence of France, and brought Talleyrand to terms during the administration of John Adams, when Thomas Truxtun, cruising in the *Constellation*, captured the French frigate *L'Insurgente*, although of superior force, and in an-

other hard fight compelled a second frigate, *La Vengeance*, to strike her flag. Then came the gallant fighting with Tripoli, at a time when we were the only nation who approached the Barbary pirates with any arguments but bribes. The history of the war of 1812 is familiar to every one, and from that struggle dates the deep and affectionate pride of the American people in their navy. While on land we were compelled to endure an almost unbroken series of mortifying defeats, the exploits of our little navy excited the admiration of the world. In a succession of duels between our frigates and those of the enemy, with the exception of that between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon*, we were invariably victorious. The navy of Great Britain had been justly deemed invincible, and held at that period complete possession of the ocean. The charm was broken in the war of 1812. Whether fighting in fleets on the lakes, or with single frigates on the high seas, American seamen were always triumphant. They dealt a severe blow to the prestige of England, and by their victories made peace possible on terms which were not intolerable. At the close of the war of 1812 came the second war with the Barbary States, concluding in a peace dictated by Decatur on his quarter-deck, which put an end forever to tributes to those rascally pirates. The war of the rebellion is fresh in every one's mind. The capture of Port Royal by the fleet under the command of Dupont and Davis, in the autumn of 1861, was the first great success achieved by the North, and from that time until the close of the war the record of the navy was undimmed by reverses, and marked by a succession of brilliant and important actions.

In the work of exploration and of science our navy has always held, and still holds, a high and honorable place. The services of our naval officers and of our seamen have been as eminent in

the peaceful branches of the profession as in the stress of war. In a word, the navy has always responded fully to every demand made upon it by the nation; whatever the emergency or the services might be, it has never failed.

At the present time there is a renewed and keen interest in naval affairs. This is due partly to the growing desire to make every effort to revive our merchant marine and to extend our commerce, and partly to the condition of the navy itself. The country has suddenly awakened to the fact that while, since the war, more money has been spent on its navy than on that of any other nation in the world except England and France, it has literally no vessels of war worthy of the name. Far from possessing a powerful fleet, like Russia, which has expended about as much as we have, we have no armed ship fit to cope with the one or two iron-clads of a petty state like Chili, or to defend our great cities from a destructive bombardment by some enemy in other respects hardly worth notice. We have at last become aware that our old and successful naval policy of always maintaining a small but highly efficient fleet, which led the world in naval architecture, in ordnance, and in equipment, has been abandoned.

Into the broad questions of naval policy, involving a reconstruction of the fleet, a reorganization of the department and of the service, and a stoppage of the favoritism and lobbying which have now become the accepted methods of settling assignments to duty, it is not my purpose to enter. It has always been supposed that, however much the navy might have deteriorated in regard to organization and equipment, the *personnel* of the service was unchanged and untouched; and as a people we have always felt that, while the character of the officers and men remained unaltered, all obstacles could be readily overcome, and all defects of a material nature be

easily remedied. During the past winter, however, a petition has been presented to the Senate, and given a wide circulation through the press, which affords good ground for alarm and anxiety to every thoughtful and patriotic American. This petition, which is signed by some three hundred officers of all ranks in the navy, prays that a stop may be put to the remission of sentences imposed by court-martial, and to the reinstatement of officers convicted of certain offenses. The mere existence of such a petition, with such a prayer, is of itself proof of an alarming and deplorable condition of affairs in our naval discipline. The grievance must indeed be serious and full of peril when a petition of this description can receive so many signatures from men with so keen and high a sense of personal and official honor, and with such a strong *esprit de corps*, as is known to exist among the officers of our navy. Such a manifestation, affecting as it does most seriously the character and well-being of a service to which our national honor and safety may at any moment be entrusted, deserves the most careful public consideration, and a thorough knowledge of the grounds for this petition, and of the nature and extent of the evil and the peril which it reveals.

With this view I have collected the statistics of naval courts-martial since the war of the rebellion, beginning with the year 1866, in order to show the results of the sentences — that is, whether carried out or set aside — in each case which has been recorded since that time. My main objects are to show the percentage of remissions to the whole number of sentences imposed, and to determine the relations between the remission and the rank of the officer, the

nature of the offense, and the severity of the sentence. I have endeavored to obtain an abstract of every case, and I believe that my statistics are substantially complete. They are sufficiently so, certainly, to exhibit accurately the state of facts of which the officers complain in their petition. The tables which follow explain themselves. They include only

TABLE I.

Years.	Number of Cases.	Acquittals by Courts.	Sentences-Carried Out.	Sentences Remitted, including Restorations.	Sentences Commuted.	Sentences Set Aside.	Per cent. of Sentences wholly or in part executed.
1866....	23	4	8	8	3	—	57.9
1867....	25	4	10	6	3	—	54.5
1868....	23	4	7	4	3	—	66.6
1869....	12	2	4	3	3	—	60.
1870 ¹	6	1	4	1	—	—	20.
1871 ²	3	—	1	1	1	—	66.6
1872....	6	—	2	3	2	—	71.4
1873....	13	1	8	2	1	1	33.3
1874....	12	2	5	1	4	—	50.
1875 ³	11	1	7	3	—	—	30.
1876 ⁴	23	1	8	9	5	—	66.6
1877....	5	1	3	—	—	1	25.
1878 ⁵	3	1	2	—	—	—	0.0
1879....	4	—	1	1	2	—	75.
1880 ⁶	13	1	—	4	5	3	100.00
1881....	10	1	5	3	1	—	44.4
1882....	2	—	—	—	2	—	100.00
Total....	193	24	75	49	35	15	56.9

Average per cent. 54.2

the cases of commissioned officers. Five cases of this sort appear on my lists of which I have not been able to procure details, and I have thrown them out. I have also rejected all cases of midshipmen punished for misconduct at the Naval Academy, as these relate rather to school than to naval discipline. The classification of offenses and sentences could not without great and unnecessary labor be rendered perfectly exact in descrip-

¹ Twenty-four cases of midshipmen dismissed for taking liquor into the Academy. All either commuted or remitted.

² Five cases also not accounted for.

³ Five midshipmen dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

⁴ Seven midshipmen dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

⁵ One midshipman dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

⁶ One midshipman dismissed the service for hazing at Academy.

tion. In many cases the accused was found guilty of several offenses, and very frequently the sentences involved several forms of punishment. In classi-

had ended and the war excitement had subsided; and it may be added that the whole number of courts-martial is not large, showing a good state of discipline

TABLE II.

Rank.	When Sentence has been carried into execution.	When Sentence has not been carried into execution.
Captains.....	1	7
Commanders.....	2	4
Lt. Commanders.....	10	13
Lieutenants.....	8	11
Masters.....	3	3
Ensigns.....	6	5
Midshipmen.....	2	1
Chief Engineers.....	3	1
P. A. Engineers.....	3	3
1st Asst. Engineers...	3	3
2d Asst. Engineers...	6	3
3d Asst. Engineers...	6	3
Pay Inspectors.....	2	1
Paymasters.....	7	4
Asst. Paymasters.....	6	5
Surgeons.....	5	10
Colonel U. S. M. C....	-	1
Majors U. S. M. C....	-	6
Captains U. S. M. C....	2	6
1st Lieut. U. S. M. C....	-	3
2d Lieut. U. S. M. C....	-	1
Total.....	75 +	94=169
Acquittals.....		24
Total cases.....		193

fying, therefore, I have been content to take in each instance the principal offense of which the accused was found guilty and the heaviest penalty imposed by the court, and arrange my statistics under those heads.

There were five cases in which a sentence was first commuted and subsequently remitted, and these being entered twice make the total of the five right-hand columns exceed the total number of cases by five.

It will be seen by the first table that, while the number of cases in each year has varied very greatly and presents a most marked irregularity, the average has declined since 1868. This decline in the total number in each year is probably due to the reductions in the list of officers which took place after the war

TABLE III.

Offenses.	When Sentence has been carried into execution.	When Sentence has not been carried into execution.
Absent without leave	5	1
Drunkenness.....	16	20
Drunkenness and scandalous conduct.....	8	12
Drunkenness and absence without leave	3	3
Drunkenness and insubordination, or disobedience to orders.....	4	2
Scandalous conduct..	11	12
Embezzlement.....	3	2
Disobedience to orders.....	9	10
Theft.....	1	-
Fraud.....	-	1
Neglect of duty.....	2	7
Neglect of duty and loss of ship.....	2	2
Neglect of duty and loss of government money.....	-	1
Violating U. S. N. regulations.....	-	5
Disrespect to superior officer.....	3	7
Quarreling.....	1	-
Leaving vessel without permission.....	1	-
Refusal to render accounts.....	2	-
Overstaying leave...	2	-
Failure to obtain bond	1	-
Cruelty.....	-	3
Failure to report liquor on ship.....	-	3
Assault.....	-	3
Charges not given...	2	-
Total.....	75 +	94=169
Acquittals.....		24
Total cases.....		193

among the officers. Nearly sixty per cent. of the cases in which sentences were imposed by courts-martial during the seventeen years included in the tables were either set aside, remitted, or commuted; and it is proper to state, what it is impossible to show in simple tables, that, with very few exceptions, the remissions and commutations were made at

such a time or were of such a kind as to amount to a practical removal of the penalty and a complete pardon. This work of reversing the sentences of the

TABLE IV.

Sentences.	When carried into execution.	When not carried into execution.
Dismissal from service.....	32	-
Dismissal from squadron.....	2	-
Dismissal.— Allowed to resign.....	-	7
Dismissal.— Restored	-	3
Dismissal and imprisonment set aside.....	-	2
Dismissal commuted to suspension.....	-	12
Dismissal commuted to suspension and suspension remitted.....	-	3
Dismissal set aside.....	-	7
Allowed to resign before trial.....	-	2
Public reprimand.....	10	7
Reduced in grade.....	1	-
Dropped from rolls.....	1	-
Loss of pay.....	2	-
Suspension one year and upwards.....	15	-
Suspension less than one year.....	12	-
Suspension one year or less.....	-	16
Suspension two years	-	20
Suspension three years.....	-	9
Suspension four years or more.....	-	6
Total.....	75 +	74—169
Acquittals.....		24
Total cases.....		=193

courts-martial has been done occasionally by the secretary of the navy or by Congress, but chiefly by the President. If a supreme court reverses the judgments of the courts next below once in four times, it is considered a fair if not a high average. In this case both courts are experts in regard to the questions before them, and the superior tribunal is presumed to be composed of men of larger experience, greater ability, and better training than those who sit in the lower court. In naval trials the courts are formed of men who are not only of

high honor and character, but who, as a part of their education and discipline, have been bred to courts-martial, and are habituated to weighing evidence and meting out punishment at once suitable and salutary. Yet we find that the sentences of naval courts-martial are reversed by laymen, with little or no experience in law of that description, or perhaps in any law, six times in ten.

After making every allowance for pardons induced by past services, by peculiar and extenuating circumstances, or by recommendations to mercy on the part of the courts, the proportion of reversals to executed sentences still remains very large. We are forced to one of two conclusions: either the officers of our navy are grossly unfit to perform a regular and most important duty of their profession, which it is absurd to suppose, or the pardoning power, which in one form or another is resident in the President, the secretary, and the two houses of Congress, is much abused. The connection between the exercise of the pardoning power and the rank of the culprit and the severity of the sentence is not very clear on the face of tables II. and IV. By studying them in combination in the cases themselves, it at once becomes evident that high rank joined with a severe sentence is almost sure to bring some form of pardon. The higher the rank and the severer the sentence, the greater the probability of remission or commutation. As the rank declines, the severity of the sentence has less and less apparent effect. But low rank and a heavy sentence fare far better than low rank and a moderate or light sentence. These propositions are very general, and we find many exceptions to them; but the inference is inevitable that in the majority of cases pardon or remission depends on the position of the culprit, the amount of pity excited by the weight of the sentence, and the quantity of influence which can be brought to bear, and is not founded

solely and simply on an injustice or irregularity in the sentence, on new evidence, or on peculiar circumstances. Take, for example, one of the worst offenses of which a naval officer can be guilty, the loss of his ship through culpable negligence or inefficiency. Two officers, we find by the tables, were punished for this offense, and these two were both on the same ship, as captain and lieutenant. Two others, captains commanding different ships, were found guilty of the same offense, and were both let off. One of these last cast away a splendid ship under circumstances of the grossest negligence and misconduct. From personal reasons the courts were disposed to be lenient, and inflicted a comparatively light sentence of suspension for three years from rank and pay. Within a year, by political influence, the sentence was remitted at Washington, and the offender was put back in his old place on the list, over the heads of men who had done their duty, and had not lost ships by culpable conduct. In the same year, or indeed in any year, we can find officers of the lower ranks, for similar misconduct, unattended by any such consequence as the loss of a ship, dismissed the service and not a word said.

The general showing for the seventeen years of nearly sixty per cent. of unexecuted sentences, with an average for each year of fifty-four per cent., is bad enough, but if we examine the statistics of the last few years we perceive at once the shocking state of things which has produced the petition of the officers. Down to 1877 the percentage of unexecuted sentences, though deplorably large, was reasonably constant, and not far from the general average of fifty-four per cent. In 1877 there were only three cases of sentences, two of which were carried out, and in 1878 only two sentences, and both carried out. We now come to the last four years, and it is not too much to say that the showing

is appalling. For the last four years the percentage of sentences unexecuted, either wholly or in part, rises to 79.4. For 1879, 1880, and 1881 the percentage of unexecuted sentences is 73.1, and for 1879 and 1880 it is 87.5. In 1880 there was one case of a midshipman who was dismissed for hazing at the Academy, and who had no mercy shown him. There were also in that year twelve cases of commissioned officers sentenced by courts-martial. Every sentence was either set aside or remitted, or commuted to an extent equivalent to setting aside. Most of these cases were for drunkenness and scandalous conduct. One instance, the most flagrant, will give an idea of the extent to which the pardoning power was abused at that time. An officer was convicted of drunkenness, and sentenced by the court-martial to a public reprimand. The President remitted the sentence. While under arrest for the first offense this same officer absented himself without leave, went on a spree, got very drunk, and indulged in the most outrageous and scandalous misbehavior. For this complication of offenses he was tried again by court-martial, again found guilty, and this time sentenced to dismissal from the service; and again the President remitted the sentence. It will be remembered that 1880 was the last year of the Hayes administration. We can hardly wonder that, after such an exhibition of the pardoning power, naval officers should have resorted to so extreme and painful a measure as their petition to the Senate.

The statistics disclose a curious bit of testimony, which disposes of any argument which might be based on the assumption that courts-martial are inclined to be hasty and severe. In a certain class of cases, notably drunkenness, scandalous conduct, and peculation, the pardoned offender is apt to relapse. We find officers sentenced by the courts, and afterwards pardoned, coming up

again for renewed offenses, and it is interesting to see how often the same name recurs in the statistics, until at last it gets beyond the patience even of the pardoning power, and disappears from the navy register. One officer was tried, convicted, and pardoned three times, before, on a fourth trial, the service could get rid of him. Another was tried three times, and instances of two trials are very common. This shows that, as might be supposed, the officers composing the courts are far from hasty or too severe, and are usually well informed as to the character of the offender, much better than the pardoning power can possibly be. Indeed, it may be said that, owing to old friendship and close personal association with the fellow-officers brought before them, naval courts are disposed often to go to the very limits of justice in their desire to be lenient and merciful.

Comments on the facts revealed by the statistics would be superfluous. Every one can see that the policy of the last few years in regard to pardoning officers convicted by courts-martial of serious and degrading offenses is as bad and dangerous as possible. It is enough, if long persisted in, to poison and corrode the best service in the world. Our present system of promotion, which enables any officer of decent conduct and possessing the commonest intelligence to rise slowly but surely to the highest rank, is probably not a very good one, and is certainly not stimulating to the most talented and the strongest men in the service. But if those who are convicted of offenses which are in themselves degrading, which are ruinous to the service, and calculated to destroy the respect of the public, — if such offenders are to be pardoned in the majority of instances, it makes little difference what the system of promotion is, for the very existence of the service as an honored and respected body of public servants is menaced. What can be said

of a weak policy, which puts convicted offenders back on the lists, and sometimes, by act of Congress, years after a dismissal, over the heads of men who in a time of peace are enlarging the domain of science, rendering great services to navigation and commerce, devoting their pens to the improvement of their profession, facing suffering and death in perilous explorations, and sustaining in every quarter of the globe the respectability of the American character and the honor of the American name and flag? Such a policy tends to drive the ablest, most ambitious, and most high-toned men out of the service, and sets at naught the meritorious claims of good behavior and faithful service.

In every country and under every system there must, and will be always, in nearly every case, more or less effort to bend the pardoning power to the exercise of mercy in favor of convicted offenders against the law. The easy good-nature of the American character, and the political system of deciding every question of a personal nature according to the amount of "pressure" exerted in one way or another, and not on settled principles, render the pardoning power in this country more liable to abuse than perhaps it is elsewhere. We see this abuse in civil cases in all the States, and it is even worse in Washington. In cases of pardon the pressure is of course always one way, and has nothing to counteract it. For that very reason it is a power which should be very sparingly and cautiously exercised. In the military or naval service, particularly, its use should be very limited, instead of extremely lax, as is now the case. Nothing is more sensitive, more delicate, more artificial, and at the same time more absolutely essential to the army and navy than their discipline. It is better here to err on the side of severity than on that of mildness, for on the discipline of the army and navy the honor and safety of the

nation may at any time be staked. Yet we see that an habitual abuse of the pardoning power exists, which must in the long run be as prejudicial to the discipline and character of the naval service as anything we can conceive of.

I have already said that under any system or in any circumstances a strong influence will always be exerted with the executive to shelter naval and military offenders. We know that the great prerogative of pardon in these cases is not only liable to abuse, but has been and is seriously abused, in this country. Something ought to be done to limit and restrain the exercise of the pardoning power, and to protect the executive against an amount of supplication and influence which very few men can resist, and to which no man ought to be exposed. The question of remedying this difficulty has already been brought to the attention of Congress. Mr. Briggs, of New Hampshire, has lately introduced, with this view, a bill for promoting the efficiency of the navy. The bill provides that whenever, on an inquiry held pursuant to law, concerning the fitness of an officer of the navy for promotion, it shall appear that such officer is unfit to perform at sea the duties of the place to which it is proposed to promote him, by reason of drunkenness, or from any cause arising from his misconduct or want of capacity, not caused by or in consequence of the performance of his duty, he shall not be placed upon the retired list of the navy, and he shall be discharged from the ser-

vice; and in that case he may, by order of the President, be allowed and paid the pay of his grade for one year, and no longer, next after such discharge. This is a good measure, and it is to be hoped that it will be passed. If it becomes law there can be little doubt that it will be beneficial. But it does not go far enough. It relates only to promotion, and compels dismissal as the only penalty. It does not go to the root of the evil, which is the abuse of the pardoning power. The power of pardon or commutation, except in instances of a recommendation to mercy by the court, should be limited at least to capital cases, dismissal from the service, a suspension of more than ten years, or imprisonment for more than five; and its exercise should be absolutely prohibited in all cases of a second conviction, unless the sentence is death. In all cases the executive should have the power of ordering a new trial by a new court, and if acquittal followed the second trial the executive or the legislature would have, of course, the power of restoration. This would provide for the discovery of new evidence.

This much is certain: the question is a grave one; the use of the pardoning power in the last few years is highly dangerous to a most important, honorable, and honored branch of the public service, and it is the duty of Congress to give ear to the petition of the officers, and root out the evil before it has worked harm which it may take years to cure.

Henry Cabot Lodge.

STRONG AS DEATH.

O DEATH, when thou shalt come to me
 Out of thy dark, where she is now,
 Let no faint perfume cling to thee
 Of withered roses on thy brow.

Come not, O Death, with hollow tone,
 And soundless step, and clammy hand —
 Lo, I am now no less alone
 Than in thy desolate doubtful land ;

But with that sweet and subtle scent
 That ever clung about her (such
 As with all things she brushed was blent) ;
 And with her quick and tender touch.

With the dim gold that lit her hair,
 Crown thyself, Death ; let fall thy tread
 So light that I may dream her there,
 And turn upon my dying bed.

And through my chilling veins shall flame
 My love, as though beneath her breath ;
 And in her voice but call my name,
 And I will follow thee, O Death.

H. C. Bunner.

THE HOUSE OF A MERCHANT PRINCE.

XIII.

SHOWING THE ENTIRE POSSIBILITY OF PLATONIC FRIENDSHIPS.

THE circumstances of their situation — left alone in town together, when most of the world had gone out of it — contributed now to the intimacy between Bainbridge and Otilie. There was no one especially to remark upon the young man's calls, rather frequent though they might be, but Mrs. Ambler, who showed herself discreetly about the rooms from time to time. Bainbridge did not fail to bid for her favor, also, by an occasional courteous remark. She had lived once, it seemed, with his relatives, the Hudson Hendricks. She told Otilie, "They are such elegant people, so easy in their manners, that a body gets along with them as well as if she were one of themselves."

Hardly more than a stray figure or

two was seen at a time in the whole length of the fashionable Avenue. The windows of the houses were darkened with green shades, the front doors of many battened up with small planks, as if never to be opened again. To any chance pull at the bell only some frowzy charwoman answered, from the basement area. The grass grew long in the door-yards. Occasional oleanders showed their white and crimson flowers against some bit of brick wall. The impulsive magnolia shrub was flowerless now, and showed the marks of its advancing age and experience. The bay and rivers were full of white excursion steamers, gay with banners and music.

"Do you not go out of town, too?" Otilie asked her friend.

"I have been in the habit of taking a fortnight's run to Fire Island, or Lake George, or the White Mountains, but the fact is that New York city is not one of the least desirable of the sum-

mer resorts itself. You cannot exactly swing a hammock in Madison Square, nor cast yourself down with a book in front of the Astor House; but you can move down a couple of stories into a more comfortable lodging at the same price, walk under the shade of the tall buildings, listen to the refreshing spatter of the water-carts, and study the manners and customs of the country cousin come to town. As to day excursions, I cannot abide them. To encounter the discomforts of the journey and to return again to town, which seems more sultry than ever by the contrast, is like eating the rind of a melon to get at the pulp, and then eating your way out on the other side."

He came sometimes in the evening, when they sat in the chintz-covered parlors, by windows open upon a balcony. The gas-light was not too brilliant. Fitful puffs of air stirred the soft material of the curtains. Strolling German bands played in the side streets, and the music was borne sweetly to their ears from a distance. In these side streets people who did not go out of town till late, or not at all, came out upon their doorsteps, the women in white, and held informal levees.

But more often his visits were in the afternoon, and Otilie received him in the large picture-gallery. It was a favorite resort of her own in the long, quiet, hot days. She liked to go there to read, and look up from her book and let her fancy wander musingly away into the rich variety of scenes about her. There were coquettes, madonnas, vestal virgins, and languid odalisques. There were Francis I. taken captive at Pavia, and Hannibal swearing eternal hatred to the Romans. You drifted in a lazy barge upon a French canal; assisted at a harvest in a Normandy apple-orchard, or a gay dance of Hungarian peasants; shrank in dismay from a charge of Thor-like cuirassiers; looked down upon a lonely farm in Ukraine, lighted

by the moon; and heard the strumming of Provençal lutes and the pan-pipes of Daphnis.

The young man thought the living, intelligent figure of Otilie, in her fresh, crisp summer gowns, — blue and white, in perpendicular lines, or patterns of small sprigs, — with her nice dark hair, her smooth skin free of blemish, and the little touch of high light at the tip of her nose made by the illumination coming from above, far prettier than any of the pictures she admired.

They talked naturally of the works about them. The subject led up to that of European travel, about which she questioned him with interest, as she had already Angelica. "Ah, if I could only travel!" she exclaimed. "I wonder if I ever shall! But what am I saying? You see before you a person who actually *is* traveling. I am at this very time in Italy, and writing my experiences to an intimate friend."

It appeared that she had entered upon the improving plan of corresponding with a pleasant ex-classmate in the same manner as if they two were really journeying abroad. They were to collect information on the places through which they imagined themselves to pass from such books as were accessible.

"It is Alice Holbrook," she commenced to explain: "the one who" —

"Oh, yes, the rather plain, studious one, whose family wanted her to be engaged to her cousin, against her wishes, and rather made her once, so that she had an engagement ring; but afterwards she sent it back, and then her sister took the young man," interpolated Bainbridge.

She gave him a keen little glance of surprise and reproach. "You are very observing," she said, with some asperity.

"Bless you, I know them all by heart," he replied. "I could n't have known them better if I had been born and brought up with them."

Asperity seemed thrown away on such a person, so she went on again, airily : " Alice is still in England, but I came to Italy the very first thing. I was too impatient to wait. I was at Florence at the last writing, just setting out for Rome."

He was able to correct a few monstrous errors and impossibilities in her imaginary proceedings, at which they both laughed gayly. Perhaps a vague sentiment of the pleasure it might be to see all that again in company with such a fresh young enthusiast may have passed through his fancy. To have a charming person like this exclaiming with delight at the picturesqueness which had once pleased him so much, and giving it new interpretations of her own ; leaning on his arm in her becoming fatigues in the galleries and the steep streets, — ah ! that might be something worth while.

" Let us two swear an eternal friendship instead," he proposed, as they stood one day before the Hannibal. He imitated melodramatically the pose of the young avenger of his country. He raised one arm to heaven and extended the other towards her. They were on excellent terms that afternoon. She took his offered hand laughingly, with only a becoming reluctance. Secretly she was pleased to have the character of the relation that was to exist between them thus accurately defined. They had indeed talked much of friendship ; the possibility of an enduring regard on the platonic basis between the sexes. They quoted *La Bruyère* and others to show that it was possible. A tacit understanding seemed to be arrived at that they could be nothing more to each other than pleasant companions. They knew each other's circumstances perfectly well, and the pecuniary reason alone, were there nothing else, was sufficient to put all thoughts of love and marriage out of the question in their case, as a matter of course.

" Nobody shall marry me but Miss Golconda Harrington, whose income is a thousand dollars a day, — unless it be Miss Butterfield, who has five hundred," said Bainbridge, making open profession now of the most glaringly mercenary intentions in matrimony. " Both of them are forty-five, I believe, and tortured to death with the dread that everybody who approaches them is after their money ; but I think I shall be able to feign some philanthropic or other crafty motive for getting at them. As to you, you must have one of the enormous young millionaires who are floating about here on every hand. There is Northfleet, who owns nearly a county in Pennsylvania as a part of his possessions. Or Kingbolt of Kingboltsville. Come, there is an excellent match for you ! I select Kingbolt of Kingboltsville. I give my consent. Bless you, my children," and he performed a benediction as above this imaginary union.

" Very well, then ! Enormous young millionaires, and this one in particular, may henceforth look out for themselves," assented Ottilie.

" The fact is," he went on in a strain that seemed quite serious, " that after a certain age a person probably no longer has sufficient magnanimity to take upon himself additional burdens in marriage ; whereas the first time, in the first romantic impulse, he would have been glad to double his hours of labor, wear shabbier clothes, live in a tenement house, or a wigwam for that matter, and consider himself amply repaid by the least of the dear one's smiles. I speak of the man ; no doubt the young woman gets around to the same way of thinking, too, always supposing that she has had the first experience. Besides, if carried out, that kind of romanticism would have been certain to defeat itself. The dear one's illusion would have worn off as the lover became cadaverous and shabby. Confined to each other's company at close quarters, without the

fresh stream of outside life and ideas flowing through, they would bore each other, too, — our beatific couple. Bah! they would be throwing plates at each other's heads presently, like the cheerful people we read of in the divorce courts. One estimates fashionable society at its proper worth, of course. It is often a bore to go into it, but one likes to be asked, all the same. When you become householders and persons of family, you date and rank somehow from those facts. You make a pretense of repaying the gorgeous hospitality you may have received. If the grand world does not come down, with its two men on the box and its supercilious eye-glass put up, to return your calls upon it, though you may not wish to see it the least in the world, you must be offended; a proper self-respect demands that. And presently there is an irreconcilable quarrel, and that is the end of it."

This was perhaps not the way in which Otilie had been in the habit of looking at the case; but, though arguing openly against his unfavorable way of putting it, she was inclined to admit within herself that it was reasonable for him. He had no doubt had such a bringing up that certain things were indispensable.

There was little that escaped the range of their light discussion. *Apropos* of some feudal châtelaine or Roman contadina on the walls, they gave their ideas of personal beauty and adornment. Otilie thought a woman should have a certain *simple* effect in her apparel, no matter how rich the material. Angelica was an excellent instance, — none better. She should have an oval face, and a forehead from which her hair could be either brushed up, if she chose, or worn low. It should not be too high, which sometimes gives a harsh look, nor too low, which is unintellectual. In argument Otilie had a way of fixing her eyes upon a distant point, and even wrinkling up her smooth brow, as if to

pursue the line of thought more accurately, or in search of a finer word or distinction. This sometimes escaped her, when she ended with a rather lame "you know."

"Could you, now, wear your hair brushed high, if you chose?" the young man inquired, bending his mind with much facility even to this problem.

"No; I fear it would not be at all becoming."

"Oh, yes, I think you could," he replied judicially. "I should say that you had the right sort of a forehead. You show rather more of it now, I believe, than when I first saw you. You have adopted a kind of compromise."

"You certainly *are* very observing!" she exclaimed again, in a tantalized way. Her thoughts flew back in an instant, and she endeavored to recall her appearance at that first meeting. Her panoply of fascination could have been in but poor condition then, after the long journey and in her sadness of mind. But she could not help it; and who would have supposed that men attended to things of no importance? That is to say, they were of importance, but one did not expect — at least you were not generally confronted with — so precise a recollection.

On his side, in this consideration of personal traits, he was of opinion that he should have been taller.

"No," she was graciously pleased to decide, "you are just right."

She showed him, at his next visit, a miniature of herself taken in childhood, one of the old-fashioned ambrotypes, in use before the photograph came into vogue. She took it from her pocket, saying, "I happened upon it among the papers in my writing-desk. You can see now what a fright I should look with my hair brushed back." It was a representation of a quaint little maiden at the age of ten. Her hair was cut short and confined behind her ears by a round comb. A large gilded locket hung

about her neck, and her hands, in black lace "mitts," were folded in her lap. Bainbridge gazed at this little picture musingly, and returned to it a number of times. His heart seemed to warm to her as thus seen,—to wish to embrace her in her whole existence.

"I think I must have been an odd child," she said, lapsing into reminiscence, as, observing his interest, she contemplated it too. "I recollect being very romantic, for one thing, and also rather dissatisfied. Once, for quite a while, I tried to persuade myself—having read about such things in stories—that I too might have belonged to some richer and finer family, and been carried off and exchanged, and that they would come in search of me at some time and restore me to the ancestral rank. Yes, really, as silly as that! I used to think about it in a dreaming way, without ever looking for the slightest evidence, and say, 'It might be, you know,—it *might be*.' It was not that I did not love my own family and my own home dearly; I should have counted on coming back to them in my magnificence, and being theirs just the same, and sharing it all with them; but somehow things around me seemed so commonplace in our tame little every-day life. Nothing happened, and there was so much that I wanted to see and have, and could not. Then I had never seen the sea, not yet having been to the lake at Chicago, which gives you a certain idea of it. There was a distant blue hill, at the end of a road which went up and down from near where we lived, and I recollect sometimes having tried to make believe that that was the sea, and the white dots of houses on it were sails."

Her curiosity about the sea was really gratified for the first time when she went to establish herself with her uncle at the gay bathing beach of Coney Island, and she did not soon lose her pleasure in it. Bainbridge's aversion to day excursions did not seem to hold partic-

ularly good at present. He made very many of them, taking a boat at the foot of the street just below his office,—it was very convenient, after all. As Otilie was only semi-attached, during her uncle's absences, to company, like that of Mrs. Hastings, which she could easily leave, they had numerous promenades up and down the spacious piazzas of the hotels, and long strolls upon the sand.

"I am told that this island is something like the Lido at Venice, where Byron used to gallop up and down, composing his poems," said Otilie.

"I dare say that is what Mrs. Anne Arundel Clum is doing in her way, riding back and forth in the omnibus, on the Concourse. She has passed three times within half an hour," commented Bainbridge.

They talked of "studying the people," as they looked at them walking up and down the piazzas. "But they will not keep still for you," complained Otilie. "If I were a despot, I think I should send and have those who interested me stopped, and detained a while till I was through with them. I do not care for such superficial study."

"Study me, then. I will keep still for you as long as you like. Talk of understanding other people, I wish somebody would tell me how I was going to turn out. I should be very much obliged to anybody who would do it."

Another time he grumbled, "I was too pampered in my bringing up; that must be what it is. I had everything too regular and conventional. I should have been reared on the pine-knot and cabin-floor principle."

"The pine-knot and cabin-floor principle?"

"Yes. I should have read Virgil by the flickering light of a backlog, stretched prone along the hearth, and acquired Euclid at the gray of dawn, in the short respites from hoeing corn and chopping down the forest primeval.

Those are the fellows who come to the top. I ought to have taught school in the winter, and taken eight years to go through college instead of four. Those are the fellows." He pursed his lips, and nodded with a sagacious air.

"That system often results in an offensive egotism and pedantry. They succeed in spite of their obstacles, not because of them, I think," discriminated Ottillie.

The centre and one end of the island, which itself, from the steamer's deck, seemed a more ephemeral Venice, of wood and canvas, decorated as for a carnival, were one tinkling Vanity Fair of hotels, pavilions, and gay bungalows, devoted to the thousand amusements of such a time. But towards the other end a comparative isolation reigned. The waves broke, little troubled by bathers, and only a few promenaders of the quieter sort strayed along a noble beach of silvery white sand. Above were sand dunes, carven into sharp, always shifting curves by the winds, with bay shrubs and dwarf cedars among them.

A rib or two of a wrecked vessel, projecting black above the surface at one place, made a convenient seat, to which our couple betook themselves. They watched the floods of foam run up the sand, the green translucences in the tops of the breakers, the occasional fishing boat that came pitching and tumbling up in front, and the serene peace of the blue field beyond. Sometimes the shadows of clouds crossed the field, making it black and purple where they moved. The remoter sails were lily white when touched by the sun, and of a faint azure in the shade; and there were always ships passing along, half submerged, as if calmly foundering, over by the distant Highlands of the Nave-sink, and climbing up or going down the horizon.

"We are in too great haste to press on; we despise what is under our eyes, and think that only something very far

away and difficult of access is important," said Bainbridge in a musing way, gazing with half-shut eyes. "At least, I will speak only for myself. We impatient ones are apt to think too much of what we cannot do and what we cannot have, instead of what we can do and have. We are like the Irishman hanging on under a bridge who lets go to get a better hold. Now, this,—what could be more perfect? A lovely impression should be cherished as long as possible. To lie and gaze at the sea is a career in itself."

"It makes one melancholy," Ottillie returned; "but I like a little of that. Perhaps a touch of pensiveness is an element in the most desirable state of mind. When I am quite happy I do not feel very well. There, that is like one of *your* absurdities! But what I mean is that when things have gone exactly right, some favorite object been attained, so that for the time being nothing more seems left to wish for, there is an over-elation and a slight sense of vacancy. I lose my appetite, cannot sleep, and find myself presently going about with a headache, just the same as if it were trouble that had arrived. How strange we are!"

They noted one day near them on the sands a couple from Ottillie's hotel, whom they knew to be engaged. This pair reclined under umbrellas, and the man was reading aloud, as they could observe, with an animated pleasure in the text. The young woman looked about her, and occasionally yawned behind her handkerchief, but when appealed to with some question or comment pretended to take an interest like his own.

Our friends agreed that tragedy was no doubt preparing there, in such an open difference of tastes.

"Probably nothing could be worse. Probably nothing in the world is more tragic," said Bainbridge, "than such a situation. The infernal *duration* of it! To have a partner always at one's side,

and mingled in everything, yet remaining a stranger, — chilly, unappreciative; planning apart instead of for the common weal, and finally, no doubt, seeking her ideal elsewhere. It is amusing for the newspapers and the playwrights, but death to the participants. The great point is, after all, whether she will *stick* to a fellow, — whether she will pull through thick and thin with him.

"One would want to find perfect rest in marriage," he continued, enlarging on the subject, in a manner quite at variance for the time with that in which he was accustomed to speak of Miss Golconda Harrington and his proposed manœuvres for her fortune. "One would not want to be always at the entertaining pitch, either; he could not afford to be on a perpetual mental picnic. He ought to get somebody who could discount him about fifty per cent., and like him even then; somebody who, in consideration of knowing that he was immensely fond of her, and always meant to do what was most for her happiness, even if he did not always succeed, could like him even when she found that he was twice as stupid as she had supposed. There is little doubt that with the best dispositions and the most favorable circumstances there must come some dreary times after marriage. These happen even to intimate friends, who have no compulsion to hold them together, and why not to married couples?"

"I *know* it," assented Otilie, as if she also gave up this poor human nature of ours in despair. "But a wife might enter more into her husband's business affairs, I suppose, than some do, and that would be one resource. Then she could read the papers, and talk with him about those things. But you speak only of the man; you do not say anything of the allowances to be made on the woman's side. Of course, she would have to be discounted, as you call it, just as much."

"I do not admit it. She has her fem-

inine attractions, her pretty looks, added to the count on her side. A man is not supposed to have any particular looks, but the first duty of a woman is to be charming. A number of celebrated poets have said that, and I agree to it. The first duty of a woman is to be charming."

"Fiddlestick! That is the way men always talk. Little they know about it. That means, I suppose, that she ought to be as vain as possible, and devote her whole silly existence to preparing new dresses. I say that she ought to cut her hair short, wear spectacles, and a bloomer costume, and pay attention to nothing but the useful."

"Is there no rack or gibbet for such heresy?" cried the young man, springing to his feet. But part of his motive in rising was apparently to "skip" a flat stone he held in his hand along the tops of the waves, for he sat down again on the piece of wreck, and said, "Women do not know what they are liked for, — not one in a thousand; that is the trouble with them. They had better read the poets and find out. It would much decrease the business in the divorce courts. As an imitation man, woman is not a success. A man does not marry to have merely a rough, undelightful companion like himself. Nor is it, I should say, the undiluted ambition to have children, about whom there is no certainty that they will surpass — even if they equal — his own very moderate level. He has no complexion and dimples and dangling ear-rings that cast soft little shades on his cheeks; and little pleasure, I imagine, is got out of his way of doing his hair, and the bending of his neck, and the intonations of his voice. I should really be glad to know what there is in him corresponding to all this for a woman to like!"

It might almost have been thought, as he regarded her, that it was from her own personal appearance that he drew the attractive details which he cited in his argument.

"She likes manliness, I should say," she replied.

"A man of the right sort wants to idealize some one," he went on. "He wants to put her on a pedestal, to be rapturous about her. If she will do nothing to keep up the illusion, what are you to expect?"

"But how about the irredeemably plain ones?"

"There are none such," he rejoined gallantly. "Fortunately, we do not all see with the same eyes. And if there be gradations of beauty, as we must admit, and some of it that almost approaches ugliness, by the general verdict, no doubt interior qualities are developed as a compensation. The irritation in the oyster-shell produces the pearl; the wrong side of the rug is often of a subdued richness, surpassing the right; and hyacinths give out their sweetest fragrance in the dark."

"But I can tell you that a woman has her notions of self-sacrifice and idealizing, too. If it be the wish of a man of the right sort to put her on a pedestal, and of a woman of the right sort to place him there, what is going to be done? What a very sculpturesque kind of a time they must have when they meet."

"Oh, that is simple enough. They never do."

They paced slowly back from these conferences at the bit of wreck, leaving two long wavering lines of footsteps — an unrestful, gibing, erratic, larger pair, a clear-cut, sincere, light-hearted, gently-coquettish smaller pair — behind them impressed on the wet sands. Here and there they paused. Otilie, swaying with as lithe a grace as a spear of the tall beach-grass higher up, drew a large circle nonchalantly around her with the point of her parasol. They picked up any curious bit of sea-weed or bright pebble or shell.

Bainbridge asked her the name of one of these last, of the more recondite sort,

since she had shown a certain acquaintance with the subject.

"You would not remember if I should tell you," was her roguish answer, by way of covering her own ignorance.

Then she put the shell first against one cheek, then against the other, taking an attitude of mincing affectation, and called to him mockingly, "The first duty of a woman is to be charming!"

It would have been a fitting penalty to cover her with a thousand kisses; but always as a friend, — surely as a platonic friend only, and nothing more.

XIV.

CROSS PURPOSES AT A NEWPORT VILLA.

When all that was possible had been done in town, Rodman Harvey repaired with his niece to Newport. He left Otilie there, after a while, with the family, and went away to Saratoga, where a convention of railway magnates, at which his presence seemed desirable, was in session. It was thought, too, that the waters would be of benefit in slight attacks of vertigo, to which he began to be subject with increasing frequency.

Bainbridge also presently went to Newport. Because a person has postponed his annual vacation for a little, that is not a reason why he should abandon it altogether. It is still quite warm enough in the middle of September to make a more refreshing temperature desirable. No more definite purpose seemed to rule his proceeding than the desire to be near Otilie. He had nothing that he was about to do, nothing that he was about to say. He only looked forward to a continuance of their pleasant intercourse, with the charms of an attractive place added, during the short respite he could allow himself. Difficulties, however, which he had not quite foreseen arose from her new situation,

the number of people with whom she was now involved, and the whirl of gayeties. He found himself annoyed at first because he could not see her often enough, and later by something much more serious.

A fortnight had elapsed since Otilie left town, when the young man came strolling along the Cliff Walk, — which passes, by courtesy of the proprietors, through turnstiles and across the borders of the estates, — and found her in a summer-house looking down upon the water. She had a book in her hand. The tawny-haired Calista, who was amusing herself on a space of beach below, climbed up and joined her from time to time to exhibit some new marine discovery. Otilie was naturally surprised at Bainbridge's sudden appearance. He explained in a matter-of-fact way that he had felt the need of a little change, after all, and that Newport was as good a place as another.

She pulled to pieces some coarse daisies, gathered by Calista from the hay just now being cut on the lawn. She read him in a murmurous voice a bit of Elaine, from the Idyls of the King, the book she had with her; and she rehearsed some of her new experiences.

"The Emperor of Brazil has been here, as you know," she said. "I have seen an English duke, an Italian prince, with a delightfully musical name, and a Danubian princess, who is considered a great literary 'swell.' As to cabinet ministers, governors of States, senators, and gold-laced army and navy officers, both domestic and foreign, they are too numerous to mention."

"And you are in the midst of all this and a part of it?"

"Only a very little way in the margin of the stream, not at all in the current. But Angelica is in the current; ah, yes, indeed. For her it is but one incessant round of dinners, balls, theatricals, *fêtes-champêtres*, archery and lawn-tennis matches, at the beautiful villas.

Or else she is driving on Ocean Avenue; or she is witnessing the polo games, or the shooting or swimming matches; or she is going to the sessions of the Town and Country Club, or to the West Island Club's bass-fishing picnics; or she is dancing on the yachts and men-of-war in the harbor. It makes one's head whirl even to be in the margin. I have been out a little to some of the simpler things; and we have had a certain share of it all at our house. I begin to consider myself quite a judge of fashionable society."

"And what differences do you now make between the Eastern and Western style of doing things? Come! define how we differ from your great Chicagos and Cincinnati."

"I should say that there is more ease in going into society here. There is so much entertaining that people make a less important matter of it. And there is the class of purely fashionable young men, with no pretense of adopting any useful occupations in life, of whom we have as yet very few. But if you expect me to admit anything else, you are very much mistaken. I wish I could have seen you try to pick out, by any difference in their looks and manners, some elegant Cleveland people who were here last week. No! Our society is formed by exactly the same influences — I mean the main influences, those which have the most to do with the formation of character — as yours. It has the same reading-matter, the same musical and dramatic companies, — for they all come to us after leaving here, — the same style in dress, the same trips to Europe. The boys come to the same colleges, and the girls, as often as not, come to the fashionable New York schools, where they are said to learn to enter a room properly and to get into a carriage. Some of them learn this last accomplishment who have no carriages to get into, which, no doubt, renders them rather unhappy."

"And your prospective young millionaire, — has he turned up yet?"

"Not unless we count Mr. Kingbolt, who has chosen to be really quite civil," she replied, laughing. "But, now I think of it, he was the very one we had selected, was he not? Well, he has not proposed to me yet; but I am sure that a number of other girls, of much more importance, must have found out by this time how fond they are of him, and begun to be jealous."

"Now, there is an absurd passion, — jealousy!" broke in Bainbridge impetuously. "I have never understood the use the novelists, for instance, seem to feel called upon to make of it as an incentive to affection. If you like a person, you like him, or her, for cause, do you not? You like and admire for reasons good and satisfactory to yourself, and not because you see the person run after by others. That is always supposing that you are a person of independent judgment and not a mere servile imitator. The reasons are not always easy to give, and they vary in every case, or we should all be fascinated by the same individual; but they exist all the same. The novelists are as wrong about that as about their inducements to fall in love generally. They usually have it depend upon some astonishing feat of daring or self-sacrifice, some heroic saving of life, fortune, or sacred honor, by one of the pair for the other, or by both for each other. As a matter of fact, not one match in a hundred thousand is made in that way. Lovers like to assume, of course, that they would do those fine things for each other, and perhaps they would; but the occasions do not offer. The couple walk, talk, and dance a little together, are pleased with each other's looks, study out such bits of each other's character as they can, and the business is done." Fearing, perhaps, some personal application of this, he thought best to add in an explanatory way, "Of course, persons do not neces-

sarily fall in love for having been through such a course, but they fall in love notwithstanding, when they have not been through a blessed thing else."

The sea lay before them as blue and formal as one of those wide bands of canvas that are made to do duty for it in the scenery of theatres. Locusts rattled in some distant trees; the atmosphere near the ground had a wavering motion from the heat; and tepid airs from the land side, mingling at times with the cooler puffs from the water, brought them odors of the new-mown grass. The Harvey villa lay at the top of a long, very gentle slope behind them. Its principal front faced the other way, towards an avenue. It was of wood, painted in Indian red and ochre tones, like many of its companions. It had numerous turrets, dormers, and ornamental chimney stacks, and wide piazzas, with easy chairs upon them. Bits of bright curtain stuffs floated from its windows. There was a tent, with tall spears and tasseled cords, like that of a Persian satrap, pitched near by. Some portable fountains attached to rubber hose whirled about, like a species of dancing dervishes, and cast fine spray upon a more carefully-kept piece of lawn than that below, and upon beds of heliotrope, coleus, and tall, large-leaved plants of *canna Indica*.

The pair ranged, in the pleasant desultory way they had, over a wide variety of topics. Ottilie was a person of large reading. She had read, she confessed, everything that came in her way. Such had been her plan, or lack of it. She had a fresh interest, an eager zest, which hardly excluded from its scope knowledge of any kind. She often surprised the young man by her acute as well as vivacious excursions into some of the graver fields in which it would not have been thought at all likely that so young a person should take an interest.

"Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe," he said playfully, mean-

ing to apply to her this description of the ideal manner of dealing with knowledge.

"No, I am a mere collection of smatterings," she protested; and she began to ridicule her own pedantry.

"I shall never admit that," he declared. "And after all, it is not what we know, but what we would like to know, what our interest goes out to, that stamps us; do you not think so?"

They explained themselves, among the rest, on the subject of religion, as two intelligent young Americans are not long in doing when thrown together with any degree of intimacy.

"Mine is a family thoroughly on the American plan, I suppose," said Ottilie. "My father is a Unitarian, my mother a Presbyterian, and I am an Episcopalian. My brother is touched with some indefinite skeptical notions, which I do not pretend to understand. I believe he calls himself at present an Agnostic, whatever that may be. There is not permanent support for a Unitarian service at Lone Tree, so my illogical father occasionally goes to church with my mother, or, when I am at home, with me. I should explain, further, that I was originally a Presbyterian, too. It was the dignity and the color of the Episcopalian form, I think, that first attracted me."

"I dare say I should have to call myself Agnostic, if I called myself anything," returned Bainbridge. "One seems to arrive at that after enough experimenting,—as the union of all the colors is said to produce white. The Agnostic, I take it, is a person who, having shaken off the theological baggage he once carried, does not any longer know what he believes, and, worse yet, perhaps does not greatly care. Such a pass seems characteristic of the times. I must have been drawn into it through remarking the outrageous things that church people are constantly doing,—though one understands, of course, that

it is in spite of, and not in consonance with, their system that they do them."

"Oh, I am sorry," said his companion. "It cannot be a very comfortable state of mind. I am sure that my brother is not happy,—at least, that he will not be, for just now he is so consequential with his new opinions that nobody can say a word to him."

"It is not a very profitable one, at any rate, and you will not find me consequential with my opinions. It is a state of mind that extends itself over things in general. It begets too great impartiality of view, and is a soporific, and not a stimulant. You consider offsets too much. One course of action is apt to appear about as good as another. I think I have felt it even in those small articles for the papers. One should be something of a fanatic. How can he take on the requisite indignant airs, and browbeat and scathe the opposition, when he himself is not thoroughly convinced? For my part, I will admit that I had the greatest difficulty to determine whether I was actually for free trade or protection, soft money or hard, the control of the corporations by the people, or of the people by the corporations, in the usual way."

"Then why not get out of it?"

"Ah, that is a very different matter."

"But you *must* have convictions. I shall impart to you some of mine. Now let us begin. You believe in a future state, of course?"

"If one had something to do there—wherever it be. If he had somebody or something very dear to him, to which there seemed a necessity that he should be reunited. But what do certain people want to live forever for, when they pass this life in such wretched pettiness of view and motive? What do they want beyond the stars, when they have seen nothing of all that is beautiful, fine, noble, and tender, in this world, poor as it is?"

She argued this point with him, in-

sisting on the possibility of development for all. She was continually saying, "I would not" this, "I would not" that, with an air of great positiveness.

"There is nothing not clear-cut about your convictions," said Bainbridge. "You would be a Lady Macbeth of the moral sort. You would nerve a man up to desperate deeds of rectitude."

"Do hear me talk! Anybody would think that I was perfection, but I am as weak as water." She cast away some fragments of the daisies she had been pulling to pieces, and brushed others from her lap with a kind of final air, and there was a break in the conversation.

"What pretty hands you have!" said Bainbridge, observing them thus engaged.

"I think them ugly," she replied, and tucked them into her belt. She reflected how curious it was that he should seem to find almost everything about her agreeable.

"Come, let me see what lines of fate are written in them. Let me see what they have to say about that coming millionaire," he demanded.

This could no doubt be permitted between friends. She let him take her left hand, and he began about the "line of life," the "line of the heart," and the other jargon of chiromancy. Then he said, "Oh, here is the millionaire, sure enough. No end of money is predicted. He will be a perfect Croesus."

But when he had got thus far, she drew away the hand, which had been nervous and foolishly trembled in his from the first, though there was no reason at all why it should. She pretended to need it very much to point out and be enthusiastic over an incoming sail. She flushed a little, and made comment on his prophecies.

That was a charming morning, but a cloud came over it at the close, like those that they saw darken along the sea. This one did not pass, however, like those. It brooded and expanded

till all the heaven at length was overcast with unmistakable evidences of storm.

It began with Ottilie's mention of her uncle's fondness for hearing about the defalcations and forgeries, in describing her late programme with him in town. "I am quite at home in that class of cases, I assure you," she said. "There is a general similarity in them all: first, the shock of the discovery, what the officers of the institution say, what the neighbors and friends say, and what the pushing reporters try to make the officers say, when they do not wish to give any information at all. Then the conviction gradually growing that the losses are even greater than supposed; then the flight and pursuit of the criminal, his escape to foreign shores, perhaps, or his arrest and incarceration in a common felon's cell,—perhaps his suicide; and all the way through the agony of his stricken family, possibly the insanity of some one of its members, broken down by the shame and grief which, with destitution, have come upon them. Oh, how *can* they do such things? How can they? Why cannot this dreadful temptation that drags down so many be resisted? It is the peculiar failing of our times. The fate of no one deters others from following him. Oh, how happy one ought to consider himself, who is even honest! It seems to me that I could see gold and diamonds piled around me in heaps, and never touch a thing. One can conceive the idea of going hungry and ragged. You might feel, I suppose, like the soldier under orders, who has to march in the storm if need be, or when he is sick, and sleep on the bare ground, and dine when he can. What happens then is not your own fault; you can have the comfort, at least, of saying, 'I do not deserve it.' But once succumb to dishonesty; once take the bread of others, which can be eaten only in shame and bitterness; once straggle from the ranks and fall into the

hands of the guerrillas and prowlers of the hostile country, — ah, what refuge is there then?"

"It is rather a strange taste for my uncle," she went on. "Sometimes he even expresses sympathy, which I should hardly think he would, since he is not much given to it, and is so precise in his own ideas of rectitude and his business requirements."

There was for Bainbridge an unpleasant suggestion in this. The vague image of something unlawful done by Rodman Harvey seemed to follow him with a haunting pertinacity. His thoughts flew back to Gammage, to Jocelyn, and to the palaver of McFadd in Harvey's Terrace. He gave his companion one of those glances in which the intelligence outruns speech, as electricity the post, involuntarily betraying disquietude.

It passed in an instant, however, and was but a small part of his trouble of mind, the bulk of which came from another source. The privacy of the interview was broken in upon by Kingbolt of Kingboltsville. This fortunate young man, looking particularly well in an easy jacket of white flannel, in the pockets of which he carried his hands, came along the Cliff Walk also, and joined them. He sat down, and evidently had no intention of going away. Bainbridge was surprised at his affability with Otilie. A number of references were made which showed that they had talked together not a little before. He had taken what she had said of Kingbolt as mere banter, of course. She had said "civil," and Bainbridge had understood civil, or almost that, but this was something different.

He went away reflectively, having made a call of great length already, and left them together. It looked to him as though people were treating her quite upon terms of equality, and as though she were going to have what girls call "a good time." He was glad of that. It was as it should be.

Kingbolt, in fact, was hovering about Otilie at this time with a motive which could be laid only to a touch of that pathetic feeling, really charming in its essence, which leads the ardent suitor to invest with a fond interest not only the loved one herself, but all in her immediate vicinity. It is something even to be with those who have been with her. He had come back considering himself cured, as has been said. But he had seen Angelica again, and his infatuation was renewed. He had made new advances, and been once more repulsed. As she would hardly receive him, he made a pretext of calling on Otilie. Otilie at first was puzzled quite as much as complimented by his attentions. She did not know whether it would be even permissible to decline them, from so magnificent a personage. But he talked to her about Angelica, and by degrees took her quite into his confidence. She by no means desired it, but thought it right to keep his secret. She studied all her resources of non-committalism in dealing with this subject.

"Why," he exclaimed to-day, "did she choose Sprowle above all others? On what grounds did she bring herself to like him? If she had taken one of the first-class foreign titles which she fell in with in plenty, a person of distinction, of fine presence, — anybody, in fact, but Sprowle, — it would not have been so much a matter of surprise."

Otilie could only reply, guardedly, that of course he was of very distinguished family and influential connections. She understood that Mrs. Sprowle boasted that they, the Sprowles, had been aristocrats of standing when the Rifflards were still trading coon-skins with the Indians, the Antrams trotting their native bogs, and the Goldstones hoeing their German cabbage fields. As to a title, she had heard her cousin express herself as dissatisfied with the way that kind of match often turns out, and as being unwilling to immure herself in

a mediæval castle, or put herself in a position too far from home and legitimate opportunities of resistance, should the need arise. There could have been no great amount either of information or comfort in this, but the erratic young man seemed to find a certain relief in the bare privilege of talking of the cause of his pains.

The next day, when Bainbridge made his call, Otilie was engaged in some matters which prevented her from seeing him, and he wandered rather aimlessly about Newport. On the next, he found her on the piazza, and Kingbolt with her. On the next, Kingbolt came up within five minutes after his own arrival. Angelica arrived, too, on horseback, with a groom behind her, at about the same time. She wore her dark green riding-habit, which fitted her perfect figure trimly, and her silk hat, of high form, shone with the lustre of unexceptionable elegance. She was in good spirits, and caracoled her horse in a peculiar way as she came up to the block. "Where do you get that trick?" asked Kingbolt, affecting an ease that he did not feel.

"From Monsieur Meigs, my riding-master at Paris," she explained to the company. "Twenty francs a lesson, and twenty more for the two horses. I used to ride in the Bois with him. No nonsense with M. Meigs, no staring about, no frivolity. 'The eyes between your horse's ears, mademoiselle!' Yes, M'seu Meigs, — M'seu Meigs." She straightened herself very stiff in the saddle, in imitation of the bluff and centaur-like aspect of the English riding-master, M'seu Meigs.

When she had dismounted she sat and talked a little, rattling her whip the while on the floor of the piazza. "They also let me have a pet dog, a black and tan, at school, in those times," she said. "And if you could have seen the bills for that animal! I suppose I was perfectly robbed by those people.

So much for dog's food, so much for dog's house, so much for cutting dog's tail. Poor Niniche might almost have been an elephant. Dear me, I think I am well out of those schools. I am glad it is over. Such extraordinary governesses as they had! There was one, I remember, who generally had her head tied up in a green veil, and was of such a fascinating ugliness that you could not keep your eyes away from her. I happened to be looking at her rather hard one day at dinner, when she indignantly sent her plate to me by the servant, pretending that I wanted to see how much she was going to eat. The assistant in singing at the same place had *such* a mouth! I told her frankly once that I did not wish to learn a method that disfigured people for life in that way."

Some trait of parsimony, some shaft of cruelty at the expense of the helpless and unfortunate, seemed most to appeal to her sense of what was important and entertaining in bringing up the reminiscences of her past.

"And such husbands as they had, the mesdames who kept those schools!" she continued. "They would make a whole menagerie by themselves. One was a mild old gentleman, who got as far in an occasional remark as 'I would observe, *chère amie*,' and nearly had his head snapped off at this point. Another used to turn up from South America, or Algeria, or somewhere, as often as his wife got a little ahead in the world, and draw money from her. One day he got in just before dinner, and pulled all the dishes off the table in a grand smash."

"They seem to make a great fuss about that little matter," ventured Kingbolt. "I believe it was a favorite performance of mine when I was a child. They used to put me in a padded room afterwards, to meditate at leisure, and kick around where I could not hurt myself or the furniture."

Angelica paid this guest but little at-

tention, and presently, taking her leave of all, swept serenely within doors. It was evident to Bainbridge that Kingbolt had not come on *her* account. Kingbolt stayed, and talked with Otilie. They had even more things in common than before. She had a high color, and her manner was fluttered. Bainbridge chose to suppress most of his usual powers of entertaining, and this increased her constraint.

Bainbridge went away with bitterness in his heart. He thought of warning her against this undesirable friendship. Kingbolt was one of the most rash and dangerous young men of all the fashionable set. He was gambling recklessly at this very time, losing heavy sums night after night at the Club. "Bah! a fine callow piece of business that would be, truly. A warning,—oh, yes, to be sure!" was Bainbridge's comment to himself on reviewing this plan as soon as it was made.

When he did not see her, the day seemed wasted. He would not have come to Newport for the pure pleasure of the place, but would have taken his vacation in some less conventional way, — with his gun among the mountains, or in a fishing-boat along the shore. Another day, not finding her, he went to a *fête-champêtre*, from which he had intended to absent himself for this call; and there she was, playing at lawn tennis as Kingbolt's partner. The day following this, he started out, fully nerved with an indignant purpose of demanding some sort of explanation. But as he drew near the grounds on the Bellevue Avenue side, who should emerge from the entrance but Otilie and Kingbolt again, seated high up in imposing state in the dashing English tilbury of the latter. Behind them, in the rumble, was a groom with folded arms, as rigid as a statue of Memnon. Otilie held a pretty parasol bordered with lace above her head, and looked out sweetly from below it, her face partially screened. Bain-

bridge had passed Angelica herself shortly before, driving, over the high dash of a roomy phaeton, a pair of cream-colored ponies. Ada Trull was beside her, and the two were spread out in toilettes of a rainbow brightness, insomuch that he had mused to himself, apropos of the dainty sight, "The air hath bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them." But neither of them presented a more elegant effect than Otilie. Her simplicity was remarked by others, who did not know her, and was commended as very "good form." She was spoken of as probably a Boston girl.

There were hardly two more uncomfortable young men, in their respective ways, in all Newport at this time than Kingbolt and Bainbridge. Newport, however, did not hold Bainbridge long. He called to take his leave of Otilie. In this interview he threw out darkly enigmatic hints, and acted in a manner far from friendly, at which she was surprised and grieved. He went away on the boat, leaving, as he declared to himself, the wretched business to go on. He understood now perfectly well her fluttered manner, her embarrassment when he had taken her hand and read its lines, — perfidious that she was.

"Do I want to marry her, then?" he said, facing himself down severely. "Not at all. I want to marry nobody. What should I marry on? Nothing in our situations from the money point of view has changed, and the formidable permanence of marriage still remains. She has merely done, like a calm and prudent person, exactly what I told her. She has my advice and consent, my express injunction. Perhaps I thought, forsooth, that her graces of mind and person were to be seen by my acute vision only, and to be covered by a convenient haze from all others. But what more natural, what more precisely to be expected, than that some one of these young men of fortune should have the grain of common sense to see that, with

half a chance, she would make one of the most elegant young matrons in New York? Money on her side need be no object to such a one, if his fancy were pleased. *They* need not wait to marry, indeed."

He reflected bitterly on the discrepancy between the enormous Kingbolt fortune and his own; and then on the incredibility of it that he, Russell Bainbridge, should be involved a second time in such a disturbance of the affections as this.

"Ah, but we are platonic friends, to be sure," he went on with a doleful sigh, "and friendship rests content with the calmer mental satisfactions, does it not? It desires the best good of its object. What better could I wish her than the most prosperous match, the greatest number of millions to her fortune she can get?"

He did not know precisely what he would have had her do. How should she have known his feelings, when he did not know them himself? Still she *should* have known. She should have given him the first chance, pretended at least to be sorry, and taken up with her dissolute young Cræsus afterwards.

And how was it with Kingbolt, when Bainbridge had gone? As there is a perverse fate in these things, this unwitting rival still came, but came less often. The extreme measure of his attentions to Otilie had been lavished, as it happened, during the very period of Bainbridge's stay. Angelica was pleased to consider these attentions to her cousin amusing. Had they been of longer duration, or perhaps had she seen more of them, it is probable that she would have been led by a natural perversity to interfere. Absent so much in the whirl of her amusements, many things in the quieter life of the house may have escaped her. Once or twice she threw out her stinging innuendoes at Otilie, not upon this subject, but some other. A number of times she borrowed small sums of

money from her, always with an easy forgetfulness of repayment. This she would do, slender as was her cousin's store, rather than change the least of the bank-notes in her own purse. It almost seemed, if we can conceive of so fine a person as descending to such scheming, that she congratulated herself upon these petty acquisitions as "so much clear gain," since it all came from her father in the first instance.

Kingbolt finally had an item of intelligence for Angelica that commended him somewhat more than common to the favor of that young woman. He found her alone, in a cool, matting-covered drawing-room, whither she had retired from the glare of the heat without.

"I thought you might like to know," he said, introducing his business hastily, "that Lady Angelica has come in at the head of a big field of flyers at Buffalo. Here is the dispatch." He handed her the paper. It appeared that, earlier in their acquaintance, she had graciously permitted him to name after her a fine racing mare of his. This animal was now doing remarkable things on the Western circuit. Angelica took a certain pride in the exploits of her namesake, as somehow adding to her own importance. She listened with interest while he confined himself to this subject. But, what with the opportunity, her unusual softness of mood, and his own impetuosity, we find him presently straying very far from it.

"There!" she said, stopping him with a gesture and a clear-eyed calmness more discouraging than any display of anger. "You are going to make love to me, and I shall have to send you away."

He burst out upon this with what he had so long had on his mind. "Oh, how is it possible," he cried, putting directly to her at last the question he had put to Otilie, "that such a girl as you are can take up with him? *I* want you. *I* love you."

Had she chosen, as she did not, to answer him, and to be truthful, she might have said that she had not elected that her form of happiness should consist in expansions of affection and flutterings of the heart. She might have said, too, that she considered herself an excellent judge of personal appearance, and that she saw very well the difference between his own comely aspect and the awkward proportions of the absent Sprowle. Perhaps her eyes rested upon him with a certain approval even while she showed herself the most inflexible. "But," she would have gone on to say, "I have deliberately preferred a certain ideal of distinction in family. You are the son of a rich manufacturer, who, like my father, was never heard of till he had made his own way in the world. Sprowle and I shall not have as much money as you, but we shall have enough. Besides, I wish to marry a man whom I can control, in order that under all circumstances I can do exactly as I please." Really, there was something quite heroic—was there not?—in this immolation of all the warmer impulses of human nature upon the altar of those of the most cool and calculating sort.

"I cannot endure it. I have never been brought up to be crossed, and it goes hard with me," Kingbolt persisted. "It is time you began, then."

She had to be very peremptory with him. It was only upon his express undertaking never to annoy her again with so hopeless a suit that she would even permit him to come to the house at all. He was apologetic and subdued, thereupon, and they conferred a little more in a milder tone. "It is useless to consider what might have been," said the handsome girl, taking a philosophic air. "Fate has decreed otherwise."

Kingbolt of Kingboltville had moods after this which for him were little short of seraphic. The breaking-harness, which seems to the wild-eyed young mustang preposterous beyond all that was ever

heard of when put on for the first time, and which produces the fiercest revolts, has in the end its legitimate effect. The mustang is broken, as others have been broken before him. Kingbolt posed now as merely a disinterested friend. His new amiability embraced in its scope even Sprowle. He gave out that Sprowle was not such a "muff" as he seemed. He presented him, in token of amity, one of his best English coaching-whips, with an extra fine long lash. He even spoke of getting him into the Capricorn, a little club within a club as it were, a coterie of select spirits, who dined together once a month at the Empire Club.

Kingbolt did not lack his fierce revolts, also. In one of these he rode a hurdle race, at the Aquidneck Course, which was the talk of the place. It was done on a foolish wager, against professional jockeys, and he won in a tremendous canter by three lengths. He confided to Otilie that he had been in hopes of breaking his own neck. Again he told her, "Half the time it is as much as I can do, at the pigeon-matches, to help sending a charge of shot into the infernal idiot,"—meaning Sprowle in this pleasant description.

It was on the very day following this that she was startled by hearing that Kingbolt himself had been shot by Sprowle at the Narragansett Gun Club's grounds. She was sure that there had been an affray, and his own vindictive plan reversed. Angelica, too, had the idea that the shooting might have been due to some absurd spasm of jealousy on the part of her affianced, from whom such things were by no means to be expected. But Sprowle Onderdonk, the captain of the club, presently came to the house in person, and brought reassuring news.

"It was a mere accident," he said. "Sprowle fired low, in a hurry, at a bird which flew over the spectators' heads. He is devilish awkward about some things, you know. Kingbolt got some

of it in the face. It won't signify however. He will only have a few scattering blue spots in his complexion, and he is good-looking enough to stand that very well."

Ottilie was now called back to town, to resume her cares for her uncle. The rest of the family were to remain along into the autumn. The last that she saw of Kingbolt, he was sitting on the piazza of his hotel, with a green shade over his eyes, and attended upon by a sympathizing circle, to whom the misfortunes of a person of such a position in the world seemed worthy of sympathy indeed. But she had been in town only a few days when he presented himself, little the worse for wear, and again asked her to drive.

"I came back to the city for my own doctor," he explained. "As soon as he had reduced the swelling, little trace of the damage remained, as you see."

He had a new Whitechapel cart, one of the varieties of the dog-cart, this time. Ottilie allowed herself to be persuaded to go with him. As the perverse fates would again have it, Bainbridge saw them as they drove up the Avenue. Grimly indeed he recalled the Sunday when the same driver and his vehicle had been discussed by Ottilie and himself from the sidewalk, and her comments had been so unfavorable. Who could doubt now that all was settled between those two? Not unlikely even the wedding-day was fixed. The fashionable set was not yet in town, and Kingbolt had evidently come back on her account. One could almost hear the tender things they were saying to each other.

Now the tender things which they

were saying in fact were, in the first place, inquiries by Kingbolt, after some beating about the bush, as to how Angelica had taken the news of his injury. To acquire this information was really the motive of his present courtesy.

When this had been disposed of they went on to discuss the relative merits of side-lamps and dash-lamps, and whether a brown-black body and crimson wheels were preferable, as colors for a dog-cart, to invisible green and canary. Kingbolt also showed his companion how, by an ingenious contrivance, the centre of gravity of the vehicle could be shifted, so as to be kept over the axle, whether a groom were carried or not. He gave her numerous points about his horses, which he was driving tandem. He called upon her, from time to time, to observe how he could thread narrow mazes and make deft turns, which to her seemed dangerous. Ottilie had acquired from her cousin Selkirk, who had taken her out once or twice, some fragments of this kind of knowledge, and now, in deference to her companion, made the most of what she knew.

She infused into her salute to Bainbridge as much warmth as possible. He chose to construe this as her way of gloating over him, and made his as frigid as possible in return. Ottilie could by no means account for it, nor did opportunities soon offer for explanation. He never came near her any more. She scarcely even saw him.

She recalled his vagaries of speech, his professed changeableness of purpose. "Ah, well!" she sighed gently. "I have become the object, in my turn; that is all. His friendly interest in me has no doubt come to the conclusion that was to have been expected."

William Henry Bishop.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF SEVENTY-THREE MILLION DOLLARS.

I.

FOUR years ago it was proposed to expel political economy from its place in the course of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, on the ground that it had failed to make good its scientific pretensions. In the speeches at the dinner given, in 1876, by the Cobden Club, to celebrate the centenary of the Wealth of Nations, and in the eager discussion about political economy which followed in the English reviews, there was unmistakable despondency in the tone of the economists. Bagehot owns that political economy lies rather dead in the public mind, and confesses that it deals not with real men, but imaginary ones. Jevons sees signs of the disruption of the orthodox school. Bonamy Price, of Oxford, declares its scientific method to be a mistake. To Cairnes one feature is prominent in all debate for the settlement of the Irish land question, — "a profound distrust of political economy." Harriet Martineau won no small part of her fame by popularizing the truths of political economy in her celebrated tales; but later in life, in her Autobiography, she tells the world that had so eagerly swallowed her sweetened doses of supply and demand that what she had at first taken to be a science she had come to regard as no science at all. A great school of Continental students of the welfare of man in society has long rejected the dominant ideas and methods of what in England and America is called orthodox political economy; orthodox, probably, because no two of its expounders agree. The most philosophic mind that England has produced in this generation, capable of a few great generalizations, and capable of not making little ones, — Sir Henry Maine, —

calls for a new political economy, which shall use the methods that have been so fruitful in the historical study of early human institutions. In these studies, price, rent, the market, property, competition, and freedom of contract are shown to have arisen in places and ways never even dreamed of by the deductive economist. Comte strenuously denied that political economy was a science, and he and his followers thought it immoral to waste good lives in elaborating hypotheses assuming the supremacy of self-interest and competition, when the crying want of mankind is to destroy that supremacy. The study makes little headway in our colleges. I asked a college boy what he and his classmates thought of it. "All the bright fellows," he said, "think it's scrubby; but all the dull ones believe it's a great thing." And Professor Dunbar, of the chair of political economy of Harvard, said, in 1876, that for one hundred years the United States had done nothing toward developing its theory. Our high thinkers, like Ruskin, Carlyle, and Emerson, have refused from the first to acknowledge its authority. According to Ruskin, nothing has ever been so disgraceful to human intellect as the acceptance among us of the common doctrines of political economy as a science. He holds that the economic principles taught to our multitudes, so far as accepted, lead straight to national destruction; that they are like a science of gymnastics which assumes that the human being is all skeleton, and that they found an ossifant theory of human progress on the negation of a soul. Emerson says, nobly and simply, The best political economy is the care and culture of men. Our great statesmen do not look on this science, which is supposed to be specially theirs,

with more favor than the moralists. Gladstone said, at the Adam Smith dinner, that not much remained for political economy to do, except in regard to the currency; and yet so much has this science done to prevent man from understanding what man invented, that Gladstone has elsewhere declared that of all studies the currency question is most provocative of insanity. Bismarck told an American member of Congress, in 1879, speaking of the German monetary reform of 1873, "We listened to an eminent economist, and we now see that we have put only plain water into our soup-boiler." No one has more happily anticipated the drift of recent criticism than Daniel Webster, who wrote to a friend in a letter lately published, —

"For my part, though I like the investigation of particular questions, I give up what is called the science of political economy. There is no such science. There are no rules on these subjects so fixed and invariable that their aggregate constitutes a science. I have recently run over twenty volumes from Adam Smith to Professor Dew, and if from the whole I were to pick out with one hand all mere truisms, and with the other all doubtful propositions, little would be left."

And yet this is the science the study of which Cobden declared to be the highest exercise of the human mind, and which drew from Buckle, in the *History of Civilization* which has already become an antique though not a classic, his often-quoted tribute to the *Wealth of Nations*.

Never more than now have we needed such a help as this political economy has pretended to be. The reaction against it comes at a time when the body of the people are growing uneasy at the peril of a position between workingmen who combine and capitalists who consolidate. Rings and bosses are rising to the top in the evolution of industry as

in that of politics. New facts, like the union in one person of the common carrier and the owner of the highway, are baffling our statesmen. A few individuals are becoming rich enough to control almost all the great markets, including the legislatures. We feel ourselves caught in the whirl of new forces, and flung forward every day a step farther into a future dim with the portents of struggle between Titans reared on steam, electricity, and credit. It is an unfortunate moment for the break-down of the science that claimed to be able to reconcile self-interest with the harmony of interests.

Adam Smith modestly termed his great book *An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. The political economy of his successors is taught, in the universities of England and most of the colleges of this country, not as an investigation to be pursued in the laboratory of facts, but as a body of settled truths, revealed by teachers, and to be applied as a universal solvent. It is what nothing can be, — an apostolic science. Mill's language shows that he regards history as an arsenal from which to draw facts to reinforce his economic theories, not as a record in which the development of society may be observed, and its laws discovered by the methods that have given such practical and brilliant results in the hands of Maine, Von Maurer, Roscher, Nasse, De Laveleye, and Leslie. Mill says at the beginning of his *Political Economy* that the science is based on assumptions, and that its conclusions are only hypothetical. Senior, of Oxford, states that it depends more on reasoning than on observation, and that its principal difficulty consists not in the ascertainment of its facts, but the use of its terms. Its facts according to him may be stated in a very few sentences, and indeed in a very few words. Precisely the same view is taken by Professor Sumner, of Yale College. In a recent address in Brooklyn, on Rev-

enue Reform, he said, "Unfortunately the economist can't create facts, and history furnishes him but few. Consequently, hypotheses have to be used." It is worth noticing that while the abstract economists are suffering for facts, the latest parliamentary commission sitting in England to investigate one of the greatest economic conundrums of modern society — the relations of railroads to other business and the state — have been actually overwhelmed with facts. The political economy of the French Revolution and the Code Napoleon has still to be written; and it will be full of facts. A generation of economists can find employment in Maine's hint that they study the aberrations, accidents, friction, of political economy. Lieber says history moves along a rising spiral; let some economist determine the curve and velocity with which the modern world is apparently moving back to an era of custom and combination, that is, monopoly instead of competition. A work on money is needed that shall generalize its multitudinous facts from wampum to confidence in terms intelligible to common people, business men, other economists — and the author. The fact is, these hypothetical economists have done for the industrial descent of man what Haeckel and his evolutionists have done for the theory of his physical descent. They have substituted assumption and dogma for a Darwinian patience in accumulating facts and reserve in generalization. They deserve the same rebuke that Virchow administered to Haeckel at the Munich meeting, a few years ago. Virchow pointed out that in medicine, the only science which has a continuous history of three thousand years, the stream of dogmatism has been continually narrowing; warned Haeckel that he and his school were treating as a dogma proved that which was only a problem to be investigated; and uttered these wise words, which should be branded into the mental cuti-

cle of every disciple of the closet economists: We who support science, we who live in science, are all the more called upon to abstain from carrying into the heads of men, and most of all into the heads of teachers, that which we only suppose.

Though Mill's culture knew these limitations of the method he followed, his mind did not; at least, the James Mill side of his mind did not. The mental habit forced on him by his father, who, like a civilized Flat-Head Indian, put his little four-year-old boy's round head into a square frame, was too strong to be overcome. John Stuart Mill rebuked the economists for paying too much attention to the hypothesis of competition, but persisted himself in the attempt to discover truth by the processes of assumption, to the exclusion of what Roscher calls the physiological method.

In abstract political economy, wealth is the subject, desire of wealth the motive, competition the regulator, supply and demand the law, freedom of contract the condition, and equalization of rent, wages, other prices, and profits the result. If the critic looks with distrust on a science of human conduct founded on assumptions, and doubts the stability of a structure reared with syllogistic brick on imaginary foundations, to what a dead stop must he come before the unscientific vagueness of this term "wealth." Mill says wealth consists of all useful and agreeable objects which have exchangeable value. Accept this definition, and how vast the territory it covers. It reaches from the individual to the nation, from the family to the stock exchange, where the economist most nearly finds his ideal. What man wants of man varies with countless contingencies, from those of sympathy down. Adam Smith, the greatest expositor of the virtue of self-interest that ever lived, his editor, Thorold Rogers, tells us, impaired his fortune by his benevolence.

His greatest disciple, Cobden, spent his life and his private means to give the poor cheap bread. Ideals of life determine whether iron shall be turned into artillery to teach Hindoos free trade at the cannon's mouth, or into plowshares for American homesteads. The buccaneer looked for gold, and is poor; the Puritan sought freedom, and is rich. Fashion kills the manufacture of lustrous woolen dress stuffs. Government fixes whether land shall descend by the land law of the people, as in France, or by the land law of the nobles, as in England. Custom says that grocers may, but that doctors and plumbers shall not, undersell each other. According to the age, society will build cathedrals or railroads. Sex hedges one half the world with the gravest physiological and social limitations. If you are a Calvinist, free will must have something to say about your desire of wealth. This science of wealth is the science of man — and woman. Every note of the human voice, whether of preacher or pirate, mother or Magdalen, must be heard in the formulas of wealth. The world of wealth is the world of soul, over-soul, and under-soul; and yet its philosophers attempt to lay down its facts and terms in one sentence, or, as Senior says, in a very few words, and Sumner has to make hypotheses.

A generalization of all objects that have color would be as definite and useful as one of all objects that have exchangeability. Wealth is what men desire of each other; hence, the desire of wealth is the desire of what men desire. This is not a play on words, but is the exposure, in the language of real life, of the barrenness of the terms of the economists. They who cannot draw out leviathan with a hook have sought to catch the world of man in an abstraction, and have failed, because anything that would be true of so much must be a truism.

This kind of political economy has its

counterpart in the theory of physical science, which attempts to explain matter on the assumption that it consists of atoms, absolutely equal and homogeneous. The equality of atoms in science, the equality of man in the state of nature, and the equality of profits in political economy are three faces — physical, social, and industrial — of one fallacy. These theories may have served a purpose as systems of mnemonics or propaganda, but they have had their day.

All the machinery of the abstract political economist is driven by the force of competition. "Only through competition," says Mill, "has political economy any pretensions to the character of a science. . . . Assume competition to be the exclusive regulator of rents, wages, profits, and prices, and principles of broad generality and scientific precision may be laid down, according to which they will be regulated. . . . As an abstract or hypothetical science, political economy cannot do anything more." The critic of this method wants a political economy that will disclose the actual, not the hypothetical, regulators of prices, wages, rents, and profits. By excluding all forces but those of competition, these economists shut themselves out from the consideration of the gravest problems of the day, which are questions of combination, and not of competition. On the other hand, their principle of competition does not fit the questions which they choose to attack. Their competition equalizes values with the cost of production, leveling the wages of laborers down to the cost of subsistence, and leveling the rent of landlords up to all the produce of the farm above the maintenance of the tenant. As to the facts of the theory, take an extensive view. The death of Babylon, the decay of Venice, the maturity of London, the growth of New York, and the rise of Chicago are not phenomena of equalization, but of inequalization, — tide-marks of a westward flood and ebb. Take a

narrower range. McCulloch says that the principles of political economy and the forces of modern industry have obliterated the differences in the wages of British labor noticed by Adam Smith. Cliffe Leslie shows by the logic of facts that steam, new gold, and railroads have created new centres of wealth and industry, and have made the modern disparities of English wages greater than they were in the time of Adam Smith. The same forces that are inequalizing wages are inequalizing profits. He would be a bold man who could assert that there had been a process of equalization in the political economy of New England since the days when the Pilgrim Fathers, unconsciously reproducing the earliest ideas of the race, founded a society on the principle of the ancient village community. Competition shifts taxation, theoretically, upon consumers, but one of the strongest lobbies in Washington, during the recent session, was kept there by the proprietors of patent medicines, to procure the repeal of the stamp tax they pay. At a time when a hundred wedding-rings were pawned in one town in a single week for money to buy bread with, as Cobden tells us, English landlords were proving by Ricardo's theory of competition that a tax on corn could not fall on the laborer. By the same theory Mill taught the laborers that to have large families was as wicked as to be guilty of habitual drunkenness, because wages would go down if population went up. But, as a matter of fact, population and wages have been rising together in England for many years. Their theory of rent is the achievement of which the English economists are most proud. It justifies the landlord in taking all the produce of the soil above the cost of subsistence. If the farmer tried to keep more for his share, competition, the force which, according to Mill, equalizes the profits of occupations, would take it away from him. The landlords of England, in the words of

the editor of the Pall Mall Gazette, are starving the workers of their country to save their rents. Our faith that the theories of competition explain the facts of this kind of rent is shaken by the discovery that it appeared in East Indian political economy, where competition was unknown. The Mohammedan emperors of Delhi, the Mahratta princes, the Sikhs of the Punjab, different in many other things, were alike, Maine says, in this, that they took so much of the produce of the soil as to leave the cultivators little more than the means of bare subsistence. Cobden asserted that the English agricultural laborers were not one whit higher, intellectually, than in the days of their Saxon forefathers. Competition leaves some awkward gaps of inequality in the very heart of merrie old England. The Irish land courts have reduced rents by an average of eighteen to thirty per cent. Even Ricardo would have to admit that a sovereignty was working through the land courts that overtopped competition. American rent is generally fixed by custom at one third the produce of the farm. Belgian rent and French rent, where they exist, have their peculiarities. English rent is an historical product, whose determining forces have been of all kinds, from conquest to American competition. Among these forces are such legislation and lack of legislation in the interest of a dominant class as permit the landlords to continue paying taxes on land on the valuation of 1692, while their tenants and laborers are taxed on the value to-day of what they consume. Among these forces, too, must be counted the predisposition against change which keeps the British farmer growing wheat in the very shadow of London smoke, while the Belgian and French farmers supply the metropolis with its fresh vegetables. Rent, Mill asserts, is the result of a monopoly; but rent is paid in Dakota in the same counties in which the best government land can be had upon payment of a few

dollars in fees to the land office. The theory of rent reduces the share of the tenant in the produce of the soil to the cost of subsistence, but in the Mississippi Valley a very large proportion of the tenant farmers grow well-to-do, and those who begin as renters usually end as land-owners.

These theories of population, wages, and rent are worse than bloodless. They are murderous. Profit, Ricardo claims, "is never increased by a better distribution of labor, by the invention of machinery, or by any means of abridging labor. . . . These operate on price, and are beneficial to consumers, but they have no effect whatever on profit; on the other hand, every diminution in the wages of labor raises profits." This doctrine gives employers the same hint that the theory of rent gives landlords. If competition, crueler than conquest, were "the exclusive regulator of rent" and of these other things, or if the principles of competition explained them, as we see is not the case, it would be no crime to lay down these laws. The man of science must tell things as they are, and leave it to the moralist to say how they ought to be. These doctrines of the desire of wealth, of exclusive regulation by competition, and of the irresistible laws of trade have been a royal road for shifting responsibility for injustice and legal selfishness from human shoulders upon the back of Nature. If these laws are proved to be no laws, and we see they are not laws, the orthodox economists are left in a bad plight. They claimed to be teachers of science; that is, of things as they are. They turn out to be teachers both of what is not and of what ought not to be. They are neither scientific nor moral. Hence it is that Mill's head, though not his noble heart, almost deserves the charge made by Ruskin, with deliberation and reaffirmation, of willfully "aiding and abetting the cruelest form of murder on many thousands of persons yearly, for

the sake simply of putting money into the pockets of the landlords."

The competitive political economists ignore the natural history of their subject, its economic news. The differences of character and circumstances that make the English and French disposed to stay at home, while the Irish and Germans emigrate freely, are not to be explained by competition. The abstract economists dismiss as aberrations and exceptions to their cosmopolitan equilibrium those mysterious storms, which burst with something like periodicity over the world of credit, scattering ruin within the areas of high tariff and low tariff, free trade and protection, specie payments and "fiat" money, and the single and double standard. Political economy of the competitive school is dumb before the railroad question, for it is one of combination. A parliamentary commission reports that it has become more and more evident that competition must fail to do for railroads what it does for ordinary trade, and that no means have yet been devised by which competition between them can be maintained. Equally beyond the reach of this competitive science is the socialistic drift of modern government, which forbids self-interest to commit murder by the sale of adulterated food, which taxes property by a majority vote for the education of the masses and the regulation of their plumbing, and which in Great Britain offers to pay at the national expense the arrears of hundreds of thousands of Irish tenants. The labor question is the appearance among workingmen of the same spirit of combination that has given us railroad pools, the telegraph consolidation, the oil monopoly, and countless smaller "corners," and it cannot be solved by a science of competition. The professors assume that competition is the exclusive regulator of wages, but we see workingmen kill a workman for competing with them. Rumors are in the air of a general strike

this summer. It will include the telegraph operators and the railroad men. Communication by wire is to be cut as well as communication by rail. Civilization, at the lifting of the finger of some Knight of Labor, is to be disintegrated. Chicago, which now sends its messages to Wall Street in forty-five seconds, is to be thrown back into the wilderness. A new organization of workingmen, the Knights of Labor, has sprung into existence within a year or two, and already numbers two hundred thousand members. Its principle is the unification of labor. Its motto, finer than the formulas of the economists, is, Injustice to one is injustice to all. Its purpose is to settle the differences between employers and employed, without strikes, if possible, but if a strike must be made, to back it up with the strength of the whole body. Twenty-five years' experience has taught these men that individual trades-unions can be crushed out. They are going to "pool," like the railroads. Such a great fact as that in France the French Revolution was a turning point in the welfare of the laboring classes, whose condition, as Mill shows, has risen, and risen permanently, since then, is not on speaking terms with the theory of exclusive regulation of wages by competition. *Laissez-faire* theories of politics and political economy are useless in the treatment of the labor question, in the regulation of railroads, sanitary and educational government, and a multitude of similar questions. It is not to be denied that competition is an industrial force, and a mighty one, but it is only one. By neglecting the other forces, from sympathy to monopoly, the abstract political economist deduces principles which fit no realities, and has to neglect those realities for which we need principles most. When combination comes in at the door, this political economy of competition flies out of the window. It is a political economy of persons, not of the people.

II.

There is not, says Comte, any purely industrial human being. But occasionally there flourish, outside the jails, persons who are almost ideal exemplifications of the principles of the competitive political economy. America has produced the most successful of these practical political economists. His career illustrates what may be accomplished by a scientific devotion to the principles of competition, *laissez-faire*, desire of wealth, and self-interest, if not the harmony of interests.

While the Crystal Palace exhibition of 1853 was open in New York, there came to seek his fortune in the city a slender, black-eyed, black-haired boy, from the interior of the State. He brought with him a very handsome mahogany box. In the box was an invention: "a little thing," he once said, "I had brought from my country home, and thought was going to make my fortune and revolutionize the world. It was a mouse-trap." The unsophisticated boy left his treasure on the seat of a Sixth Avenue car, while he stood on the platform to stare at the crowd, and it was stolen. But he pursued and caught the thief, who was an old offender, for whom the police of New York were looking at that moment. The Herald of the next day, under the heading *How a Mouse-Trap caught a Thief*, gave his first taste of publicity to the youth who for the next thirty years was to be continually before the public, and, by a singular coincidence, always in connection with some kind of trap. The genius that had divined from afar that the great city was full of mice, and had contrived a trap to catch them, could not be stolen. Its first impulse grew to be a passion. Brains and strict attention to the laws of supply and demand have made the country boy the greatest mouse-catcher of America, and his traps have become

the envy of every man of feline aspirations.

Four of his inventions were masterpieces. In the first of them he gained the confidence of his simple prey by assuming a position of trust as director, and afterwards as president, of the largest railroad but one in his native State. At once there began to turn before the eyes of the stockholders and the public a kaleidoscope of ruin: shower after shower of stocks and bonds issued to run the road, while the trustee and his pals — *pal* is Old English for fellow trustee — drank dry the stream of earnings; a devil's dance of lawyers, judges, legislators, governors, and Tammany politicians, flinging themselves into every attitude of betrayal of trust, — an orgy of fiduciary harlotry, led by a great law reformer; a tangled web of injunctions and counter-injunctions, and more injunctions, contradictory orders of courts, perjured affidavits, — every thread spun by its poisonous spinner around and around a trust; a phantasmagoria of prosperity, of busy trains and steamers, crowded ferries, marble opera-houses, bursting warehouses, glowing mills, precious franchises, and rich contracts, — a fair but hollow scene, where all the expenses go to the owner, and all the receipts to the trustee.

Our economist, having been charged with a fraud upon his road, at once procured from one of his courts the place of receiver, with a fund of \$8,000,000, to protect his trust against himself. In one of his stock-exchange campaigns he locked up \$12,500,000 of money, — other people's money. New York rocked in the preliminary throes of panic, and there would have been a crash had not Secretary McCulloch interposed with the announcement that he would issue \$50,000,000 of legal tenders, if this hand were not taken off the throat of business. An honest editor, Samuel Bowles, who denounced the alliance of Tammany and Erie, was abducted and

illegally jailed. Assassination was attempted upon Dorman B. Eaton, another fearless denunciator, who was left for dead on the streets of New York, for having dared to act out the courageous words of Emerson: "Good nature is plentiful, but we want justice, with heart of steel to fight down the proud."

When this student of the science of abstraction became trustee, his trust was in debt \$51,065,943. Under his administration of the laws of competition, this became \$115,449,211, while the mileage increased but 186 miles. In four months the increase was \$23,500,000. The moral bankruptcy that festooned this ruin could not be expressed in figures. These surprising achievements in the pursuit of wealth led the New York legislature to order an investigation. The political economist of the mousetrap was charmingly frank in his answers to the committee: —

I was first elected president of the Erie Railroad in 1868, and I was president in 1869, 1870, and 1871. I do not remember whether I approved payment to William M. Tweed of money for legal services, while he was senator. I do not know whether he is a lawyer. He was a director of Erie and member of its executive committee. I would not have allowed pecuniary transactions with Mr. Tweed to be put in the shape of legal services, if my attention had been called to them. I do not contemplate going to Europe to-morrow. I should say that paper was in my handwriting. The name William M. Tweed is in my handwriting. The words in my handwriting are, William M. Tweed, legal disbursements as per order J. G., \$35,000, April 25, 1871. The approval of voucher, April 5, 1869, name of William M. Tweed, legal expenses, \$15,000, looks like my handwriting. Mr. Tweed's name at the top is my handwriting, and I should say his name at the foot of the receipt is my handwriting. He was senator in 1869; also in 1871 and 1872. The

"legal account" was of an india-rubber character. I gave large amounts for elections in 1869, 1870, 1871, and 1872 in the senatorial and assembly districts. It was what they said would be necessary to carry the day in addition to the amount forwarded by the committee. I contributed more or less to all the districts along the line of the road. We had to look after four States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Ohio. It was the custom, when men received nominations, to come to me for contributions, and I made them, and considered them good paying investments for the company. In a republican district, I was a strong republican; in a democratic district, I was democratic; and in doubtful districts, I was doubtful. In politics, I was an Erie railroad man, every time. We had friends who were on both sides, — friends in a business way. The amounts contributed for the elections were large, but I could not give any definite estimate. No names occur to me at the moment. I am a poor hand to remember names. I had relations in several States. I did not keep separate what I paid out in New Jersey from what I paid out in New York. We had the same ground to go over there, and there has been so much of it. It has been so extensive that I have no details now to refresh my mind. You might as well go back and ask me how many cars of freight were moved on a particular day.¹

Entrenched behind the Tammany ring, controlling the courts, legislature, and executive of the State, and in his marble fortress on Twenty-Third Street resisting by the brute strength of the Erie ruffians the ordinary processes of law and social coercion, all our political economist asked for was non-interference of government with industry, and he got it. But the English stockhold-

ers cared less for laissez-faire theories of economy and government than to get possession of their property. Rights which American courts and legislatures refused to enforce, these foreigners took by violence. March 11, 1872, was the date of the Erie *coup d'état*. British gold corrupted some of the followers of the arch-trustee. A foreign minister of the United States returned from his post abroad to strike the blow, and rectify by a street brawl, as in the days of old Rome, the injustice of the government of his native land. In one day, with force, without authority of law, by foreigners, the management of one of the leading railroads of the United States was changed by revolution. It was one of those bodeful days for a republic, which, having come once, is likely to come again, when law is on the side of wrong and force is on the side of right, and force breaks down the law. Once more in possession of their property, the stockholders sought to see if the laws of the land would not give back that which the laws of the desire of wealth had taken away. Civil and criminal proceedings were threatened. The ex-trustee surrendered. He agreed to make restitution, if there were no prosecution. Again he appeared with a box. It was not the handsome mahogany box of his first mouse-trap. It was, says an eye-witness, a light yellow sheet-iron box, about ten inches deep and twenty-eight inches square. In it was a miscellaneous lot of securities, to be restored by the trustee. A "partial" list of them, furnished to the Erie investigating committee of the New York legislature, showed a face value of \$9,021,545, and a cash value of over \$6,000,000.

It was no ordinary trap in which Wall Street and the whole country were caught on that darkest day of all our financial history, — Black Friday, Sep-

¹ Report of the Select Committee, appointed by the Assembly of the State of New York, May 11, 1873, to investigate Alleged Mismanagement on

the part of the Erie Railway Company, together with the Testimony taken before said Committee, page 545, *et seq.*

tember 24, 1869. On one side, it was supported by the New York Sub-Treasury, whose chief held his place for the purposes of the Gold Conspiracy. On another side, it rested in the coffers of the Erie Railroad, whose president was the boy of the mouse-trap. At a third point, it had, apparently, a personal connection with the President of the United States. Through the Tenth National Bank, whose president was the president of the Erie, it had the facilities of the National Banking Association. The Stock Exchange was the pitfall. Black panic, which this conjurer of the irresistible laws of trade had before called to his aid, came, bringing ruin to thousands, madness and death to more than one. In the Stock Exchange, the wires melted under the fire of dispatches. There are to-day men proud to tell you that in that moment of frenzy and horror they hunted, rope in hand, for this disciple of self-interest, and if they could have caught him would have hanged the maker of the mouse-trap that caught a thief only sixteen years before. But the president of the Erie road fled to his arsenal on Twenty-Third Street, and was secure. He saved his millions, for while his partners, by his advice, were buying, he was selling, selling, selling. He was promoted from investigation by a committee of the New York legislature to investigation by a committee of Congress. He told them, "I had my own views about the market, and my own fish to fry." He saved the millions of his magnetic lieutenant Fisk, by teaching him to repudiate the orders given to his brokers. Before their victims could crawl out from under the ruins of Black Friday they were served, as Charles Francis Adams, Jr., in his *Chapters of Erie* tells us, with injunctions prepared in batches, by David Dudley Field, forbidding them "from pressing their pretended claims . . . by any proceedings." A law reformer devised a scheme, and a judge supported

it, by which the men who had been knocked down and robbed were prohibited, in the name of justice, from seeking justice. Physicians, licensed by the state to heal, preparing poisons for the use of assassins!

In December, 1880, what may be accomplished by steadfast faithfulness to the principles of competition was shown by a statement, made by the most trustworthy financial paper in the United States, that our political economist was in control of ten thousand miles of railroad, or more than one ninth the entire mileage of the country.

It was during the same month that the conflict between the Western Union and American Union telegraph companies was raging at its worst. The American Union had been started in 1879, by our hero, with an investment of less than five million dollars. Western Union stock tumbled to seventy-seven and one half in the last month of 1880. So little interest did he take in the stock market at this time that he did not visit Wall Street, but when not at home spent his time at the Windsor, across the street. Swinging his legs from a back-tilted chair, he would tell his friends that Western Union was a worthless bundle of expiring patents, uncertain contracts, and old wires, and that he should not buy a share above sixty. February 5, 1881, Western Union and the American Union and the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph companies were consolidated, and the telegraph capital of the three, which was then sixty million dollars against four hundred thousand in 1856, was increased to eighty millions. The stock had never gone below seventy-seven and one half, but the inventor of the American Union snare was the owner of most of it. The price advanced to one hundred and thirty-seven and seven eighths, and the public found that the ex-trustee of Erie, the ally of the Tammany ring, the corrupter of justice, and the artificer of panic

was master of the rapid transit of news and confidence within the United States, and between them and the rest of the world.

Hardly had the details of the telegraph consolidation been announced, February, 1881, when a flutter in the New York Stock Exchange followed the publication of a letter from the president of the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, begging the State to remit the taxes due from the company. It was a piteous plea for escape from ruin, and the stock began to fall. Next rose into view the highest judicial officer of the State, who declared with great indignation that Manhattan had forfeited its charter by insolvency, by failure to build roads, as stipulated by its charter, and by its shameless watering of stock. He began suit to wipe it out of existence. The public applauded with a thrill of satisfaction, and more stockholders sold. The hidden hand pulled another wire, and the editor of the New York World began to launch forth through its columns startling exhibits of the financial rottenness of the company, and editorial, that is virtuous, indignation at its abuse of the public and its franchises. Then came another *can-can* in the courts, led by lawyers, who danced long and well, according to the New York code of legal ethics that if a lawyer is not a judge he need not be a gentleman, and if he is a judge he need not be investigated. Receivers were appointed, more stock-watering was authorized by the courts, and affidavits poured forth from insiders that the company was hopelessly and irretrievably bankrupt, and its stock worthless. Manhattan stockholders flung their certificates away for what they could get. The price sank to fifteen and one fourth. Suddenly what had seemed a mass of ruin crystallized into the symmetrical structure of a monopoly, and on its peak, but a few days after he had sworn that Manhattan was hopelessly and irretrievably

insolvent, sat the manufacturer of mouse-traps, master of the rapid transit of the greatest city of America. The prentice hand that had fashioned the Erie trap had become the perfect instrument of an artist in the science of exchange. A suit, begun in the name of the people by the highest officer of justice, was set up as a rack on the floor of the Stock Exchange, and used there for six months as an instrument of torture. A judge of the supreme court sat in the manipulators' rooms, and turned the screw by which the victims were forced to surrender their property. Receivers were appointed and dismissed, injunctions given and denied, orders issued and rescinded, and stock exchange arguments made in the guise of decisions: all this was done just as was demanded by our expert in the theory of the value of judicial honor. He bought his law in the courts where it was cheapest, and sold it in the Stock Exchange where it was dearest. Ninety thousand shares of Manhattan stock were shaken out in eight days, at an average price of twenty. The same judge did this who appointed his relatives to places among the wreckers of the Continental Life Insurance Company of New York. Judge Barnard signed an Erie order in the rooms of a wanton; Judge Westbrook has repeatedly held court in a worse place, — the private office of this dealer in judicial virtue.

When receivers were appointed for Manhattan, they were two hired men in the employ of him who was known to the court to be suing the company privately, and their bonds, signed by his associates, were ready in advance of the action of the court. The lawyer who was conducting the private suit against Manhattan was retained as assistant in the people's suit by the attorney-general, and the company he was suing was compelled to pay his fees. The attorney-general began his public suit on the same day the wrecker of Manhattan

began his private suit. When the attorney-general dismissed his action, not a single day had been given to the people for the trial of their case against the company on its merits. In July, 1881, suits were pending against the three elevated railroad companies in all the courts in New York in which they could be brought. Every appeal for relief to the courts by those whose property was being forced out of them was met by rebuff, and by the victory of the men in whose private offices the court sat to decide a public action, brought in the public name by a public officer. One of the reasons given by the attorney-general for discontinuing his suit was that arrangements had been made for the payment of the taxes in dispute. The latest incident in this extraordinary history is the appearance at Albany of a powerful lobby to procure from the legislature release from these taxes. This lobby is described by the *New York Times* — which has attacked the Manhattan iniquity with a brilliant intrepidity equal to that with which it overthrew the Tammany ring — as the most dangerous which has appeared in Albany for many years.

Procuring one hundred shares of Metropolitan Elevated Railroad stock, the manipulator of Manhattan solicited the position of director of Metropolitan, and, under promises that he would build this company up, obtained for himself and his associates the control of the Metropolitan board of direction. Then, owning in all but one sixty-fifth of the property, they deliberately proceeded to rob it. Owners of Manhattan and trustees of Metropolitan, they stripped the latter company of the ten per cent. annual dividend guaranteed by Manhattan, and substituted for it a contingent dividend of four per cent., which may or may not be paid. This they did against the protests of the Metropolitan stockholders whose agents they were. In all this work a prominent part was taken

by a great philanthropist, who, having sworn that the New York elevated railroad company of which he was president was earning ten per cent. net a year, accepted for its stockholders a six per cent. annual dividend guaranteed by Manhattan, which he had sworn to be bankrupt; and after he had sworn Manhattan to be bankrupt, allowed it an annual dividend of four per cent. The same willingness to call up the spirit of panic showed itself as in the gold conspiracy. To make certain stockholders of Metropolitan surrender their property, attacks were made in *The World* on the credit of the Shoe and Leather Bank and the Tradesmen's Bank, behind which they were supposed to have found financial refuge. When a property owner of New York remonstrated with Vice-President Galloway of the Manhattan about some encroachments by the elevated roads, he received this reply, which embodies the whole of one of the latter-day theories of wealth: "We have the legislature on our side, the courts on our side, and we hire our law by the year."

A man who braves the heart-broken rage of fifty millions of men, and in daylight shoots their President, we call an assassin. George Washington hanged as a spy the man who traveled the high-road as an instrument in Benedict Arnold's treachery. We teach our children to execrate as traitors the men who stood up in a fair fight to divide the Union. What shall we call the man and the men who seduce, but do not assassinate, — Guiteaus of political economy who would overcome, not one, but all departments of our government; who travel by night and under-ground to betray trusts they have invited; who, living among us as fellow-men and neighbors, loyal to the covenants of society, are traitors to all the ties of honor, justice, and mercy that make the American community possible, and the want of which makes the Paris commune? By

what title do these men hold their acquisitions? Private property is sacred, but plunder must not be private. A philosopher of the commune said, "Property is theft." American self-government must have a philosophy to say, Theft shall not be property.

It is March 13, 1882. The boy who brought his mahogany box and his mouse-trap to New York in 1853 sits in an office rich with plate-glass and precious woods. He opens his box, which like him has grown, and shows a group of friends twenty-three million dollars of Western Union stock, twelve millions of Missouri Pacific stock, eight millions of elevated railroad stocks and bonds, ten millions of Wabash common and preferred, and other stock. "Morosini," he says, "can bring you down twenty millions more, or so, in bonds and other things." This, like the Erie restitution, was a "partial list." Seventy-three millions, and more, accumulated by an enthusiast in competition in twenty-nine years of office work! Never before in the history of the desire of wealth had such a sight been seen. The mouse-trap man's wires told the news to the people of two continents, and the world held its breath.

On the same day, while the president

of the Wabash road, which had appropriated for dividends to stockholders the wages due its men, was thus spreading out his millions, a day laborer, in the employ of the Wabash at St. Louis, said to a reporter:—

The delay in the payment of my wages has reduced me almost to beggary. Had not the grocer helped me with credit in January and February, my children would have starved.

An engineer said:—

My family were sick in January. They had no doctor and no medicines. I could not get the money due me from the Wabash road.

An old man, who watched a crossing,—an infirm old man, with a family,—said:—

My rent is six dollars a month; my groceries are eighteen dollars. This leaves us one dollar a month for clothing, medicine, and other necessities. My pay is twenty-five dollars a month, and I have to wait two months for that. We are on the edge of starvation.

It is a solemn truth, that of Ruskin's, that every man has to choose in this world whether he will be a laborer or an assassin. There are men who murder for money, but there must be no science of assassination.

Henry D. Lloyd.

DANDELION.

At dawn, when England's childish tongue
Lisp'd happy truths, and men were young,
Her Chaucer, with a gay content
Hummed through the shining fields, scarce bent
By poet's foot, and, plucking, set,
All lusty, sunny, dewy-wet,
A dandelion in his verse,
Like the first gold in childhood's purse.

At noon, when harvest colors die
On the pale azure of the sky,

And dreams through dozing grasses creep
 Of winds that are themselves asleep,
 Rapt Shelley found the airy ghost
 Of that bright flower the spring loves most,
 And ere one silvery ray was blown
 From its full disk made it his own.

Now from the stubble poets glean
 Scant flowers of thought; the Muse would wean
 Her myriad nurslings, feeding them
 On petals plucked from a dry stem.
 For one small plumule still adrift,
 The wind-blown dandelion's gift,
 The field once blossomy we scour
 Where the old poets plucked the flower.

Annie R. Annan.

THE MATE OF THE DAYLIGHT.

THREE ancient seafaring men were sitting together in the doorway of a building that looked as if it might once have been the warehouse of a fisherman, but was now entirely out of repair, even for a fish-house. A short, thin old fellow, who looked more active than the rest, was perched on the top of a shaky barrel, swinging his feet; but his two companions, mindful, perhaps, of their rheumatic joints, were enthroned on bait-tubs. Out-doors it was almost raining, the Scotch mist was coming in so thick from sea; and the men were taking all the comfort they could in smoking such strong black tobacco, in dingy clay pipes with no stem to speak of, that the spiders overhead thought it might be best to go out from their shelter, and brave the inclemency of the weather.

"I don't see no prospect of a change," said Captain Joseph Ryder, the man on the barrel. "The wind backed in yister-day, and the clouds has been a-looking greasy for a week past. I told Dan'l, yisterday, he was a blamed fool to go out; but young fellers, they do set an awful sight by their own opinion."

"What was he a-saying?" asked one of the other men, leaning toward his companion, and putting his hand to his ear. He looked very cross, but he was really good-natured; it seemed as if he thought he ought to wear a look of disapproval at the behavior of men in general. His clothes were made of thick, stiff cloth, and his very skin was so seasoned by long exposure to the weather that it looked like the hide of a very fair-complexioned alligator, or of some other creature that is covered with most durable material.

Captain Joseph Ryder's remarks were reported with some accuracy to Captain Jabez Ryder, and he nodded his head once or twice in approval. "That was all you obsarved, wa'n't it?" he asked, in a grumbling, rusty voice, as if he thought his friend might have defrauded him in the repetition. "Well, young folks is fools, so they is. It ain't what I call good seamanship, and I like to see good seamanship aboard of a dory as well as aboard of a nine-hundred-ton East Indiaman, so I do. Ef a man's good for anything whatever aboard a

ship, he can turn his hand to one as well as another. In my day, young folks used to have ambition about 'em to rise; but some o' these fellers goes down to the fishing year in and year out, and never leaves off no better than they begun."

"Times ain't what they used to be," mourned Captain Peter; and as old Jabez looked at him inquiringly, he repeated his remark at the top of his voice, which was somewhat feeble at best.

"No more they ain't," said Jabez, with satisfaction, and they all puffed silently at their pipes. They were like some worn old driftwood at the harbor-side, and they bore a queer family likeness to the worm-eaten pieces of ship timber and the small rusty anchor with a broken fluke which were stored away near them.

The fish-house fronted on a narrow alley-way, which led from the main street of the town down to a wharf. It was standing a little askew, having been built at a time when perfectly straight streets were not thought necessary. In fact, the whole town had a strange, disorderly look, as if its buildings had been brought all at once and set down wherever there was room, but the inhabitants had never thought it worth while to take the trouble to arrange them better. It gave one a feeling of gratitude that some of the little houses had not been carelessly dumped on their sides, or upside down, which would have made house-keeping in them even more inconvenient than it was. As one went along the streets, some of the buildings stood cornerwise, and some had their back doors where the front should have been; the whole little town was like a company of soldiers which had broken ranks, and it was altogether picturesque and charming, with its unexpected lilac bushes and bits of garden, and its windowed roofs and narrow, cobble-stoned streets.

Opposite the fish-house was the gray and lichened rough-shingled wall of a deserted warehouse, and as the three cap-

tains sat looking solemnly at this, and past the corner of it toward the water, there suddenly appeared the figure of a young girl against the dull background. She had been walking fast, and her face was flushed with the damp fog and her eagerness. "I've been hunting all round for you, grandfather," she said. "I suppose you forgot about that fish for the chowder? Aunt Melinda said I had better come right out and look you up, else we should n't get much of a dinner to-day."

Captain Ryder looked very sorry for this omission, and got down quickly from his barrel, while Captain Jabez put his hand to his ear, and demanded an explanation of the sudden summons. He was a little disappointed at finding it was only that his crony had forgotten to buy a fish; it seemed to him that an unexpected guest must have arrived, or that some one was taken suddenly ill, or had died, for Susan was in such a hurry. But if he had stopped to think he might have been sufficiently surprised: it was seldom that a retired shipmaster in that port forgot to order his dinner; it was too often the only real business which interfered with his idleness all day long.

"Cap'n Joe," as his friends called him, hurried off by the way of the wharves, apologizing to himself as he went; but Susan lingered behind a moment. "Do you know whether Dan Lewis is out or not to-day?" she asked Captain Downs softly, as if afraid of being overheard by her retreating grandfather; and she was answered that the fishing-smack had gone out, in spite of repeated warnings, late the night before.

"I'm afraid Dan'll will get hisself into mischief," the old sailor said, while Susan's cheeks grew brighter than ever, and old Captain Jabez looked curiously from one face to the other, and was fairly shaking with impatience. Susan had nothing more to say, but turned quickly, as if much disturbed, and went

away, slipping a little on the wet round stones of the paving; and when she had turned the corner from the alley-way into the main street, she walked as fast as she could toward home. When she reached the house she shut the door so angrily that the old brass knocker clacked, and the hanging-lamp, which the captain had brought in his young days from over seas, rattled its chains and jarred and jingled. It was not the custom of the family to come in at the front door, and Miss Melinda Downs appeared suddenly at the head of the crooked little staircase to see what the matter was. She was not dressed for visitors, and she looked relieved when she found it was her niece. "I was afraid you was an agent or somebody," she said. "Did you find father?"

"Yes, I did," said Susan, who was very much excited; her eyes were shining, and she looked as if she could hardly keep from crying. "And what's more, I found that Dan has gone off fishing, just as I supposed he would; and Heaven knows if anybody will ever see him again! Just like him, and of course he found plenty of fools ready to go with him. There's an awful storm coming, and the schooner was n't half ready for sea; he told me so last night, and they sailed before morning."

"They can't have got far," said Miss Melinda, not without some anxiety. "I guess you'd find they was laying off here in the harbor, if the fog lifted. There ain't been a breath of wind all the morning; it's dreadful close. I dare say they'll put into some other port to fit themselves out, if it's so they don't come right in here again. Just like Dan's nonsense, all fire and tow! I s'pose he thought 't would sound smart. I hope he split up a few kindlin's for his poor, feeble old mother before he went. I see her, when I come by yesterday, hacking away in the wood-house with a dull axe. I should think he'd be ashamed to go strutting round the

way he does. Father went right off to see about the fish, I s'pose? I don't know what time he'll get his dinner. I never knew him to forgit before," she added, prudently trying to change the subject, for she saw how Susan's eyes flashed.

"I guess they ain't laying off in the harbor," rejoined the younger woman, stamping her foot with rage. "It's a mercy if they ain't gone to pieces on the rocks, before now. It blew dreadful hard along towards morning. And I'll just tell you one thing: I don't blame Dan Lewis one mite for being mad, and I ain't going to live here no longer, like a toad under a harrow. I'm just going to do as I'm a mind to, quick's ever I'm out of my time; and I'm going to marry Dan Lewis, whether anybody says I can or not. No fellow would stand what was said to him last night."

"There, there," said aunt Melinda soothingly; "don't get so worked up, Susan. Your gran'ther means to do well by you; I'm sure he always has, and he's all for your good. His bark's worse than his bite, you know 's well as I do."

"Nobody wants to hear him bark as I know on," said Susan scornfully; and Melinda escaped with the excuse of the captain's coming in at the kitchen door, fish in hand.

"Let her alone," remarked the elder woman to her father, who had an anxious look, as if he half expected a battle. "She's dreadful worked up about Dan's going off, but she'll get over it if you don't say nothing to set her going."

Nothing was farther from the captain's mind than to wish for an encounter with Susan. She did not meet him until dinner was ready, when she came down to take her seat at the table like a sulky and displeased guest. She always helped to get dinner, and that day she had told herself several times, during the hour that she spent in her own room, that she would not go down to

share the noonday meal; but the chowder's savory odor was wafted up the stairs, and proved irresistible, for she was a young person of good appetite, and she was, for some reason or other, hungrier than usual. The captain made awkward attempts at keeping up a brisk and unconscious talk, but Susan's expression was that of grim stolidity. She made herself look very ugly when it pleased her to feel so; she was at other times a pretty girl, with a fine color, as we have already seen, and bright black eyes, that took quick, sharp glances at the world. She was generally good-humored and merry, but when a cloud went over her sky it was very bad weather indeed. After dinner Captain Ryder went to sleep in his chair, as usual, and his injured grand-daughter helped clear away the table and wiped the dishes, as if it ought not to have been expected of her under the circumstances. Then she withdrew again to her bedroom, and her aunt Melinda, who never took afternoon naps, after a suitable interval put on her second-best bonnet and shawl, and went out, closing the door gently after her. The house was still, and the captain slept later than usual. When he waked it was half past three, and he had promised to be on one of the tumble-down wharves at three, to measure some firewood. His neck was stiff, and he had an uneasy sense of guilt as he wondered what had become of the women-folks, and especially of Susan.

After Susan had left the fish-house, that morning, the two captains had waited for a few minutes, to be sure she was out of hearing, and then Captain Jabez had edged his overturned bait-tub as close as possible to his companion's, and asked to hear what had been said. "I guess they must ha' had some trouble amongst 'em last night," he said, not without contempt. "I seen him a-settin' by the fore-room window, as I was

a-passin' by, near about eight o'clock, if I don't disremember. Cap'n Joe, he was out somewhere; likely he went over to inquire for Mis' Cap'n Stark. I met him a-goin' home, and it may be he turned Dan'l out o' the house, and he's made off. I could n't get no sight at what drove him out to sea this miser'ble weather. And did n't it bear on your mind that Cap'n Joe was some out o' sperits? Acted like he'd lost his reck-'nin', so he did!"

"He wa'n't out o' sperits 's I know on," said Captain Peter. "I see him coming out o' Tarbell's shop just afore ten, and I guess he had his nipper aboard. 'T ain't often he forgits it; but I did think he was airlier than common to-day. P'raps he'd mistook the hour, but most like he wanted it to stay him."

"'T ain't never well to change hours, so it ain't," said Cap'n Jabez, after some reflection. "And ten's too airly; you lose all the good on't by dinner time. I don't blame Joe; he's been a saving man, and it ain't his natur' to want Dan Lewis to make ducks and drakes of his property. I suppose he must have as much as nine or ten thousand, ain't he?"

"He's got that, sure," acknowledged Captain Downs. But they had too often settled the amount of money which belonged to every man of their acquaintance to make the subject an absorbing one, if there were any other at hand. "Dan Lewis is a high-strung fellow, and I never set no great by him," he went on; "but young folks will have their way, and old folks has to stand back. I should ha' thought Susan would ha' looked higher. Dan ain't got nothing to look to from his folks; it's been all his mother could do to scratch along; and to be sure, he's got the berth o' second mate o' the *Daylight*, but with the plight navigation 's in now it's lucky if she goes out o' her dock for a year to come. His uncle only give him the place because poor old Mis' Lewis be-

seeced him so. Dan 's lazy as a flounder, naterally. He never 'd 'a' undertook to carry on fishing if he had n't wanted to stand well in Cap'n Joe's books. Susan 's distressed to get him, ain't she, 's if he was an East Indiaman loaded to the water's edge? Talk about love! I should think a gal like her would have sense enough to look ahead and provide for herself accordin' to. All the Ryder girls, her father's sisters, married cap'ns, and I sh'd think she'd have some ambition. But I s'pose she 's lookin' for'ard to having means enough o' her own, when Joe 's done with it. I'd like to see who'll beat, though, her or Joe! They ain't neither one on 'em liable to change their minds. Susan 's a reg'lar chip o' the old block."

Captain Jabez was having an unusually pleasant morning. He could hear the voice of this friend easily, and Captain Peter Downs was a good-natured, sociable old fellow, who was willing to gossip with this deafest and dullest of his neighbors rather than not gossip at all. Captain Jabez had heard this long discourse with great satisfaction. He did not often find people willing to tell him secrets; but there was a good opportunity in that secluded spot, and voices could be raised to shouting pitch and subjects discussed without fear of outside listeners.

"I s'pose she 's got the right to suit herself; she 's the one that 's going to marry the fellow," said Captain Downs, in conclusion.

But this sentiment did not find favor with Captain Jabez, who prided himself on nothing more than his experience of life and his knowledge of human nature. "I don't agree with ye, so I don't," he remarked, looking at a great silver watch, and making ready to start for home. "Whoever a gal picks out, all her folks has to marry him as much as she does; and a gal ought to consider whether her folks wants to take a man in for better and worse as a relation.

You're a sight more beholden to relations by marriage than you be to your own folks."

"I do' know but what you're right," meekly observed Captain Downs, and the two old salts went stiffly away together in search of their dinners.

It happened that the story, in some mysterious way, found wings and flew about town that Captain Joe Ryder and Dan Lewis had had some hard words, and Susan's frame of mind was indescribable in consequence. Captain Jabez's wife, a person of great activity, met him at the door at noon with the news, and was very pleased to find that he had seen both Susan and her grandfather, and was wiser in the matter than she. He had often failed in his duty of bringing home the news since he had grown deplorably deaf. Mrs. Ryder treated him with unusual attention; she even delayed dinner a little, while she made a pudding sauce of which her partner for life was very fond, and which he usually had served him only when there was company. "I do' know but if you feel like it we'll go round to Joseph's to-night, after supper," she ventured, when dinner was nearly over, and the captain was unmistakably serene. "He 's all the cousin you 've got, and we ain't been there of an evening all through the summer. I've got some things I want to consult Melindy about, and like 's not they'll be glad to have us drop in if they ain't feelin' comfortable among themselves."

Captain Jabez was usually much averse to paying ceremonious visits. He was some years older than his wife, and he was generally unable to join in the conversation to any satisfactory extent: he liked to smoke his pipe and read the newspaper in peace at home. But he consented to this plan with unwonted willingness, though he felt that he must grumble at it a little at first. "I can't go to work a-rigging up just as I'm getting off to bed," he growled mildly.

But his wife took a good look at him, and said that she did n't know as there would be any need of his putting on a clean shirt; it was n't as if it was daytime. Besides, it was different, just dropping in to see your own folks; she should n't like to appear as if they made much of it.

So after Mrs. Ryder had stowed away the tea things, and had brought the captain his coat and helped him into it, they started out. It was very late in the summer, and the evenings were growing long; the fog was coming in thicker than ever from sea, and it was already dark. The captain, whose eyes were not much better than his ears, always refused to go forth after night-fall without his lantern. The old couple steered slowly down the uneven sidewalk toward their cousin's house. The captain walked with a solemn rolling gait, learned in his many long years at sea, and his wife, who was also short and stout, had caught the habit from him. If they kept step, all went well; but on this occasion, as sometimes happened, they did not take the first step out into the world together, so they swayed apart, and then bumped against each other, as they went along. To see the lantern through the heavy mist, you might have thought it the light of a small craft at sea in heavy weather.

"I'm most sorry we come out, it's such a bad night, and your rheumatism, too!" said Mrs. Ryder regretfully in the captain's best ear, which luckily happened to be next her. And the captain rejoined that anybody would think they must be put to it; but it was none o' his doing.

"I'll say to Joseph that I want to look over some papers that he keeps, and him and me's concerned in; that'll explain it, and they won't think we come a-spyin' round."

Mrs. Ryder's heart had begun to fail her; she would have turned toward home again just before this, if she could have mustered courage. She thought it was

very handsome of the captain, and said to herself that she would not forget it.

Miss Melinda Ryder and the old captain, her father, had passed a very dull day, and the evening had closed in with uncommon gloom. Susan had maintained a dignified silence at supper time, and had returned to her room afterward, and shut its door in such a manner that it was plain to see that she had not forgiven the sins of her family against her. For some reason or other the captain had failed to receive his evening paper, and he had nothing to do but look at the small, unwilling fire which his daughter had lighted in the Franklin stove in the dining-room, the evening being chilly. She had forgotten herself, and before she stopped to think had lighted the sticks that topped the careful structure made ready for the fire. They were nice-looking round sticks of white birch, and she regretted their loss very much. She was much attracted to them, beside; she had taken them off and laid them by a great many times. Everything seemed to be awry, and she and the captain both would not have grieved if they had been sure that Dan Lewis had taken himself off with the determination never to darken their doors again.

The knock at the door which they heard presently was most startling, and they could have confessed that they were afraid that the young man had come back and meant to "have it out," and decide his right to Susan. The guests, however, did not wait for an answer to their summons with the knocker, but opened the door at once, and were pleased with the look of delight and relief on the faces of their host and hostess.

"Step up and speak to Susan, will you?" said Captain Joe to his daughter. "Tell her who's here." Melinda obeyed, with much fear and trembling. Susan had forgotten to take a light upstairs with her. She was not at all sleepy, and she was very tired, to tell the truth, of sitting in the dark. Her

manner had a little loftiness, but she was very gracious, and the rest of the company took heart and were cheerful. Captain Jabez explained the object of his visit to his cousin, and the papers were at once brought out from a hiding-place in the old secretary in the dining-room, which stood in the stead of an office and counting-room to Captain Joe. He was ship's husband to a small craft in which the cousins were part owners. They talked for some time over the affairs of the *Adeline* in language intelligible only at times to the unenlightened listener, and in the mean time the three women chatted together softly, at the other side of the room.

Captain Jabez was in high spirits, and made himself most agreeable. He had always been called good company before his deafness had isolated him in the midst of society; in his young days he had been a good deal of a beau and gallant, and his wife was proud of him yet, and always said that nobody knew so well as he how to carry things off well. She refused, on this ground, to grant him permission to absent himself from her tea-parties or sewing-society suppers, which were the main features of the town festivities. He had grown very heavy and stupid of late,—at least, it seemed so to most of his neighbors,—but this evening call had awakened much of his ancient vivacity.

It was an awful moment to all the rest when he turned, with apparent innocence, to Susan, and said, "Cap'n Peter said you was inquiring about Dan Lewis and them that was out fishing?"

"Yes!" shouted Susan, with great bravery, her cheeks growing scarlet.

"I s'pose you've heard by this time that they've got in? I chanced to be down on Sand's wharf when they come ashore, and a more miser'ble-looking set o' drowned rats I never see; but they was fools to have put out in such weather, so they was, and I told 'em so. Dan'l, he said that they got outside and set their

trawls in the night; but there was an old sea a-running, and their trawls parted and caught, so they lost two thirds o' one on 'em. I don't see how they got in. They said they never see no such a fog as there is outside. They worked toward the shore somehow or 'nother, and after a while they heard the town bell ringing at one o'clock, and they steered by that. 'T was about four o'clock when they come in. Dan'l said if it had come on to blow, 't would 'a' been all day with 'em. He said he was a fool to go out. The airs seemed to be took out o' him a little for once."

"Glad of it," said Captain Joe, chuckling with delight, while the three women grew more and more uneasy. "Dan'l al'ays was all talk and no cider."

Susan looked very black. She had borne with Captain Jabez patiently; there was no knowing that he had heard the town gossip. But deaf people hear more things that are worth listening to than people with better ears; one likes to have something worth telling in talking to a person who misses most of the world's talk.

"I'm sorry you forget yourself so as to say such a thing as that," Susan said scornfully to her grandfather; and she spoke loud enough for Captain Jabez to hear. "I won't stand by and hear Dan abused. I may as well tell all of you now that I am going to marry him."

"There, there, Susan! Don't be hasty," whispered Miss Melinda Ryder appealingly. The girl looked for a minute as if she could hardly keep from crying. She had been very anxious about her lover, and she was glad enough to hear of his safety; but she said, after an awful pause of a few minutes, that she could n't see why everybody made such a touse about his going out fishing, any way. It had happened times enough before that men had gone out in the night and been caught by the fog.

"We won't talk no more about it now, Susan," commanded Captain Joe,

with an air of offended dignity, and Susan feared that she had gone too far. It was all very well to hold her own, and she had taken pride all day in her ability to make her grandfather uncomfortable; but it would not do to provoke him altogether, since he might leave his money in a way that she would regret. And he had always been very kind to her until now, when she had been calling him a tyrant, and had pleased herself with considering him her enemy.

The proverb with which Captain Joe had roused this battle about his ears had left a suggestion in his mind, and he rose from his chair, while the rest of the company were trying to collect the stray bits of conversation which were left in their shocked minds; and, taking the small hand-lamp from the secretary and a pitcher from the closet, he went down cellar, and drew some of the ale which the mention of talk and cider had made him remember.

"It's out of a little kag that Aleck Jones sent me for a present last week," he explained, as he came puffing up the stairs. "Git some glasses, will you, Melinda?"

Captain Jabez coughed gravely, and the ale proved very good, and all seemed fair weather again. Susan looked shyly up at her grandfather's face as he gave her a tumbler. She was not fond of ale, but she did not like to refuse this. She could not help noticing that the old man's hand shook, and that he looked hurt and tired. He took no notice of her, apparently; he had grown very old this last year, she thought, and she was sorry she had been so angry with him. But she would teach folks to let Dan Lewis and herself alone.

Captain Jabez and his wife set sail on their homeward voyage at an early hour. They expressed a fear that the fog might turn to rain, and the lantern went bobbing and swaying up the street. "What possessed you to get going about Dan Lewis?" asked Mrs. Jabez reproach-

fully. "You spoilt everything, and we was having such a pleasant talk, all of us."

"I wanted to stir her up," answered the captain composedly. "I never did like that girl over well. I don't think she's got no sort o' gratitude, after all that's been done for her. She got a piece o' my mind about that fellow's going on, so she did."

"It don't do no good," said his wife, "and you've got no more sense than a boy. Why didn't you tell me they'd got in?" To which the captain made no answer, taking refuge in his deafness, though he could always hear what his wife said, being so well used to her voice.

Captain Joe Ryder came back to the dining-room, after bolting and locking the fore-door behind his visitors. "I guess I'll make for bed," he said. "And, Susan, I've got one thing I want to say to you: I've treated you as well as I knew how, and I've done for your good ever since you was left a baby; and if I don't want you to fling yourself away on a worthless fellow that can't call a dollar his own, I don't know as I'm to blame for it. And I think you've let yourself down, speaking so smart to me afore folks; it hurt my feelin's."

Susan began to cry. "I'm sure you're always hurtin' mine," said she. "I can't help it if I do like him; and there's lots of fellows that start without any means, and get rich soon enough."

The captain turned back as he heard this. "He don't come of a good stock, and I should rather he showed me five thousand dollars in his hand than have him promise he was going to make it. I and my father before me lived single till we owned that much money, and if you'd seen as much of this world as I have you'd think we done right. You wait till you're as old as I be, and you'll look at most things different from what you do now. I always have calculated on seeing you well married and settled afore I'm laid away, and I hope

to yet; but there's no sense in marrying a fellow just because he's good-lookin' and has a smart way with him," and the captain shut his bedroom door behind him, and said no more.

Susan considered herself to be in a position of great misery, and she sat by the window and cried as long as she could, after she went up-stairs. She pitied herself very much, and yet she had a great respect for herself as the heroine of an unhappy love affair.

But in the morning affairs wore a different aspect. Dan Lewis came in soon after breakfast, looking excited and pleased, and as if he had something to say that would make him welcome. Captain Joe spoke to him civilly, and the women bade him good-morning, and looked at him curiously, for they were sure he had important news.

"I came to tell you that I got a letter from my uncle last night, sir," he told the captain, "and he says that the Daylight is going to sail as quick as they can fit her out, and he wants me aboard right away. I'm going on to New York this afternoon."

"Oh, Dan!" cried Susan, with real distress. "Can't you put it off until tomorrow?" But Dan went on talking to the captain.

"My uncle says she's going to Liverpool in ballast, but the owners are sure of getting a freight there for the East Indies. They're going to send her along, anyhow, for there's nothing doing in freights in New York, and"—

"Right they are, too," interrupted the captain. "I was reading the other day how freights were looking up on the other side, and they was short of ships, for a wonder. It was betwixt hay and grass with 'em, and bad head-winds had delayed a good many vessels bound for English ports. And you'll have a quick run across; it's a first-rate time o' year. Well, I wish you a good v'y'ge, my boy, and a safe return," said the captain, heartily, feeling the kinship of sailor

with sailor, and forgetting his dislike for the man himself.

Dan took courage from the captain's cordiality, and with a glance at Susan, who stood listening, with her eyes full of tears, he said, "If I do well, I hope you've no objections to my asking Susan"—

The old man's face looked black for a minute, but he quickly recovered himself. "Not if you do well, I haven't, Dan; but a second mate's berth ain't much of a business in the state navigation's in now. But if you show you mean to do well, and I hear a good report of you, I sha'n't have anything to say against it, if so be that you keep of the same mind, both of you. You've got just as good a chance as the next one, if you're willing to put right to; and there's money to be earnt yet followin' the sea, bad as times is. You young folks thinks that love's the main p'int, and I don't say but what it is; but there's a good deal more chance for it to hold out when there's means to make things comfortable. And you ought to want Susan to have a good home full as much as I do."

"I do set everything by her," said the young sailor; but he looked humbled at this announcement of what would be expected of him as to material comforts.

"I've only got one thing more to say to you," the captain added. "If I do hear good accounts of you, and have reason to think you've done well, I'll help you out any way I can. I know you have n't got any folks of your own to look to. It ain't as if your uncle had n't met with bad luck of late years."

"He's doing very well this past year," said Dan, with as much pride as he dared show; "and he says he means to push me ahead as fast as he can."

"Better look to yourself for that," said Captain Joe gravely. "Talk's cheap;" and, Miss Melinda having been called to the door by some one who had

come on an errand, he went out to the garden, which lay behind the house, and left the lovers to themselves. Susan cried, but the mate of the Daylight was not moved to grief; he consoled her as best he could, and with great kindness, and showed her that he carried her picture in his waistcoat pocket, and told her that he should kiss it every day. And then he kissed her several times, and promised to write and to think of her; and altogether they were very sad and affectionate, being much in love, and feeling that they were hardly used by fortune, since, if Captain Joe had ever said the word, they would have been married, and Dan would have willingly taken up his residence in the home of Susan's childhood. He meant to settle down into the business and idleness of fishing and coasting, and of doing great things with Captain Joe's savings by and by, when he had the opportunity. And he certainly was the handsomest young man in town. Susan watched him proudly through her tears, as he hurried away at last. His mind was full of going down the street to tell his acquaintances of his prospects and his long voyage; and afterward he must go home to toss his belongings into his sea-chest, and say good-by to his mother. She was old and in ill-health, and she thought struck him sharply that he might not find her there to welcome him when the voyage was over and he came home again.

By noon of that day he had gone. The people of the town were used to their neighbors going away to sea, and so Dan's departure did not make a great excitement. The subject of his relations with the Ryder family was discussed for a while, but it was decided that he was not engaged to Susan, and that affairs were left in the state they had been in for some time before.

It was many months afterward, in the middle of a September afternoon. Miss

Melinda Ryder had taken a solitary walk to the old burying-ground on the hill. As we have heard, all her sisters had married captains, and Melinda herself had been promised to a young man, who was unfortunately drowned on his first voyage as master. She had never replaced him in her affection; her love and loyalty grew stronger and stronger instead of fading away. She had been expecting to marry him in a few weeks, when his homeward voyage should have ended, and on high days and holidays ever since she had looked sadly through the old sea-chest of her father's, that held many of the treasures that her lover had given her, and what was left of her now quaint and old-fashioned wedding outfit. And once in a while, through the pleasant weather, she went to the burying-ground, where a stone had been raised in the family lot to his memory, and felt herself at such times, and in fact, at many others, to be a widow indeed. It always seemed to her as if that were his grave; at any rate, she felt a greater nearness to him in that spot than in any other. His family, with great consideration, had asked her advice in the choice of the head-stone, and though she liked marble best, she had chosen a tall, broad slab of slate, on which was cut the familiar figure of a mourner beneath a willow-tree. She identified this figure with herself always, and it was a matter of great sorrow to her that it would be out of the question for her to be buried at the side of this untenanted grave. She would have been glad if she could have been sure that she would be buried there, but she never dared to express such a wish; it would sound very strange, she thought, and yet it seemed to her to be her proper resting-place.

On this day it was very pleasant in the burying-ground. The wind was blowing in from the sea, and the tall, uncared-for grass waved this way and that; and she read the name of one old ac-

quaintance after another, as she went along a crooked path that wound among the graves. Miss Ryder was already an old woman, and she was tired with her walk, and was glad to stop to rest, as she read for the thousandth time the name of Captain Joseph Sewall: Lost at Sea. There was no one in sight, and she gently stroked the slate headstone with her hand, and picked off a gray lichen that had fastened its tenacious roots into the crevice of one of the letters, while the face of her sailor lover came clearly to her mind. She did not know why, but she felt very lonely that day. She and Susan had never been very dear to each other; it was an affection bred of attachment and kinship and long association, rather than an instinctive drawing together of their natures, and she knew that Susan's home was not likely to be hers, and that in all probability her father could not live many years longer; at his death she would be left alone. Her married sisters were all dead, and Susan's father, her only brother, had died many years before. "It's the common lot of all," she told herself, "and I ought to be thankful that it is likely father will leave me very comfortable."

Susan had been anxious of late about her lover. The letters had not come often at best, for the mate of the Daylight did not hold the pen of a ready writer, and the long voyages from port to port had caused long silences that were nobody's fault. The last report from the ship had been that the next move was undecided; she might sail for the East Indies again before coming back to the States. There had been heavy gales at sea, and Miss Melinda had felt great sympathy for her niece when she asked the old captain so eagerly every day if there was any letter, and was disappointed by his answer.

She never had pitied the girl so much as she did when the thought came to her that the ship might be lost and that

Susan would have to bear a sorrow like her own.

And Miss Ryder seated herself on the grass, and sat looking off to sea. How many times she had sat there, and how dark the world used to seem to her when she came there first to show respect for her lover and her tenderness for his memory! Yet the years had worn away one by one, and this faithful soul had in later days wondered as much about the meeting, at some not far distant time, as she had dwelt in thought over the sad farewell of many years before.

Miss Ryder made a call or two on her way home, and it was almost tea-time when she reached the house, and heard an unusual noise of voices as she hurried in. What a surprise it was to see young Lewis, grown older and broad-shouldered, with his face browned and reddened by the sea winds! Susan was beaming with happiness, and Captain Joe looked very pleased and interested, and was listening to a long story of the voyage. Miss Ryder had not prepared her mind for being kissed, but kissed she was, and her father laughed and rubbed his hands together; she thought he looked older than ever as he sat by the side of this bronzed, eager young man.

"Why, when did you get in?" she asked the sailor. And he told his story again, that the ship had reached New York only a few days before, and he wished to come home to surprise them, and so had sent no letter.

"He is going back early in the morning," said the captain. "He tells us he has been made master of the ship;" and if young Lewis had been the old man's only son he could not have looked happier or prouder; while Susan tossed her head a little, as if she were not surprised, and had always been sure of this triumph from the beginning.

It proved that the captain of the Daylight had been washed overboard in a gale the third day out, and the first mate

had been ill during the homeward voyage, and had been forced to give up his position altogether. So Susan's lover had brought the ship across, and had handled her well, too. He had taken the first mate's duties for several weeks before they had reached Bristol, and had won great respect for his knowledge of seamanship: this and his relationship to one of the owners had secured him the position of captain. More than this, he had carried away some money which his mother had given him from her little hoard, and he had traded with it, and brought her home more than three hundred dollars, while he had something of his own beside his pay, in his pocket. The elder captain was ready to hear of his future projects, and a more cheerful company never sat down to drink tea together.

The first Sunday he could be at home, he and Susan walked up the broad aisle of the church side by side to Captain Ryder's pew, and she wore triumphantly a wide red India scarf folded about

her shoulders. And on week days she was proud to show the young women of her acquaintance other timely gifts from her handsome and promising lover. So the mate of the *Daylight* returned to his unbelieving friends a shipmaster, and when he sailed on his next voyage, having gained the owners' permission to carry her, he had his wife for company.

But old Captain Jabez, who had been made to hear all these things with difficulty, on account of his increasing deafness, grumbled out one day, as he sat on one of the wharves in the sunshine, like an old fly who had just crawled out of a crack in the spring, "It's the next v'y'ge that 'll show what stuff he's made of. You might say this was his luck, but the next 'll have to be his earning. There's plenty of able shipmasters, lying idle, I should think they'd ha' took afore they did him. But I wish Dan well, so I do. I'm one that likes to see young folks prosper and have their day. I've had mine!"

Sarah Orne Jewett.

CONCORD.

MAY 31, 1882.

"FARTHER horizons every year."

O tossing pines, which surge and wave
Above the poet's just made grave,
And waken for his sleeping ear
The music that he loved to hear,
Through summer's sun and winter's chill,
With purpose staunch and dauntless will,
Sped by a noble discontent
You climb toward the blue firmament:
Climb as the winds climb, mounting high
The viewless ladders of the sky;
Spurning our lower atmosphere,
Heavy with sighs and dense with night,
And urging upward, year by year,
To ampler air, diviner light.

"Farther horizons every year."

Beneath you pass the tribes of men ;
Your gracious boughs o'ershadow them.
You hear, but do not seem to heed,
Their jarring speech, their faulty creed.
Your roots are firmly set in soil
Won from their humming paths of toil ;
Content their lives to watch and share,
To serve them, shelter, and upbear,
Yet bent to win an upward way
And larger gift of heaven than they,
Benignant view and attitude,
Close knowledge of celestial sign ;
Still working for all earthly good,
While pressing on to the Divine.

"Farther horizons every year."

So he, by reverent hands just laid
Beneath your layers of wavering shade,
Climbed as you climb the upward way,
Knowing not boundary or stay.
His eyes surcharged with heavenly lights,
His senses steeped in heavenly sights,
His soul attuned to heavenly keys,
How should he pause for rest or ease,
Or turn his wingéd feet again
To share the common feasts of men ?
He blessed them with his word and smile,
But still, above their fickle moods,
Wooing, constraining him, the while
Beckoned the shining altitudes.

"Farther horizons every year."

To what immeasurable height,
What clear irradiance of light,
What far and all-transcendent goal,
Hast thou now risen, O steadfast soul !
We may not follow with our eyes
To where thy further pathway lies ;
Nor guess what vision, vast and free,
God keeps in store for souls like thee.
But still the sentry pines, which wave
Their boughs above thy honored grave,
Shall be thy emblems brave and fit,
Firm rooted in the stalwart sod ;
Blessing the earth, while spurning it,
Content with nothing short of God.

Susan Coolidge.

SHALL MEMBERS OF THE CABINET SIT IN CONGRESS?

OUR President and cabinet, if not the only are at least the most conspicuous example, in the history of representative government, of an executive which is unable, either personally or by means of an official representative, to explain the wants of its different departments in the legislative branch of the government. The general of the Achaian League was commonly the leader of the Federal Assembly, the Spartan kings addressed the body of Spartan citizens, the Roman consuls led both the Senate and the Popular Assembly, and the Duke of Venice could speak in the Great Council. The members of the Swiss Federal Council can speak in either of the Swiss legislative bodies, though they have no vote therein; and the members of the Confederate cabinet exercised nearly the same privileges with success. In England, France, Germany, Austria, Italy, members of the ministry sit in one or the other of the two legislative bodies.

The disadvantages of the unique lack of direct connection between the executive and legislative branches of the government of the United States were not so apparent in the early days of our constitution; but as the extent and duties of the government increase, those disadvantages become proportionally conspicuous. Prominent among them is the fact that Congress legislates on insufficient information. So complex and extended have the huge machines of the national executive departments become, that they are unknown worlds to members of Congress. So conflicting and inefficient is the mass of congressional legislation concerning the executive branch of the government, that the heads of departments have acquired such extended power in the construction and execution of laws that in executing those laws they can often defeat their spirit.

If a member of the cabinet desires that a certain bill shall be passed, for the best working of his department, he is seldom able to accomplish his purpose. Annual reports and special messages to Congress receive only little attention, and members of the cabinet are forced either to allow their departments to go to the bad, or so to execute the existing laws as to obtain the practical result of laws which they desire. Almost necessarily, therefore, the executive branch has increased its prerogatives, and has encroached upon the domain of the legislative, until it has become by far the most important part of our national government.

Moreover, we have no convenient method by which members of Congress can call heads of departments to account for corruption, delinquency, or abuses in their offices. A committee to investigate the conduct of a cabinet officer is appointed only for grave offenses; all but the most flagrant abuses are passed over, and Congress comes to look upon the faults of the executive with the same indifference with which the latter looks on the incompetency of the former. Each throws all blame upon the other; each, on account of the impossibility of improving the other, becomes careless and reckless; the country runs into evil, and the people, unable to fix the responsibility for general mismanagement, look on our national legislation with indifference and even disgust.

In a well-regulated government the executive and legislative branches should have the same general and specific aims, and should be actuated by the same spirit and enthusiasm; otherwise the faithful execution of the laws is impossible. Harmony between Congress and the national executive is thus essential to the best working of our government,

and at present such harmony is too often the effect of accident.

The disadvantages and dangers of the present system are yearly increasing. The recent improvements in the means of communication have enabled all species of organizations to exist on a grander scale than formerly. As a result, the executive departments of the government have become wonderfully extended and complicated; they are rapidly coming more into the control of experts, and their management is growing more mysterious to Congress and the people. Affairs in this age are conducted with such a rush that members of Congress, who are usually active men of business, burdened with a multitude of duties, are unable, from lack of time, to look deeply into the complex executive management of the government. Moreover, as the national executive officers perceive the incompetency of Congress and of the people to deal with the expert business of their departments, they naturally act independently, beyond the scope of their authority, and often arrogantly. So great is the power of the executive, and so concealed is it from the public view, that the temptations are strong to extend it to unauthorized and dangerous limits. Every decade renders it more necessary for Congress to have the constant advice of experts on matters of legislation, and to assume, if possible, a firmer and more intimate control over our executive management.

A remedy for some of these evils might be given if members of the cabinet sat in Congress. That assembly would then have in its midst the best authority on all executive matters; heads of departments could explain the wants of their departments, and could use their personal efforts to have those wants satisfied; greater harmony would exist between the executive and legislative branches; responsibility would be more definite; and the members of Congress would have opportunity, during session,

daily to question secretaries in regard to their departments. If laws were not executed in the spirit in which they were passed; if any mismanagement, abuse, or evil existed in any executive department, the injured party could report to some member of Congress, who would demand an explanation of the proper secretary, and expose the wrong to Congress and to the country. At present, members of the cabinet are called to account on questions of minor importance by letter or by private conversation; and the complaining member of Congress wins no public notice, and loses the good-will of the executive officer, who has come to consider such action by a member an impertinent interference.

The advantages of the method suggested are displayed at present in the English Parliament. Each member of the ministry is obliged to answer, on the floor of his House, any and all questions concerning the working of his department. He is surrounded by as many watchers as there are citizens; he must guard his every act; every abuse which is brought to his notice must be immediately remedied; and, as a consequence, the English executive is a model of effectiveness and official purity.

In accordance with the policy which has been here proposed, one of three changes is possible. Our constitution might be so amended that secretaries, though appointed as at present, could debate and vote in Congress. This is the most extreme method; it would give extraordinary powers to the President, and might be dangerous and unacceptable to the people. The second method is so to amend the constitution that the restriction by which members of Congress are prohibited from holding any executive office should not apply to cabinet positions. This would enable the President to choose his cabinet from members of Congress. This is the English system, and is the most feasible plan,

if the cabinet in time is to be made responsible to Congress. The third method is more moderate still, and would permit members of the cabinet to sit in Congress for the purpose of answering any questions, to explain the needs of their departments, and to discuss all questions which appertained directly to their special portfolios; but they would have no vote. They could have regular hours for attendance in Congress, and would thus be taken from their routine duties only a few hours daily during the legislative session. If any innovation is to be made, the last plan seems most desirable as a beginning; it will permit the trial of the experiment without taking any serious step. This change had the approval of President Garfield, whose long experience in the House of Representatives made him an authority on this question; and it could be made also without altering the constitution, as the members of the cabinet would not be members of Congress.

The third change is mainly valuable as introductory to the second. Members of the cabinet must be responsible to some power, and it is far better that that power should be a numerous body, like Congress, than one man, like the President. The theory that power in government should be bestowed on two or more branches, and that each should have a check on the other, produces a block system, destroys the force of the government itself, prevents incisiveness and prompt action, tends to diminish and conceal individual responsibility in the members of the government, and thus aggravates natural recklessness. A cabinet answerable to Congress would doubtless weaken the power of the President, and in the present state of aggrandizement of the power of our executive such a change should most assuredly be desired.

It is useful, in this connection, to read some appropriate remarks on the American constitution, by the most profound

living scholar on the subject of constitutional government:¹ "In America, if the President and Congress do not agree, neither party has any means of getting rid of the other. The President cannot dissolve Congress, and he is in no way called on to resign his own office. Thus it is quite possible that the executive and legislative branches may be in a state of discord for years. On the other hand, a President of whom Congress thoroughly approves may come to the end of his term of office when nothing calls for any change of men or of measures, and, though he may be reelected, yet his continuance in office is at least jeopardied, and the country is obliged to go through the excitement and turmoil of a presidential election. . . . In truth, the evil is one inherent in the form of government; it may, by judicious provisions, be made less baneful, but it cannot be got rid of altogether. It is the weak point of presidential government,—a weak point to be fairly balanced against its strong points, and against the weak points of other systems. . . . This weak point, however, would not have been so obvious, nor would it have needed to be so much dwelled upon as it has been, if it had not been aggravated, rather than diminished, by certain provisions in the American constitution. If the President were elected by Congress, or by some body chosen by or out of Congress, if his ministers were allowed to be members of Congress, or to appear or speak in Congress, the evils of the system would be greatly diminished, while the essential principles of presidential government would remain untouched."

It is claimed by those who favor the system at present in vogue that the legislative and executive departments should be kept entirely distinct for their best working, and that, by the change which I have proposed, the powers of

¹ Freeman's *Historical Essay on Presidential Government*, page 391.

members in each department would be too widely diffused to remain effective. But at present the legislature in our national government acts without that requisite information which can be best given by the heads of departments, and there is little danger that Congress would immerse itself too deeply in the control of the executive, in these days of our complicated forms of government. Congress has already more than it can do to inform itself correctly in regard to immediate legislation. Nor would the executive department be neglected. Many of the functions which are now performed by members of the cabinet would, under the proposed change, be managed by their assistants; and assistants can easily be found who are as able in executive management as their superior officers. There is no accusation that in England Parliament interferes too much with the executive management, or that the executive department is weak on account of the time which cabinet ministers are obliged to devote to attendance in Parliament.

It is also argued that the present block system is a safeguard against the aggrandizement of the legislative over the executive branch of the national government. The fear of such legislative encroachment was the principal cause of this block system in our government. The age in which the federal constitution was adopted was characterized in Europe by an extraordinary increase in the prerogatives of legislatures, and by the turbulence and excesses of the masses. Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist*, No. 49, "We have seen that the tendency of republican governments is to an aggrandizement of the legislative at the expense of the other departments." Madison wrote in the *Federalist*, No. 48, "The legislative department is everywhere extending the sphere of its activity, and drawing all power into its tempestuous vortex." Jefferson also wrote, in the *Notes on the State of Vir-*

ginia, "The executive power in our government is not the only, perhaps not even the principal, object of my solicitude. The tyranny of the legislature is really the danger most to be feared, and will continue so for many years to come. The tyranny of the executive power will come in its turn, but at a more distant period." Since the days of Hamilton affairs have reversed, on account of the intricate complications and wide extent of our executive departments. At present it is the executive power which is stronger, and which is everywhere extending its prerogatives to an extraordinary degree. A century ago it might have appeared that the executive department needed to be independent of the legislative, in order to defend its prerogatives. But now there is no such reason for the lack of close connection between the two departments, and unless our legislature shall acquire a more intimate connection with the executive it will gradually cease to be a potent force in our government. The principal argument by which Hamilton and Jefferson supported this independence of the executive and the legislature can now be used in favor of a closer connection between them. It is singular that neither Hamilton, Madison, nor Jefferson discerned the growth of the modern cabinet. During the last hundred years that growth has been the most remarkable feature in political history. Other nations have modified their forms of government in accordance with the changes of the times; but the government of the United States, in this respect, has remained stationary. Our executive has increased its powers, necessarily, through the aggrandizement and increased complexity of its departments; but it has shared none of its powers with Congress, and its relation to that body now is nearly the same as that in which the king of England stood to Parliament a century ago. George the Third had far greater prerogatives than Washing-

ton, but to-day the power of the Queen of England is trifling in comparison with that of our President.

It is argued, on the other side that the cabinet will possess dangerous power whenever its members shall be congressmen. But they will be responsible to Congress; their power will be that of persuasion, and four hundred men will not be controlled by the votes of a dozen.

Lastly, it is objected that a system which makes the cabinet responsible to Congress will diminish the checks upon the passions and feelings of the masses. Hamilton wrote in the *Federalist*, No. 51, "A dependence on the people is no doubt the primary control in government, but experience has taught mankind the necessity of auxiliary precautions." Madison, in the *Federalist*, No. 48, writes, "It is the reason of the public alone that ought to control and regulate the government. The passions ought to be controlled and regulated by government." But how can we know what is the reason and what the passion of the people? Hamilton and Madison never perceived that the people are improved in politics by their own experience and blunders. Had these statesmen lived a century later they might have seen that order and security of

property are not the only *desiderata* in government, but that of far more importance is the attainment by the people of that prudence and foresight which is acquired only by individual political experience. It matters not so much whether this or that policy is of momentary advantage as that such a polity of government may exist by which the responsibility of all political action will be cast on the largest number. By this means alone can a people be made able and prudent; and it is better for them to obtain wisdom and prudence by grievous errors than to be children under the strict tutelage of their rulers. As Congress feels the pulse of the people more fully than can the President, it is true that every increase of the powers of the national legislature at the expense of the executive will give freer vent to the passions of the masses. But there is little danger that the people will rush to ruin by legislation. The fear of the masses has ever been a fond bugbear to constitutional students. The ruin of a country by legislation under popular suffrage is the product of long and slow experiment, and there is little reason to believe that the people of this country, if left to themselves, will rush to blind and experimental suicide.

Willard Brown.

STUDIES IN THE SOUTH.

V.

ONE thing that I learned during my Southern journey was the fact that everywhere in the South I could talk freely with people of all classes and of both races, upon every possible subject, without producing any manifestation of irritation, hostility, or distrust. Everybody appeared to speak frankly and without concealment, and, so far as I

could judge, to express his real opinions and feelings in conversing with me regarding Southern interests and affairs. I also heard much talk of such subjects between Southern men when they were not aware that I was an interested listener, or that a Northern man was present. I traveled much of the time without finding it necessary to use my letters of introduction, or to acquaint any person with the objects of my journey.

Very few men in the South learned that I was a writer, or "correspondent for the press." It may be that some persons would have been less frank if they had known what use would be made of the information which they so freely and courteously aided me to obtain; but I dealt fairly with every one, and incurred no obligation of secrecy; but, of course, I do not use names, nor in any way designate individuals. I think I really heard what Southern men were in the habit of saying among themselves and to each other. I traveled and lived among the people of the middle and poorer classes in the roughest ways, and as if I were one of their number, which usually appeared to prevent or overcome any feeling of restraint or distrust on their part. I had plenty of reasons for my journey, but it was not often necessary to account for it at all.

FACE TO FACE.

The Southern people, of all classes, are generally so social, so fond of conversation, that I rarely had any need of special effort, or means of introduction, to enable me to obtain access to any one whom I wished to see. Commonly the mere declaration that I was a stranger, desiring to learn about the industries and resources of the country, was all that was required. Most of the gentlemen upon whom I thus called appeared to regard my having sought information from them as a highly respectful compliment, and they always received me with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Having thus effected a meeting, and in the first few moments of it established pleasant relations, I could talk of everything, and could learn all that I wished to know of the opinions, feelings, and character of the man who was talking to me. When I first reached a place I was often taken for a man who wished to buy land, and some most extraordinary bargains were offered to me. At times it was difficult to avoid a feeling of obligation

for the munificent kindness which afforded to a stranger such opportunities for the rapid acquisition of wealth. On other occasions I was supposed to be "looking for a place" as a laborer, or for land to farm on shares, or to be in quest of cotton or cattle, and I did not usually at once correct such errors. The method which I often followed was to talk as little as possible myself until I had obtained from Southern men the fullest expression of their views and ideas, and then to mention the fact that I had been in the South during the war as a Union soldier; that at that time I was an enthusiastic young abolitionist, and entered the army chiefly because I believed the war would destroy slavery. I did this in order to learn whether such an announcement would produce any change of feeling or utterance, but I was never able to observe any diminution of interest or frankness on the part of my Southern acquaintances.

TALK ABOUT THE WAR.

At other times, when entering the circle of men around the stove in a hotel, I began by saying, in answer to the question whether that was my first visit to the town, that I had never been there, but had explored other portions of the South with the soldiers of such or such a Union commander. Usually this only led to a general telling of war stories. Nobody would say anything against the North. A few things were everywhere endlessly repeated: "This country will never do nothin' till we have some Northern men and Northern capital. There would n't be any trouble between the North and the South if it was n't for the politicians and a few editors on both sides. Politics won't do us any good; the South needs more money and more enterprise." These are the expressions which I heard oftenest among the common people, and from nearly everybody, indeed, in answer to the usual Southern inquiry, among the masses, "Well, how

are ye makin' it in this part of the country?" Whenever I spoke of being a Northern man, and of having been in the Union army, all classes of persons appeared to feel a new interest in me in a social way. The common people never tired of stories of the struggle, and they were entirely indifferent as to which side was concerned; they cared only for the stories. So they always asked me where I was during the war, and what I saw in the way of adventures, either tragical or amusing. I thought it an encouraging sign of progress that the Southern people had everywhere reached this story-telling stage in their change of feeling regarding the conflict and the memory of its antagonisms. It was common in these conversations for the Southern soldiers present to mention instances of brave or chivalrous action on the part of Union soldiers and officers, which had come under their observation, or were well known to the Southern people generally. They seemed to take pleasure in recalling whatever was honorable and generous in the conduct and character of the Northern men whom they had met on the battle-field.

"GO EVERYWHERE."

Whenever I expressed my desire to see the South and the people, the answer, accompanied by an eager earnestness of manner, was, "That's right. That's just what we want. If the Northern people would only come down here and see for themselves, there would be no more trouble." When I would add that I wished to see the negroes also, and to talk with them about political affairs, so as to obtain some real acquaintance with their feelings and ideas, the answer was always, "Go everywhere. Talk with everybody. Talk with the negroes. Get everything out of them you can; and then tell the people at home what you hear." Leading Southern men and democrats appeared to feel sincerely desirous that I should see the

negroes and the poor white people under such conditions as would be most favorable to my purpose of studying directly and carefully their life and thought. They often said, "You ought to take us all as *unexpectedly* as possible. Better look at cattle or at cotton, or travel as a business man, or go to a house late in the evening, and ask to be allowed to stay all night. Then you can set people to talking." There was evidently no reluctance or sensitiveness anywhere in regard to my conversing with the negroes. Nobody appeared to have a thought of the possibility of anything incendiary or explosive in this direction. I was always urged to see them, and was advised to use all possible means to obtain from them a full and free utterance of all their ideas, sentiments, and desires. I did talk much with them, in all the principal regions in which they are most numerous, going among them in different characters at different times; and I conversed with hundreds of colored men in the great "black districts" without any white man knowing anything about it, or giving the matter the slightest attention.

POPULAR FEELING.

Another feature in the condition of the South, which appeared to be almost universal, and which made a decided impression upon my mind, was the apathy or indifference regarding politics which prevailed among people of all classes (except the office-holders and a very few others) and of both races. In Virginia there was of course much interest in politics, as the struggle of the "readjusters" for the control of the State was then in progress. I talked much with prominent men of all parties there at that time, and soon learned, as did all impartial observers of the contest, that there was no honest reason for the State's refusing to pay her debts in full, as she could without difficulty satisfy all her creditors; and that the claim that she was unable to do so was merely a

pretense on the part of selfish and unscrupulous politicians, who wished to obtain power in the State for the sake of the offices and the control of the "patronage" or "spoils." There was no oppression of the negroes at that time in Virginia, nor any interference with their exercise of the right of suffrage; and, while there were good reasons for the existence and activity of the republican party in the State, there was nothing of great importance to the nation involved in the contest of that party with the democrats or "Bourbons." To a person not a partisan it was plain that no great calamity to the State, or to the country, would have been likely to result from the success of either of these two parties. But of course Northern republicans should, properly or as a matter of consistency, have sympathized with such men as General Williams C. Wickham, and have given them all proper aid and "moral support." There was no reason for sympathy, on the part of good men in the Northern States, with the "read-juster" movement, and no ground for any expectation of benefits to the colored people to result from its success.

THE TALK OF CROWDS.

In all other parts of the South I found that the most intelligent and public-spirited citizens were not greatly interested in politics. They were hopeful regarding the administration of President Garfield, and almost universally expressed the conviction that the true course for the Southern people would be to let national politics alone in great measure, and to give all their strength to work, education, the development of Southern resources, and the improvement of the condition of the laboring classes. I heard such ideas and feelings expressed everywhere in a very earnest and decided manner, especially by the men who are known as Bourbons, and Southern men of the better classes

appeared very generally to share these sentiments. I saw many young men, from twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age, who had never voted, and they were among the best and most intelligent of the young men whom I met in the South. Outside of the State of Virginia there appeared to be but slight interest in politics, except on the part of politicians and office-seekers. The people commonly talked but little on political topics, and did not seem interested in hearing about public affairs from politicians of any party or class. Conversation was devoted to cotton raising and picking, horse-trading, and "experience in sheep;" to fights, personal adventures, apparitions, mysterious or supernatural occurrences, — everything else rather than politics. Of course the approach of an election in any of the States which I visited would have the effect of arousing the people in some measure from this apathy, and from their absorption in business and social interests; but I was impressed by the fact that throughout the South the people of all classes evidently felt much more interest in other affairs than in politics, and that this comparative indifference had, as was plain, existed for some time, — long enough, indeed, to become habitual. While everybody talked freely of the "troubled times" after the war, I could not find anywhere indications of existing or recent irritation or antagonism between the white people and the negroes. The colored people had no appearance of being "cowed" or terrorized, and to a person expecting to find evidences of excited struggle or bitter antagonisms, of recent outrages or impending collisions, the whole country, when I saw it, would have seemed not only very quiet, but extremely dull.

POLITICAL ABUSES.

But I shall now describe particularly "the political condition of the South" as I saw it last year. I did not visit

that portion of our country in the interest of any party, or of any theory of things. The journey was undertaken with the sole purpose of seeing as much as possible of the Southern people, of all classes and both races, and of reporting with colorless accuracy whatever I might observe, as it appeared to me; and with the conviction that a just and truthful account of the condition of the South would be far more important and useful than any partisan presentation could be.

I have not seen an election in the South,—though I should like to be an observer on such an occasion in some regions which I visited,—and I can therefore only report what I heard, from men of all classes and opinions, regarding the methods of action which are pursued during “political campaigns” and in the management of elections.

THE NEGROES KEPT FROM THE POLLS.

In Mississippi, in Southern Alabama, and in Louisiana the negroes are not permitted to vote without illegal interference; or, if they are allowed to vote, their vote is not fully registered and returned. They are hindered from voting; and in making records and returns their vote is to a considerable and effectual extent neutralized or excluded. I do not say that this is done everywhere, or at every election, in the States I have just named, but it has been done widely, frequently, and recently. I conclude that the negro vote is thus restricted or interfered with in those regions, because the leading citizens there, democrats, themselves told me that it was done,—that they themselves did and managed the work; and they have again and again, in conversation with me, described the methods by which it was accomplished.

CHALLENGING A NEGRO VOTER.

In Southern Alabama, prominent leaders in democratic politics said that

in the “black districts” it was common to have, at each place of holding elections, two ballot-boxes, one for white voters, and the other for the negroes. The approach to each ballot-box is by a long, narrow passage or “gangway,” inclosed by a railing on each side. If the blacks are present, and likely to vote in such numbers as to “threaten the overthrow of society,” or give cause of alarm to the leading white citizens, the offered vote of some ignorant negro is challenged. The gangway is filled behind him by a long line of negroes, pressing forward in single file, and impatient to vote. The negro selected to be challenged is always one who lives in a distant part of the township or district. Somebody is dispatched to summon witnesses from his neighborhood, or some other cause of delay is discovered. Everything is conducted with judicial quietness, dignity, and deliberateness. Of course the other negroes cannot vote until this case is decided. It comes to an end by and by, and the conclusion which is at last reached is, usually, that the challenged negro has the right to vote, and his ballot is accepted. It is not according to the plan of action to refuse the right or opportunity of voting to any individual negro. That would irritate the men of his race, and would cause “the guardians of society” to appear at a disadvantage. The challenged negro’s vote is taken, and the voting goes on quietly and peaceably, until it is necessary to repeat the performance described above. When the hour for the closing of the polls arrives there has not been sufficient time for the full negro republican vote to be polled, and the counting of the ballot shows that there is an adequate democratic majority, and that the intelligence of the country has again been successful in the effort to prevent the overthrow of society by ignorance and incapacity.

“But,” I often inquired, “what if

the negroes should become tired of this enforced waiting, and, understanding its purpose, should push forward, and demand that their votes shall be received?"

"Then," answered my informants, significantly, "there is a collision. The negroes are the attacking party, and of course they will be worsted."

FALSE ELECTION RETURNS.

In some parts of Mississippi the methods employed to prevent the overthrow of society were described by the principal actors, in talking to me, as being similar, in essential features, to those used in Alabama, though the particular arrangements by which the object is accomplished are varied to suit the circumstances. Sometimes the negroes are permitted to vote without hindrance or restriction of any kind, and society is saved by judicious elimination and substitution in making up the returns of the election. This is the method now most commonly followed in Louisiana, or in important portions of that State, as I was informed by prominent citizens and business men, democrats.

All other classes of citizens say that these accounts are true; that these are the methods which have been for some time employed for suppressing or neutralizing the negro republican vote. All agree, too, that for some years past there has been a very general desire on the part of democratic managers and citizens, nearly everywhere in the South, to avoid collisions and disturbances at elections and political meetings; it being thought best to depend upon more quiet and less objectionable methods for managing or neutralizing the political power of the negro republicans, where they are in a majority.

"WHAT IS THE GOOD OF LYING?"

In Southern Alabama and in Mississippi influential and prominent democrats said to me, "Some of our people,

some editors especially, deny that the negroes are hindered from voting; but what is the good of lying? They are interfered with, and we are obliged to do it, and we may as well tell the truth."

As it is my purpose to be altogether fair and accurate, I shall now allow these gentlemen to state their own case, to present the grounds and reason of their course of action in dealing with the negro in politics, as they everywhere did this in frank and kindly conversation with me. In speaking of this subject, the relation of the negroes to the politics of the Southern States, intelligent men in the South always begin with emphatic praise of the remarkable loyalty and kindly faithfulness of the slaves during the great civil war. Almost throughout the South the whole able-bodied white population was in the army. The homes, the property, the women and children, of the Southerners were all in the power of the negroes and at their mercy. Had they been disposed to evil or injury they could have filled the country with horrors not surpassed in history. But they worked diligently, and affectionately guarded, almost without exception, the homes and interests left to their care. Southern men everywhere say they feel lovingly grateful for all this, and with good reason. (Many Northern people were surprised when it was found that the slaves were not aroused to insurrection by the progress of the conflict which was to liberate them from oppression. An examination of this feature of the struggle might throw some light on the relations between the two races in connection with slavery and the organization of society in the South before the war, as well as upon the character of the Southern people, both white and black.)

"DRUNK WITH FREEDOM."

When the war ended, and slavery was abolished, there was a rush of events and crowding changes. The ne-

groes were generally greatly excited, and felt uncertain about the reality and security of their new freedom. Many of them moved about in troops, expecting some great dramatic or spectacular intervention of the Yankees or of Providence, for their benefit. But many soon went to work, and things connected with the condition of the negroes were becoming settled and orderly in some portions of the country; while in others the intoxication of the emancipated people, caused by their first taste of liberty and the absence of all means of restraint, inflamed by incitements from base white men in some cases, led to the commission of horrible and indescribable outrages. I have been assured by many of the best people of the Southern States, men and women, and by both whites and blacks, that in many cases women were subjected to public insult and outrage, and the most dreadful excesses and enormities were committed. The negroes everywhere say that these accounts are true. There was almost everywhere more or less of crime and disorder among white men, which often made property and life in whole districts insecure. There was then no law; there were no courts, no officers. Society had been in great measure dissolved, and the functions of civil government suspended. In this time of peril and powerlessness the Confederate officers in many places requested the Union officers who were still in command in the South to aid them in maintaining order, until the machinery of government could be developed or created and put in operation. In many cases the reply was, "Organize a company of good men, or retain your military organization, and the Union officers will supply you with needed arms and ammunition. Try criminals and punish them, or expel them from your communities, and you will be sustained by the military and civil authorities of the nation." I have seen some of these letters

from Union commanders, authorizing such action on the part of prominent Southerners, who had just laid down their arms.

THE "KU-KLUX KLAN" IS BORN.

Just here was the birth of the famous Ku-Klux Klan. What melodramatic fool first suggested the machinery of disguise, the masks, the silly emblems and pretenses, and whence he derived this grotesque idiocy, it is now too late to inquire. It seems to me there is a weakness of this kind in the character of many Southern men. They are too fond of posing. Even the leaders of the Confederacy sometimes attitudinized, for an awe-stricken world to see, more than thoroughly serious men ever do. Probably the inventor of these fripperies was some young editor, who had never seen service as a soldier. At any rate, the idea of disguise was a cowardly one, and its practical working proved in every way unfortunate. The testimony is universal in the South that what came to be called the Ku-Klux Klan was at first meant for good, and not for evil; for the suppression, and not the commission, of crimes of violence; for the protection, and not the injury and destruction, of the weak and helpless. But here the fatal folly and mischief of the element of disguise becomes apparent. The opportunity which this masked movement and method afforded for the unrecognized and secure gratification of private personal spite and malice was too obvious and tempting not to be used and enjoyed. Old quarrels and grudges were revived, and new feuds arose out of slight reasons, because it was now so convenient and apparently so safe to quarrel. Masks were worn on both sides in such petty, miserable struggles, and the "Ku-Kluxers," as the negroes call them, killed each other off in contests in which neither side had any real claim upon the sympathy of good men.

"THE HUNTING OF MEN."

For some time there was no political element, nor even any race element, in these outrages and retaliations. But acts of violence and bloodshed inflame those who commit them to a kind of insanity. The spirit of the chase was aroused by and by in large numbers of white men, of the lowest and worst class of those who had survived the war. Nothing else so exactly represents the feeling which was now developed in some regions of the South—judging from the accounts of this period which are given by all classes of those who were directly concerned—as the hunter's excitement in the pursuit and capture or destruction of his game. The negroes became its chief objects, not, as it appears to me, so much because anybody hated the negro as because the negroes were the weakest, most helpless class,—the class that could most safely be hunted. "The hunt was up," and the effects of the blood-fury of the chase came mostly upon the negroes in many cases. I do not mean that this represents or describes a state of things which existed generally or throughout the South. It seems to be certain that the history of the "Ku-Klux outrages," as usually told and believed at the North, abounds in enormous exaggerations, as might be reasonably expected in any similar condition of society.

There was enough — there was much — of horrible wrong and outrage of the helpless and innocent. I could find nobody in the South who seemed to have the least disposition to deny, conceal, or excuse these outrages, or this part of the work of the Klan. It is generally admitted, and never defended. But everybody says alike, and intelligent negroes most emphatically of all, that the published stories and the general Northern idea of the Klan outrages were distorted and exaggerated; and it is plain that no statistics of these occur-

rences, or estimate of the number of victims of violence or murder, can be set forth with any serious claim to even approximate truth. No materials exist for statistics or estimates of this nature.

After some time the methods of the Klan came to be used in connection with politics and elections. It was a method of electioneering by terrorizing the voters of the opposite party. But it had some awkward features. Everywhere the hunted negroes gradually learned self-defense, and in many instances even retaliation; and, as a negro told me in Alabama, "it made the Ku-Kluxers feel sorter solemn when the niggers tuck to Ku - Klukin' them." The disorder and violence in some regions became intolerable to the leading citizens, and democratic judges and juries and sheriffs used their power to break up the Klan, and to forbid its further activity.

THE SOUTHERN PLEA.

Now, to carry the analysis of the work of the Klan in politics a little farther and deeper, what are Southerners able to say for themselves in regard to it? What was the object which they sought when they encouraged, or permitted, or committed assaults upon negroes, for the purpose of diminishing the republican vote, and why did they choose and employ such means, so unworthy of civilized people, for its accomplishment? The nation can afford to hear patiently the Southern account of the matter; can afford, at this late period, and as there is now no general political excitement, to allow the Southern people to speak for themselves. Intelligent Southern men say that it was a life-and-death struggle for the destruction or preservation of civil government and of civilized society in the Southern States, and that the "carpet-baggers,"—corrupt and unprincipled Northern men,—using the negroes as tools, were the aggressors. The negroes were in many places persuaded by these adventurers

that the land now belonged to the freed-men; that their former masters would be compelled to serve them, and that the white women of the country were to belong to the negroes. It is plainly to be seen to-day that there was, some years ago, a genuine "scare," or panic, throughout the South, on account of the peril which was believed to threaten the Southern women, and there is abundant evidence that the intense and desperate feeling which was thus aroused was not without adequate reason.

A DARK PERIOD.

In many cases the negroes, as they themselves now say, attempted to put in practice the teaching of their "Northern friends" regarding this matter of the social relations between the two races. Southern men say that the South was in a hard place during "the reconstruction period;" that the carpet-baggers were — not all, but very generally — such men as would not be trusted or respected in any Northern community; that they had, by means of their power over the negroes and the support of the Federal government, almost absolute sway in important and extensive regions of the South; and that they committed with impunity the most monstrous crimes, and loaded peaceable and inoffensive individuals and communities with continual insult and intolerable injuries. They point to the enormous systems of theft, fraud, and corruption that flourished in the States which came completely under the joint dominion of the carpet-bagger and the negro, and they say that any people on earth would have resisted, and that the people of the North would not have borne a tithe of the indignities and wrongs which were heaped upon the people of the Southern States. They always lay special stress on the peril of the subversion of the social and family life of the white race in the South, and of the degradation of the white women under the power of the negroes.

THE VERGE OF RUIN.

Whatever may have been the real condition of things, intelligent Southern men evidently believe that everything that makes up civilized life, society, and government was in danger of destruction in large portions of the South, and that there was nobody to hear their appeal, or to give them relief or sympathy. The carpet-baggers, employing the negroes as instruments, set out to punish the Southern people with merciless severity and vindictiveness for having been in rebellion, and they alone had the ear of the North and of the national government. They wrote to Northern newspapers whatever fictions were convenient, or seemed necessary for their own justification, and did not scruple to create a whole literature of falsehood for the purpose of inspiring public sentiment in the North with increasing hatred of the Southern people.

GRATITUDE TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Southern men everywhere insist that at the close of the war they all accepted the verdict of battle as final; that they were unspeakably grateful for the magnanimity of the Union generals and of Mr. Lincoln; that the South was exhausted, and was in an agony of weariness of the war; that the conclusion of it brought a feeling of universal relief; and that it would have been "the easiest thing in the world" to inspire the Southern people generally, in the time of this great reaction, with a feeling of intense loyalty to the national government. It was the carpet-baggers, the political adventurers and thieves from the North, who brought a new war "and all our woe" into the South, by their efforts to establish negro supremacy there for the profit and behoof of the adventurers and thieves aforesaid. The South never believed that the North wished to oppress and ruin the Southern people, but they found it impossible

to acquaint the people of the North with the true condition of things in the South.

THE NEGRO VOTE TO BE QUIETLY NEUTRALIZED.

The best and least objectionable method of counteracting these evils, and of warding off the perils which thus threatened to engulf the South in financial, social, and moral ruin, has seemed to Southern men to be the obstruction or "management" for the time being of the right of suffrage in the hands of the negroes. So the blacks are in various ways hindered from voting the republican ticket, or their vote is in some way, neutralized after it has been cast. This may not be done at every election, but it has been done recently in several parts of the South, and it is likely to be done again. Whatever may have been true in former times, all the leading citizens of the States I have named, democrats, and actors in the management of the political power of the negroes, now appear to be sincerely desirous of accomplishing this object—the neutralization of the negro vote—without violence or bloodshed. I gave special attention everywhere to this subject of political disturbances or outrages, and I was unable to find any evidence or indication whatever of such disturbances having occurred during recent years, or of violence in connection with politics in which white men were actors.

I investigated as thoroughly as possible several accounts of important outrages, which, during the last few years, had excited our indignation in the North, and I found that the occurrences upon which these accounts were based had taken place many years before, in that almost mythical period of the first few years after the war, about which it is now safe to say almost anything; that the story of these events had been brought down to later times; and that, in some instances, a single disturbance had been utilized as the basis of stories

of three or four separate outrages, located in different States. About all these matters I learned some things which interested me much, and which I could not have understood so well by any other means as by visiting the scenes of the outrages, and talking with the people of all classes about them.

Of course I cannot speak from direct observation or with positive knowledge, and say that no disturbances or outrages had occurred recently in connection with politics in the regions which I visited last year. I mean merely that after talking with the people of all parties and political sentiments and opinions, and especially with the negroes everywhere, the impression made upon my mind was very strong that little or nothing of the kind had taken place for several years. What may have happened in out-of-the-way corners or portions of the South I do not pretend to say, but I explored all the great black districts.

THEIR REASONS.

The feeling of the leading citizens of these Southern States, who thus suppress the negro republican vote, and their reason for doing it, appear to be simply that it is necessary; that it is the only means known to them or available for preserving the life of the State. They say, and seem to believe sincerely enough, that while the negro vote is controlled by the unscrupulous politicians, who are now, for the most part, the local leaders and managers of the republican party in the States spoken of, if this vote were not in some way suppressed or neutralized these States would pass at once under the control of an organized system of brigandage, of theft under the forms of law, which would soon almost entirely destroy the whole property or wealth of the people. They say that dishonest appropriations and excessive taxation would soon be carried to such an extent that not only would all enterprise and industry be par-

alyzed, but the state debt would soon exceed the value of all the taxable property in the State. They say that they have nothing against the negro, nor against his enjoyment of the right of suffrage, although they think there are difficulties connected with this matter of negro suffrage which would be regarded as grave and trying by any Northern State. They have no wish to oppress anybody, and they feel that the methods which I am describing are objectionable. They do not like to employ them, and if anybody can suggest ways or means by which honest government can be maintained, and the difficulties connected with negro suffrage overcome, without interference with the negro's voting, they would be glad to adopt them.

"OLD WHIGS" WHO HATE THE NAME
OF DEMOCRAT.

These men say further, everywhere, that they do not care at all for the democratic party; that they do not care what party controls the South, if these difficulties can be overcome, and property and industry can be made secure; that anybody is welcome to hold the offices and govern their States who will do so honestly. "We simply want such state governments as you usually have in the North." This was said to me many times in the States of which I am now writing. I was somewhat surprised to find large numbers of men who are leaders in the democratic party in the South who said, as they said to me repeatedly, "We are no democrats." In meeting men of this class I constantly heard such utterances as this: "I am no democrat. For my part, my political education was that of a whig. My father was a whig, and I grew up with his ideas and sentiments regarding political matters. I despise the very name of democrat. There is not a principle or a tradition belonging to the organization which I approve. I wish to God we might have an administration party,

a republican party, in our State, that a gentleman could belong to without the sacrifice of all honesty and self-respect. What in the name of Heaven is the reason that the republican party in the South is left in the hands of such men as its local managers usually are?"

DO NOT WISH TO BE "SOLID."

They go on to say, as in Alabama, in Mississippi, and in Louisiana many of them said to me, that it is a misfortune to the South and to the nation to have the South solid; that the South does not wish to be solid, but that it really seems to be the interest or the wish of most of the local republican politicians in the Southern States to keep the South solid as long as possible. I was told of several cases in which democrats had offered to support honest republicans for office if the republican managers would allow them to be nominated, but the proposition was rejected with scorn. Some of the republican leaders spoke to me of these offers from the democrats, and said that such propositions were equivalent to saying that if the republican party in that county or district would "abandon its organization" the democrats would abandon theirs. "But," said the republicans, "we shall never relinquish our organization, nor sacrifice our principles, till the democratic party is entirely broken up."

LONGING FOR CHANGE.

There appeared to be but little partisan feeling among the democratic leaders. I could not help observing everywhere that they seemed tired of the long antagonism over the peculiar elements in Southern politics, and I think many of them would welcome any change which should not involve dishonor, or the sacrifice of what is essential to the maintenance of society and civilization. I could discover no evidence of evil feelings or designs among these men, or of the peculiar depravity which has so often

been attributed to them by Northern politicians and journalists. They are such men as, in Massachusetts and Ohio, we expect to find in the highest places in the republican party. But there is a great deal of the feeling among them that almost anything would be justifiable if it were the necessary or only means of keeping their States out of the control of the present local managers of the republican party in the South; this feeling arising from their conviction that such control would result, wherever it might be established, in the complete prostration and ruin of all the interests and institutions of civilized society.

THE NEGROES.

In the towns and near them, and wherever the white people greatly outnumber the negroes, there are some colored men who are as intelligent in regard to political matters as the average of the operatives in a New England factory town; but even in such places most of the negro voters are entirely incapable of forming opinions or judgments of their own in regard to political principles, doctrines, or activities. I met in various places a few negroes who are men of much intelligence, and who are probably not inferior, in any respect, to average members of our national legislature. There is a considerable number of colored men engaged in teaching in the Southern States, who are excellent and thoroughly competent workers in their important profession, and many of the clergymen of their race are making earnest and laborious efforts for self-improvement and the elevation of their people. I find myself dwelling lingeringly on every particular feature and fact of the favorable side of this subject, — the condition of the colored people.

THE SAD TRUTH.

But I must come to the depressing truth of the general, almost the uni-

versal, condition and character of the negroes in the black districts. They have made some improvement in regard to industry or labor. A very few in these regions have an increasing desire for the acquisition of property, and are beginning to save their earnings, or at least to expend them less recklessly than formerly. But as to any knowledge, intelligence, or judgment, such as should equip a man, even in the lowest degree, for the exercise of the right or power of suffrage, I cannot see that they know anything about it, or possess it any more than sheep do. If by a vote we mean, according to the definition long ago enunciated by Horace Greeley, "that by which the will, preference, or opinion of a person is expressed;" if we mean anything which is the voluntary and purposed act of a man, with the object of announcing a decision, choice, or judgment which he has formed or arrived at, then these negroes are not able to vote, and do not vote. They have the "right" to vote under the law, but they have no real power or ability to vote. They do not and cannot choose; they have no knowledge of what is involved on one side or the other. They have no materials for an opinion or judgment, nor any ability to form a preference or decision regarding political matters. They know nothing of the position, doctrines, history, traditions, or aims of either party, and they have no idea or notion whatever of their respective merits or principles. They simply vote as they are told to vote by the local republican managers, and that is the whole matter. So far as I can learn, it seems probable that they would vote for anything or any man bearing the republican name. They attribute whatever is good or desirable in their present condition to the influence and agency of the republican party, and hope for impossible things from the same source in the future.

RECENT AMERICAN FICTION.

THERE is a harmless recreation, in which some like to indulge, of taking a leap of half a century or more in their lives, that they may then enjoy an imaginative retrospect. How will these days, through which we are passing, look to us and our children? they ask. We shall remember when Longfellow and Emerson died and were buried; can it be possible that we were then reading the works of men and women who now have an enduring fame, and did not recognize how surely they were in the succession of literature?

Such paulo-post future reflections are good for something if they render us cautious in our condemnation, and reader to entertain the living hospitably. Yet we gain little by attempting to borrow of the future in measuring the stature of a growing man, and we can only register our decisions to-day with the hope that we may not be compelled to record a reversal of judgment to-morrow. The perspective of time is not essential to the perception of the values of a book, yet it is certain that we do gain immensely in our confidence when we can see our contemporaries in the fading distance.

If Miss Woolson's great-uncle had written *Anne*¹ instead of *Precaution*, or if we were living among the grandchildren of Miss Woolson's contemporaries, how much more positively we could speak of the promise which this novel held, and what delicate criticism we could insinuate by comparing it with the author's later work! See, we might say, how the admirable candor with which Miss Woolson depicted her characters remains, and yet how much she has gained in compactness and force! She wrote *Anne* somewhat as one might

paint a panorama, but now her pictures are just as faithful to life, while they have an artistic consistency and purpose.

It would be pleasant to go on praising Miss Woolson's unwritten novel, but the effect might be unwittingly to disparage the actual work before us, and it is only by comparison with what the author may yet do that we are disposed to lessen our estimate of its performance. Comparing it with her previous sketches, we see a substantial advance, and the display of powers which short stories could not so well discover. For all that, *Anne* inevitably suggests a series of shorter stories. The reader who may chance to have followed the fortunes of the young lady who fills the title-rôle, as they were disclosed in the monthly numbers of a magazine, must have felt a series of surprises that the story did not end. From time to time the lines appeared to converge, only to open again, so that when the end really came one might have been forgiven if he thought there might possibly be a new turn of the wheel next month.

It is true that in real life the story has no end, but neither has it a beginning. One purpose of art is to present that completeness which is only implied in the series, and in the case of *Anne*, although we are given the development of a character under varying circumstances, and find a certain rest at length in the return of the heroine to the island and home from which she set forth, we cannot resist the impression that what we get is the result of accident, and not of will. The author herself appears to set an undue estimate upon the minor antics of invention. The amusing character of Jeanne-Armande seems to have been elaborated chiefly to make her whimsical love of mystification serve as a sudden protection to *Anne* in an emer-

¹ *Anne*. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

gency. The ingenious detection of the murderer, who comes upon the stage in the last turn of the novel, does credit to the novelist's power of detailed invention; but the effect of it is to withdraw the reader's mind from the evolution of the novel, and to interest him in the scenes entirely independent of the heroine and the stake which she has.

We think this interest in invention is a snare to Miss Woolson, and yet it hints at a power which may possibly give her singular success. One is tempted to ask if heredity has not something to do with it. Cooper enjoys a marked distinction among American novelists through his inventive faculty. That and an imagination which dealt in large, impressive figures and scenes insure him a continuous life among younger readers; for it is they who, amidst all the change of fashion in story-telling, hold by the narrative proper. Now the faculty of invention in situation is but meagrely shown in current American fiction of the better sort. Let any one take the fine novels of Mr. James and Mr. Howells, for example, and attempt to write out the argument; it becomes resolved into the action of psychological forces, but the arena is found to be a drawing-room car, or a picnic, or a moonlight encounter in some ruin. But Miss Woolson has a fertility of invention which makes it possible for her to carry her heroine through a few months of existence with a succession of adventures which must have made Miss Douglas's hair turn prematurely gray.

It is this dexterity which makes *Anne* a long novel but not a strong one. The signs which look to more eminent success are happily to be found in the work. The characterization is indeed sometimes forgotten in the care to unfold circumstance, and thus we get the impression that most of the people are the sport of the wind which happens to be blowing; but there are some well-studied and well-defined personages.

Père Michaux is one, so is Tita; and indeed the Northern life with which the story opens is admirably given. Miss Vanborn is cleverly drawn, as are all the characters which have a humorous individuality. But these are the easiest characters for a novelist to sketch. It is the people who do not at once betray themselves and have no superficial marks that test the novelist's power, and these in *Anne* are the least forcible. The fullness with which Miss Woolson delineates Heathcote and Dexter and Mrs. Lorrington and Rachel Bannert does not yield an adequate result in distinctness of impression.

It is here that we detect what may be called the immaturity of the book. There is an absence of a strong controlling, determining purpose, which really moulds circumstance, even when circumstance seems most supreme. *Anne* herself, the central figure of the book, falls to pieces. Her constancy to Heathcote does not appear to hold the book together, nor her constancy to Rast, nor her constancy to a virtuous resolution. She attains success at last, but it is by a succession of accidents, and then she gets a piece of damaged goods of a husband for all her pains. There are many acute observations, the result of a watchful mind; there are many witty strokes; the reader is not suffered to lose his interest long at a time, but after he has laid the book aside he reflects that there is not a great deal to reflect about. The mill which has been grinding so industriously, and with machinery so carefully watched, has turned out insufficient grist.

We fall back, therefore, on our anticipations, and congratulate ourselves that Miss Woolson is likely to grow not less clever, but more close in her design; that the experience of writing this book will serve her in good stead, enabling her to conceive character by its profounder qualities, to enlarge her ethical conceptions so that they shall not be con-

fined to individual development, but shall comprehend the movement of life in a drama, while her sweetness of sense, her ingenuity, her power of realizing scenes, and her heartiness and delightful freedom from morbidness of fancy will remain to remind her readers that Anne was an unusual book, but interesting chiefly as marking a stage in the author's development.

How wide the chord is which subtends the novelist's arc may be quickly seen if one passes from Anne to the two books which come almost together from Mr. Lathrop's pen. Our readers have had already the opportunity to pass their own judgment upon *An Echo of Passion*,¹ but during the appearance of that novel in *The Atlantic* there came out a longer story, of earlier construction, we surmise. In the *Distance*² is called, on the title-page, a novel, and the author, in localizing the story under Mount Monadnock, and identifying some of his characters with a theological school, slightly veiled under a pseudonym, would appear to be availing himself of realistic aid in making his story a rescript of contemporaneous life. Yet a little consideration shows the novel to be dominated by romantic ideas; the characters, in their relation to each other and to the scenery, are distinguished not by the matter of fact, but by the ideal; and the development of the thought is through an atmospheric medium, which effectually withdraws the reader from the ordinary incidents of life.

At the very outset the story assumes a subtle and mysterious relation subsisting between human life and nature; the successive scenes in the little drama are enacted with distinct reference to this relation, and it is not the author's fault if the reader fails to add to the *dramatis personæ* a mountain, a sandy waste, and an old house, which has heart-shaped

apertures in the outer door. A certain formidableness confronts the reader; he has an uneasy sense that he must read carefully in order to understand the innuendoes of the story, and he fears that he may not give sufficient value to an old stump or a particular view of the mountain; that he may miss some essential feature of the hero's mind, as he might miss an important link in a chain of evidence.

All this implies great care on the part of the author, and our only objection is that his care has been an anxious care, and the reader is made to share in the apprehension that the story may break down. It does not break down; it moves toward a sure conclusion, but it does not move firmly and swiftly. One is almost tempted to believe that the author conceived a spiritual plot, and then cast about for some physical correspondence; for his characters, even to the most ordinary inn-keeper, have a certain ghostliness of behavior.

Nor does it appear as if the characters were studied from life. We know of no author whom Mr. Lathrop has followed in composing this work, but he could scarcely have reproduced more cleverly, if he had purposed it, the effect which the singular Sylvester Judd used to produce, or does, at any rate, now upon the modern reader of his books. There is the same curious reverberation of nature; the characters have a quaint way of being souls in ill-fitting New England dress; the essential in life is studiously sought, and a gravity of manner, even when joking is going on, conveys the impression that life, even in a romance, is a very meaning thing.

Mr. Lathrop is, however, a finer writer than Mr. Judd, who had an astonishing power only at intervals and by accident. In the *Distance* is, in many ways, an unusual book. If the reader is

¹*An Echo of Passion*. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

²*In the Distance*. A Novel. By GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1882.

made to feel the significance of trivial incidents and words, he is for all that led by a style which is full of fancy and suggestiveness. For instance, when a mysterious girl is asked if a certain man is her husband, we are told that she "shook her head with a dark smile, in which a hidden scorn lurked, like the bitter dregs in wine." The reader stops to think; he does not remember to have seen that particular smile, yet the description is seen to be intelligible and poetic. Again and again one is surprised by some charm of manner, some delicate fancy, but, when all is said, we suspect the chief value of the book to lie in its singularly apt reflection of the ideal period of youth in New England. We add New England simply to emphasize the serious and conscientious element which is so large an ingredient in the book, and is accepted as characteristic of New England. The enormous importance which youth attaches to its own personal affairs was never better expressed than in this story. Mr. Lathrop has succeeded perfectly in portraying the soul of the theological student and of the young lady who is his contemporary; he has not done quite so well by the gay young civil engineer, who is not nearly so gay as he was meant to be, and whose Mephistophelian character is too lightly assumed. A stronger sense of humor would save Mr. Lathrop from going so near the edge in his serious writing, and would make his readers follow him more confidently. There are occasional expressions which may be called slightly humorous, but the humor which gives light and warmth to the author's conception is wanting.

Is it rash to guess that the immaturity of the young people in this book is a somewhat unconscious testimony to the date of the composition? If the book had not been printed and were to be discovered in manuscript a century hence, we are quite sure that the historical critics of the day would place it, upon

internal evidence, in the early period of Mr. Lathrop's career, and would seek, in their speculative wisdom, to account for the positive advance in his next work, *An Echo of Passion*. At any rate, the contemporaneous critic, though he reads the two books in the month in which they were both published, has no hesitation in calling the latter work much the more mature of the two. It deals, it is true, with more mature characters, but then the author's hand is firmer, and the story moves forward in a singularly swift and unhesitating way. Not only this, but the half-fanciful profundity of *In the Distance* is replaced here by a real depth of insight. The quaint mannerisms of the earlier book have been followed by imaginative beauty of a high order. One will not lightly read or soon forget the passage in which the effect of the wood-thrush's note is given:

"The note was that of a wood thrush. Its lonely, exquisite refrain made the listeners think of a shattered ray of sunlight falling pensively into the recesses of greenery whence the notes issued; and a blending of sorrow, or it may be of longing, streamed into the light mood of the previous moment."

There are passages also of strong dramatic power, which move one by the very slowness of the means employed; and the conversations, while charged with meaning, are not of the teasing character of those in the former book, because they come from a more real and intense feeling. But the strength of the work is in its masterly development of the central *motif*; its unhesitating disclosure of the subtle self-deceit of Fenn, making the lie tell itself through the story; its fine rendering of the noble wife and of the half-willing temptress, whom we may honorably love and admire if we do not happen to be in Fenn's situation. The ebb and flow of the passion, its apparent checks yet real accumulation of power, are true to nature, and the whole story is remarka-

ble for the skill with which very natural and probable incidents are made to present a spiritual conflict. The force of the narrative is sufficient to sweep away the slight fancy which is conveyed in the title, and made to serve as a light overture. That fancy is a reminiscence of the earlier days in which Mr. Lathrop wrote *In the Distance*; we look to see his fancy steadily fade before the stronger light of an imagination which kindles *An Echo of Passion* into a positive flame.

We have the advantage, in Mr. Lathrop's case, of that view from the

side of posterity which was denied us when considering Miss Woolson's *Anne*, for *In the Distance* serves to give us the necessary perspective. That was a romance; this is a novel, and in its closeness to real life it easily dispenses with the mystic and fantastic lenses through which we were invited to look when examining the persons and scenes of *In the Distance*. *Anne* and *An Echo of Passion* make one well content with the promise of recent American fiction; we are almost persuaded that we have something better than promise even in them.

BARTOLOZZI.

It is a little singular that a man so celebrated in his time as Bartolozzi should have left so meagre material for biography. We know that his work was highly prized during his life, and that it fell into comparative neglect shortly after his death. Of the artist personally, his surroundings, his *vie intime*, we know next to nothing. He has formed the subject of innumerable studies, but they have necessarily been inadequate, since those of his contemporaries who might have furnished us with authentic data failed to do so. Perhaps the most satisfactory account of him is that of Mr. Tuer, who has managed to make two large volumes¹ out of Bartolozzi, — with very little of Bartolozzi, and a great deal of everything else. Mr. Tuer has conscientiously collected and sifted such sparse biographical facts as were attainable, and we are not disposed, under the circumstances, to quarrel with him because he has eked out his memoir with much merely collateral matter. The author's wise hints to print-buyers,

his dissertations on line and stipple engraving, and his remarks on Cipriani, the Boydells, Angelica Kaufmann, and the pupils of Bartolozzi are very interesting reading, though they cannot be said to constitute very good biography. Indeed, Bartolozzi's biography is a thing that may be served up in a nut-shell.

On the founding of the Royal Academy of Arts in London, in 1769, there was, among the eminent artists crowding to the leadership of Sir Joshua Reynolds, an Italian painter, designer, and engraver, Francesco Bartolozzi, whose invitation to original membership of that important body brought upon him the abuse which a few evidently thought he deserved for the double offense of being a foreigner and a masterly engraver. He had come to London from Venice four years previously, at the solicitation of the king's librarian, Dalton, who engaged Bartolozzi for three years on his own personal account, and had him appointed engraver to George III. Bartolozzi, confident of his position and

¹ *A Biographical and Descriptive Account of Francesco Bartolozzi, R. A.* By ANDREW W.

TUER. 2 vols., 4to. London: Field & Tuer. New York: Scribner & Welford. 1882.

reputation, and being, besides, a person of great gentleness, made no other reply to his assailants than is to be found in his engraving of the Royal Academy Diploma, which is still in use, and is considered one of the best of his exquisite line engravings. Strangely enough, this diploma was also designed by an Italian, Gio. Battista Cipriani, a fellow student and life-long friend of Bartolozzi. The two had met first at Florence, when Bartolozzi, at the age of fifteen, entered the Academy to study under Hugford. Cipriani became one of the most popular designers of the day, while Bartolozzi was, by every inclination, painter as well as designer, and engraver by force of circumstances. At Florence they pursued similar studies. Bartolozzi could even then speak of work that he had done, for at the age of ten years he had engraved two heads, much to the delight of the good goldsmith, his father. The latter, by watching the boy's attempts to copy prints that came in his way, was led to abandon the hope of making a goldsmith of Francisco, and was wise enough to encourage the child's artistic impulses. Therefore, after a brief preparatory course, young Bartolozzi went to the Academy at Florence, where he studied anatomy with perseverance, learned to paint well, and acquired a freedom and an accuracy in drawing that never deserted him. He left the Academy when eighteen years old, and was articulated for six years to Joseph Wagner, an historical engraver and print-seller, in Venice. At the end of that apprenticeship, which had been of the greatest importance to his development as an artist, Bartolozzi married a Venetian lady of good birth, and, upon the invitation of Cardinal Bottari, they went to live in Rome for a time. While there he studied the Italian masters, more particularly Domenichino, and it was upon his return to Venice, in 1764, that he met Dalton, and agreed to go to London. At this time his reputation

had extended over Europe, and had brought favors from Francis I. of Austria, Ferdinand IV. of Naples, and the Medici. Cipriani had gone to London four years earlier, and was well established there, so that upon Bartolozzi's arrival the two renewed their comradeship. Bartolozzi's first important work for Dalton was a series of plates from Guercino's drawings, the famous line engraving *Silence*, after Annibal Caracci, and *The Sleeping Boy*, after Sirani.

Bartolozzi reached London just in time to witness a most remarkable change in the art of engraving (and one in which he was to figure as the master); for it was at this period that Ryland and Picot introduced into London the "red chalk" style, which they had learned of Demarteau in Paris. Almost immediately it became the fashion. Every one talked of the beauty of these stipple engravings printed in reddish-brown ink. Angelica Kaufmann enlisted the enthusiasm of her wealthy friends, and many of her own drawings were reproduced by the new method. Bartolozzi had made his reputation by line engraving, and naturally was little inclined to abandon it, even temporarily, for a different school; but the pressure of demands from the print-sellers and the public finally compelled him to adopt the stipple style, which had turned the heads of all engravers, to the almost entire neglect of line work. It is not uncommon to hear Bartolozzi mentioned as the inventor of the stipple style, although it was practiced in Paris when he was in Venice; and he is frequently spoken of as "the engraver in stipple" by those who forget that his lasting fame was earned by the line. Finding a fascination in its unexpected and wonderful capabilities, he bent his genius to the effort, and made the new method an art. He became the master in stipple, and produced prints that were rarely equaled. At the conclusion of his engagement with Dalton, he began to en-

grave for himself. Commissions came to him freely, especially from Alderman Boydell, the renowned print publisher, whose services for art at this time were an incentive to all other laymen. Bartolozzi's income was large, but his prices were very moderate, and, by his consent, were often determined by the publisher. Bartolozzi was astonishingly prolific. For thirty years after the founding of the Academy he sent drawings and prints to its exhibitions, and to that of the year 1792 he contributed a proof of *The Death of Chatham*, engraved after the painting by John Singleton Copley, who finished it in 1779, just before he was made a full member of the Academy. This plate was one of the most important, although not the most popular, of all of Bartolozzi's. It contained upwards of sixty portraits. Copley refused fifteen hundred guineas for the picture, and employed Bartolozzi to engrave it for two thousand pounds, which, as it was a work of four years, was not profitable to the engraver. Between 1780 and 1791 he engraved in stipple one hundred examples from the *Marlborough Gems*, in intaglio and cameo, after Cipriani's drawings. This work was for the Duke of Marlborough, who privately issued the prints in two volumes. At various times Bartolozzi engraved portraits, fanciful subjects, musical and benefit tickets, — which were the fashionable extravagance, — several of Hogarth's drawings, and innumerable designs by Cipriani. His fellow engravers frankly gave him the first place in their estimation, and were content to learn from his work.

He was the most untiring of diligent workers, and no less remarkable for the rapidity with which he handled the point than for the delicate effects which appeared on the plate. At that time, when with the introduction of stipple nearly every one fell to copying by that method, the influence of this man, who worked conscientiously to ele-

vate the method, was of inestimable value. Considering the fact that he had the best of friends among the nobility as well as in his profession; that he enjoyed the friendship and esteem of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who painted three portraits of him; that he was unable to keep up with the demands for his work, we find it difficult satisfactorily to account for his leaving England at the age of seventy-five, to accept the invitation (the third) of the Prince Regent of Portugal, who offered him a pension and knighthood. It is said that through his unreflecting generosity to needy Italian artists in London he became financially involved; but, judging from the contented life which he led in Portugal, he went there because he preferred to rest and to live at ease after years of toil. He left England November 2, 1802, and on reaching Lisbon wrote, "I am most perfectly contented, and hope to God I shall be able to show by my exertions, old as I am, my gratitude for the celebrity with which all my friends are pleased to distinguish me." He continued to work, in spite of his age, with a celerity and a delicate firmness that showed how completely he was master of the graver. When eighty-seven years old he was engaged upon a large plate portrait of Wellington. He was then so infirm that he could not move about without difficulty, and his memory had begun to fail him, while his hand was yet steady. He died March 7, 1815, in comfortable circumstances, in Lisbon, and was buried there.

To analyze his style it would be necessary fully to understand the constantly changing caprices of the day, which sometimes compelled him to produce work that did no credit to his best powers. The fact is, he worked in all styles. In his reproductions he interpreted freely, often correcting bad drawing, and with such success that Sir Joshua Reynolds once said, when showing a proof of Bartolozzi's engravings of

one of his portraits, "The hands in my picture are very slight, but here they are beautifully drawn and finished; Mr. Bartolozzi having made them what they really should be. We are all much indebted to him."

It is only within a few years that print-collectors have awakened to the

rare and incontestable merits of Bartolozzi's prints. To such persons Mr. Tuer's work will be of deep interest; it is essentially addressed to them, though its rose-tinted plates, vellum binding, and luxurious margins will not fail to capture the fancy of the mere bibliomaniac.

A STUDENT'S LIBRARY OF ART.

READERS of English or German hand-books of art may wonder, on reading the prospectus of M. Quantin's new *Bibliothèque*,¹ that he professes to be entering an unoccupied field. But French literature is less supplied with such books than English or German, and the French standard, being less popular, is more exacting. The French public has not learned to call, as we have, for amateur manuals, and has too great faith in special training to much approve them, not being so far gone in intellectual democracy as to believe that all subjects are open to all writers. M. Quantin is justified when he quotes Charles Blanc's remark, made twenty years ago in his *Grammaire des Arts de Dessin*, that public teaching is silent on questions of art, and complains of the continued lack of fit text-books for pupils or amateurs in all departments of art.

In English literature, comparatively well supplied as it is, there is the difficulty that too much of the supply is the work of book-makers writing without special knowledge, and has at best the qualities of magazine writing. Index learning makes the art of instructing the world easy. With the aid of cyclopædias and books of reference, reinforced by moderate cramming, the clever book-maker does his work with a readiness

and neatness that commends him to the publisher, and suits a not over-exacting public. But it has become proverbial that to shape a good text-book or a good abstract needs the hand of a master. Or if we cannot always find the master ready for popular instruction, we can at least have the advanced pupil working under the teaching of the master, perhaps with his coöperation.

The first requisite, then, for a satisfactory collection of treatises on the arts and their history is that it should be throughout the work of writers who are of authority on their subjects. This is not more important in the technical treatises, where it goes without saying, than in the historical ones, of which there will be many in Mr. Quantin's series. So far as we can see by the prospectus, this has been provided for. We recognize the names of several writers whose authority is well known: for instance, MM. Paul Mantz, of the Ministry of the Fine Arts, Guillaume and Delaborde of the Institute, Muntz, the scholarly librarian of the School of Fine Arts, MM. Chipiez, Havard, Collignon; and we may infer from the official positions of those whose names are less familiar that they have special qualifications for their task. The "Library" is to include a hundred volumes, duo-

¹ *Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux Arts*. Publiée sous le Patronage de l'Adminis-

tration des Beaux Arts. Paris: A. Quantin. New York: J. W. Bouton.

decimo, of moderate size, — three hundred pages or so, — separate treatises, historical, technical, and critical, in the various arts. Four volumes are already received, — on Dutch Painting, Greek Archaeology, Mosaics, and Artistic Anatomy. No full list of titles or authors is given in the prospectus, but we are promised within the year, besides an introductory compendium of the history of art, by M. Guillaume, the six general treatises, or *volumes de tête*: that on Sculpture, by M. Ronchaud; Painting, by M. Mantz; Engraving, by the Viscount Delaborde; Architecture, by M. Chipiez; Ornamentation, by M. Burtz; and Music, by Professor Bourgault-Ducoudray. Special treatises, nearly a score of them, are also promised during 1882: on French Painting, Italian Painting, Spanish Painting, English Painting, Modern French Painting, Ceramics, Italian Sculpture, French Sculpture, the Artistic Inventory of France, Mythology, Etruscan and Roman Archaeology, Byzantine Art, Oriental Archaeology, Tapestry, the French Styles, Gothic Architecture, the Processes of Engraving. We are told that volumes will follow on ancient architecture, on the later architecture of Italy and the North, on wooden sculpture, on gems and medals, construction, jewelry and goldsmith's work, glass, textiles, ivories, bronzes, costume, and the like.

This collection is intended, we are told, as text-books for the pupils of advanced public schools, "*la jeunesse de nos lycées, qui consacrent dix ans aux humanités*," for those in special schools of art, and for amateurs generally. We suspect that the person for whom they will be most in requisition will be the intelligent amateur, unless he be the high-school pupil in whose curriculum they are required. Not that such books are not of value to the pupils of technical schools; on the contrary, it is desirable to insist on the use of them; and if these are as good as they promise to

be, we may hope that the supply will create the demand, which, so far as our observation goes, is not as great as it might be. It is a characteristic experience in teaching the arts that pupils are not students. They give themselves up, if they are zealous, to the work of execution, and neglect book-study altogether. The preference is natural and reasonable, but goes too far. In the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in our schools of art at home, and, we suspect, in others, the lectures are looked on by the students as mainly perfunctory, and, except so far as they are required, are but little attended, while the reading of technical books is almost unknown. As M. Duval complains, in the treatise of anatomy which is before us, young painters study the plates in their books, copy the figures, but never read the text. This is the tendency in every vocation for which one gets, or may get, his training in the midst of actual work, and is peculiarly tempting in all kinds of artistic work. Painters and architects look over their illustrated books and professional journals with a quick eye for the prints in them, but are apt to pay little heed to the letterpress, no matter how valuable. This is true not only of those who are mature, and busy in the full course of active production, but even more, probably, of those who are in the stage of leisure and study. This neglect is answerable for much narrowness and want of grasp in the minds of artists, to say nothing of gaps and discontinuity in their knowledge and ideas. Mr. Hamerton has given us a clever discourse on the text that certain artists should write about art; there is room for the preacher who shall insist that all young artists should read about art.

The plan of this series of books is simple, orderly, and natural. Perhaps no very different one is practicable for a set of hand-books by different authors, in which each is to be complete and independent. It has also this advantage

for the popular market, and in its kind for educational use: that the reader will find the whole discussion of a particular subject compacted in a separate volume. It has this necessary disadvantage: that it tends to sink the interdependence of the arts, their mutual influences, common progress, and, in a word, solidarity. The influence of nation upon nation, the way in which all the arts have at every epoch moved hand in hand, their parallel progress, their family likeness in each place and period, the intimate connection of all in the study of history, — these, with the position of art in general history, are the phenomena (notably illustrated in Semper's great unfinished work, *Der Stil*) which modern study of the progress of art brings out most strikingly. The illustration of them, which is cardinal to instruction in this branch of education, will doubtless be provided for in the volumes de tête we have mentioned, and we may expect to see them borne in mind by the writers of special treatises; yet it is difficult to keep them clearly in view where each art and country is discussed by itself, or to illustrate them adequately in the compass of a general volume. The necessity of adjusting every treatise to the Procrustean standard of uniform volumes is itself a disadvantage, to which readers of such an educational series have to submit, but one which probably is not unprofitable to the publishers.

The make-up of the books is attractive. At the low price put upon them (three francs and a half per volume) they must be economically manufactured, and the slightly brownish paper on which they are printed will look familiar to persons who are used to French school-books. But it is not disagreeable to the eye, is firm, and takes the ink well. The type is clear, the press-work good, and the illustrations are more than fairly printed — uncommonly well, we should be likely to say if the books were American. Of these illustrations part, no doubt, are

made specially for the books, but many also are evidently culled *un peu partout*. They seem well chosen, however, are genuine illustrations, not ornamental pictures, clear, and usually well drawn, as might be expected. Some persons would have preferred the ordinary French paper cover and uncut leaves to the much decorated cloth binding; but many will think differently, and the covers doubtless make the volumes more serviceable as the text-books for which the publisher recommends them.

M. Havard, in his volume on Dutch Painting,¹ covers no new ground, but his heart is evidently with his subject, and his work is fresh and interesting. The book comes as near as its purpose will allow to being an essay rather than a historical summary, and thereby gains much in attractiveness. The narrow chronological range of painting in Holland permits the writer to group his painters more by subjects and classes than by years. His introductory account of their art and the chapters on its various phases are clear, spirited, and seem to us judicious. His loyalty to the Dutch painters, their country and their art, makes him a sympathetic and inspiring guide, and his enthusiasm will offend no one. He takes issue with the critics who, in pity of the continual moist gloom which they ascribe to the Low Countries, have attributed the lowland painters' fondness for color to a reaction against their surroundings. He maintains, to the contrary, that, so far from being dull, the scenery of Holland is, by virtue of its broken mists, exceptionally full of luminous effect and passages of telling color, — a claim that need not rouse the jealousy of dwellers in mountainous countries, remembering the glories which wayward mist and cloud add to highland landscape. Painters, indeed, know that luminous effect, particularly such as the Dutch painters

¹ *Histoire de la Peinture Hollandaise* Par HENRY HAVARD.

aim at, is better got by leading up to light through a breadth of half-tint than by pouring in a full glow of sunlight, broken only by positive shadow; and also that color is better seen in half tint than either in sun or in shadow. M. Havard traces cleverly the development of painting in Holland; its debts to the early Flemish painters, to those Dutch painters who traveled and worked in Italy, and to the temper and habits of the Dutch people; with ready acknowledgment to Dr. Waagen and other writers, whose researches have lately helped to clear up their history. He might well, if he had not held to a historical treatment, have given still more prominence to *genre*, which is Holland's most characteristic contribution to the world's art, and that which has most influenced the painting of other countries. The Dutch, in truth, being thoroughly democratic, with no privileged and cultivated class to fix the fashion of art, being altogether practical and given to homely indulgences, were not the people to foster heroic art, but turned more naturally, as such communities always will, to *genre* or to portraiture, in one form or another. M. Havard sketches the salient points of their art well, and sums up neatly by saying, "Nature took care to make them clever colorists, and the band of learned Italianists trained them pitilessly in drawing, while the influences about them held them fast to naturalism. These three elements, equally blended, gave their art its novelty, its force, its importance, its character, its grandeur."

The accounts of individual artists are to the point, not overburdened with technicalities, compact, but generally adequate, for M. Havard has the French art of being brief without seeming hurried. We may say, in passing, that he has a respect for the spelling of foreign proper names that Frenchmen do not always show. Other connoisseurs may disagree with him on points of criticism,

and to some his praise of Rembrandt and Ruysdael may sound a little gushing; but usually his judgment is sober, and his position on points of controversy is guarded. The illustrations in this volume are less uniformly successful than in the others, from being more ambitious. They are evidently mostly borrowed, and of unequal merit. The temptation to photographic reproduction of etchings is obvious in the case of Rembrandt and Van Ostade, but the result is not always rewarding, especially in the print labeled *fac-simile* from Rembrandt's Raising of Lazarus. One cannot have everything for three francs and a half, and many of the less ambitious illustrations are as good in their way as could be asked. There is an apparently full index of artists' names, a very necessary thing in such a book.

One turns with interest to the volume on Greek Archaeology,¹ by M. Collignon; for the subject is fresh and unexhausted, essentially a study of our own time, one which a good part of the literary world is busily following up at this moment. A manual of archaeology must needs always be a little behind the time, for discovery goes on so continuously that no general treatise can fully keep pace with it. But M. Collignon keeps his work well up with what has been published; he not only notices Schliemann's, Di Cesnola's, and Wood's explorations, the later excavations at Olympia and Pergamos, the Hermes of Praxiteles and the Gigantomachia, but also mentions the curious statuette of Athene found at Athens not long ago, in which archaeologists see a copy *in parvo* of the famous chryselephantine Athene Parthenos of Phidias. The work is scholarly and well digested. It gives as good an idea of its whole subject as could well be presented in a duodecimo of three hundred and sixty pages. The subject is in truth rather large and

¹ *Manuel d'Archéologie Grecque*. Par MAX COLLIGNON Ancien Membre de l'Ecole Française.

crowded with detail to be well presented in the compass of such a volume, — though the purpose of the series would hardly admit of more, — and the author has been obliged to pass over ornamental and conventional forms, which more than anything else illustrate the Oriental affinities and origin of Greek art. Its plastic and graphic side is the one which M. Collignon has in mind, and except for fifty pages given to architecture the volume is devoted to the arts which represent the human figure, — sculpture, vase painting, and glyptics. This is indeed the most characteristic side of Greek art, and is enough for one such volume.

The chapter on architecture sounds a little perfunctory, and as if its topics lay just outside the writer's domain. It gives a very good outline of the history of the orders and a fair account of the chief forms of Greek architecture, but is not quite irreproachable when it ventures into detail. There is among the frequent illustrations no view of a Greek temple, though there is a plan of the Parthenon; some restorations are given without caution, which are at least questionable; and though the Erechtheum is mentioned two or three times, the cuts of its details which are shown in illustration of the Ionic order are not credited to it, and the only mention of its caryatid portico is made a hundred pages farther on, under the head of sculpture. It would have done little harm if the discussion of architecture, which, though intelligent seems not entirely adequate nor quite at home in the book, had been remanded altogether to another volume. The book, which, except for this, is altogether homogeneous, would have gained in unity, at no great sacrifice.

In his other archæological studies M. Collignon is on his own ground, and his work is excellent, so far as we can see. His use of authorities is wide, and by no means confined to his own countrymen, as has often been the case with

French writers, to their injury; his material is well arranged and well handled. A manual of archæology, trustworthy and of convenient size, is a thing the general student may be thankful for, and readers who have pastured on such books as Westropp's *Handbook of Archæology* may be thankful for the change which this will give them. An excellent feature is the short bibliography given at the head of each chapter, and the references to authorities in the foot-notes. These show the catholicity of the author's reading, and include most of the known writers on the subject of the book, French, German and English, though some writers are unmentioned whom one would expect to see in so large a company, — Bötticher and Reber, for instance. The first forty pages give a rapid sketch of the origin and affinities of Greek art. The reader naturally looks to see what is said of Dr. Schliemann's discoveries, and finds them unhesitatingly accepted as the earliest specimens of prehomeric art, with no reference indeed to the opinions which ascribe them to its decline or to Northern invaders. On controverted questions, however, M. Collignon's usual attitude is cautiously neutral. The chapters on sculpture, terra cotta, and vases are clear, and give the general reader an excellent *résumé* of their subjects. Those on coins, gems, bronzes, and jewels are very condensed, but tell the main facts. The sequence of styles is well shown, and the important point of the relation of the lesser and till lately unregarded forms of art to the greater is well brought out.

The illustrations are liberal and to the point, better drawn than we are apt to find them in books of like aim, though, like those in the other volumes, they vary in style and excellence. Some which are subscribed by the author show that he can draw as well as write. A second edition will give an opportunity to correct a considerable number of wrong references and other typograph-

ical errors, especially in Greek quotations; and also to supply the indexes which such a book ought to have.

Mosaic decoration, being a subject of narrower range, can be more amply treated in a small volume. M. Gerspach's work¹ is well done. It is a historic account of mosaic decoration in its monumental forms from its beginnings until now. The history of mosaics is taken up century by century, and well illustrated, from the earliest classic period, and brought down through Roman, Byzantine, mediæval, Renaissance, and modern work to that of our own day. Much of the story must be succinctly told, but the most important periods and examples are well displayed, in some cases from the author's own observation; while foot-notes give a good range of authorities, old and new, to which the reader who wishes to follow out a particular branch of the subject may refer. The reader could bear a fuller characterization of the different schools and periods; he is left to do most of his generalizing for himself. M. Gerspach has, however, a clear eye for differences of style or of school, and convictions of his own. He shows due appreciation of the classic and early Christian work, and of the Byzantine examples which have made Ravenna famous; but his enthusiasm seems most moved by the Italian mosaics of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries, the earliest of which, not now sufficiently valued, as he thinks, "prepared the way for the first Renaissance." He adds that "a hundred years before Niccolo Pisano, longer still before Cimabue and Giotto, the mosaicists produced better drawn figures, greater and more generous compositions, than the first Tuscan masters." He exalts far above contemporary Byzantine work the purely Italian school, which, he says, was born self-poised

and independent when Innocent II. revived the neglected mosaic for the decoration of Sta. Maria in Trastevere. But "with the dawn of the Renaissance," he adds, "began the dying agony of mosaic," when those who practiced it undertook the imitation of oil-painting. The illustrations, which are very good, set forth more or less amply most of the noted examples up to the end of the mediæval period, with some later ones, and give a good many others that are less known, but interesting and significant. Lists of the mosaics in St. Marc's and St. Peter's are given, and some account of the work in our day in Italy, Russia, Germany, and France. There is a good description of the technical processes of mosaic-working in the last chapter but one. The last offers some very judicious remarks on the artistic treatment of mosaics: it might be wished that everybody would read them who would, in this age of revivals, provide mosaic decoration. The reader will be glad to find indexes both of artists and of places.

The only one of the series yet published which is not historical is M. Duval's *Anatomy for Artists*.² The author's position and reputation as professor of anatomy at the Ecole des Beaux Arts are sufficient surety of its technical merit. It is not a book to which the draughtsman new to the figure may turn for general directions concerning proportions, attitudes, action, and modeling; but is meant, says M. Duval, in his preface, to give to artists who have already, from observation, some knowledge of the form and movements of the figure a scientific idea of them. "Therefore," he says, "it is not so much the modeling of this or that region as the anatomical explanation of that modeling that is kept in view." Structure rather than form is upper-

¹ *La Mosaïque*. PAR GERSPACH.

² *Précis d'Anatomie à l'Usage des Artistes*. PAR MATHIAS DUVAL, Professeur d'Anatomie à

l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Agrégé de la Faculté de Médecine, Directeur du Laboratoire d'Anthropologie à l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes.

most in the book, but only those parts of the body, the bones and muscles, which concern the figure-draughtsman are treated, and there is always an eye to their outward shape and action. The general proportions of the figure, the canons that have been proposed for them, the relations and measures of its parts, — these are discussed, but secondarily and briefly. No account is made of attitude, and but little of modeling. The mechanism of the bony and muscular system is the subject of the book, and is set forth with a clearness and directness that give more interest than the untechnical reader might expect. The book betrays the professor: it is divided into lessons, and is a model of orderly statement and precision. The artist's criticism is likely to be that it has the defects of its qualities; that out of deference to system and symmetry too many details are introduced that are not of use to him, attention claimed by minutiae of structure which are hidden and do not tell at all on outside form; that things are separated in explanation which must be taken together both in conception and representation. There is a considerable amount of matter in the nomenclature of unimportant bones or muscles, or of details of structure hidden from everybody but the anatomist, which to the artistic reader is irrelevant; and to instance a result of its arrangement, if he wishes to study the conformation of the knee, he must look for its anterior and lateral aspect on page 144, where the bones of the knee are described, but for its posterior aspect he must turn to page 261, in the lesson on its muscles. In like manner, he will find the flexure of the fore-arm described in one chapter, and its rotation in another.

In the plan of the book the skeleton is made the point of departure. The author begins with it, explains it most at length, giving it three fifths of his space, and refers everything to it, in-

stead of studying the figure from without and working inward to the skeleton, as is common. The final chapter, on the muscles of expression, has necessarily more regard than the rest to the artist's point of view. One is surprised at first at the subordinate position to which M. Duval relegates the muscles, which to the artist's eye make up the whole figure. Nevertheless, we may not forget that the skeleton determines the attitudes and proportions of the figure, if not its modeling, and that it is the portion of the structure which must be studied apart, since it is not visible in the model. The illustrations in this volume are uncommonly good; very clear both in drawing and in arrangement. Here, too, one may complain a little of a rigorous subdivision, for there are no plates which show an *ensemble*. There is no general view of the skeleton, and no assemblages of its parts, not even a cut which shows the femur attached to the pelvis, or the scapula and clavicle to the thorax, the bones of the hand to the arm, or the foot to the leg. The drawings of muscles show the trunk and limbs as wholes, but the position of the bones is not marked in them. This, however, is consistent with the plan of the book, which may well have a volume on the exterior aspect of the body to supplement it. Its symmetry of arrangement, it should be said, makes the book easy of reference, and an index helps.

Here, then, are four excellent handbooks, general and special, historical and technical, which give, as we may assume, a fair criterion of the quality of those that are to follow. We might wish, for the interest of the general reader, that the form of the historical treatises had been something less categorical; that the books had been rather more like essays, and rather less like manuals. But the form of the manual is that which is consecrated to the uses of instruction, for which these books are intended. It is of no use to quarrel

with a hand-book because it is not an essay; what is lost as a discussion is gained as a book of reference. The volumes are worth buying and reading to whoever is interested in their subjects unless he be already learned. If he would like a more philosophical arrange-

ment of matter, he may still acknowledge the truth there is in a shrewd remark with which the late Dr. Walker, of Harvard, used to instruct his students: that it is not the logical, but the chronological, arrangement which reaches most minds.

LODGE'S SKETCH OF HAMILTON.

MR. LODGE, in performing the task assigned him by the editor of *American Statesmen*, has had the advantage not only of Mr. Morse's excellent initial volume, but of his painstaking study of Hamilton, published six years ago. Mr. Morse called his work *The Life of Alexander Hamilton*, but, as we pointed out at the time,¹ he assumed in his readers the kind of interest which he himself plainly felt in his subject, and was less concerned to throw a strong light upon Hamilton than to illuminate the problems which were met and solved by Hamilton as the spokesman of the Federalists.

Mr. Lodge,² within the brief space at his command, has essayed a somewhat different task. The volumes of this series of *American Statesmen* are not, we judge, to be regarded as lives, but as literary portraits, which shall make the characters to be conspicuous by a clear projection from the background of the times in which they lived, and upon which they had a formative influence. Any picture of Hamilton, to have value for the reader of history, must present his striking figure boldly mastering the political situation, and taking the position of an intellectual general upon a field less picturesque than the battle-field of the Revolution, but wider in its relation to national destiny. In

comparing this work, therefore, with Mr. Morse's *Life*, we find a general agreement of conclusions regarding the political questions discussed, and the estimate of Hamilton's ability and influence is substantially the same in both cases. The advantage on the side of Mr. Morse is that he had more room in which to show the nature of Hamilton's statecraft; on the side of Mr. Lodge, that, having Mr. Morse's work before him, he could content himself with a bolder outline, and could use his material with closer reference to Hamilton's personal equation. The sketch, then, is a free, vigorous portraiture of Hamilton as a statesman. It touches but lightly on the earlier years, and then mainly to hint at the early-developed lines of Hamilton's character and genius. The disposition of the story of Hamilton's quarrel with Washington is a good though slight illustration of the historical insight which Mr. Lodge shows. By simply recalling the two persons before the public he makes their presence give at once all the solution which the exaggerated problem requires.

"Let us look at the pair a moment," he says, "as they stand there at the head of the stairs in the New Windsor House. One is a boy in years, although of wonderful and manly maturity of mind. He is a stranger in the land, who

¹ *The Atlantic Monthly*, vol. xxxviii. p. 242.

² *Alexander Hamilton*. By HENRY CABOT

LODGE. [*American Statesmen Series*.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1882.

has shown himself possessed of great and promising talents; he has proved himself an able writer, a brave soldier, an excellent secretary. This small, slight, dark-eyed stripling is facing George Washington, and brimming over with a sense of offended dignity. Washington stands there, in the prime of his middle age, large and imposing in personal appearance. He is one of the foremost men in the world, a great general and statesman; grave and impressive, as becomes a man who has carried in his hands the life of a nation. Some of Hamilton's biographers have referred to this affair as one of Washington's outbursts of passion. Like all great men, Washington had strong passions; like very few great men, he had them under almost complete control. When they did break forth, as happened now and then in great stress of feeling, they bent everything before them, and there was a hush among those who listened. If Washington had spoken to Hamilton as he did to Lear about St. Clair's defeat, that fine reply, we are inclined to think, would not have been uttered. But deep waters are ruffled, not stirred by a passing breeze. Washington spoke to Hamilton in a tone of sharp but proper reproof. Few generals, probably, would have spoken so courteously and gently to a young aide, who had kept them waiting, and thus sinned against the first of military virtues, prompt obedience. The event in itself is trivial enough."

The good sense, the just deliberation, which mark Mr. Lodge's work, and above all the wise proportions of the outline, are of great value in any study of such a life as Hamilton's, which has scarcely less power to excite partisanship now than Hamilton himself had when he was active among men. There is an honest blame which does quite as much to confirm our confidence in a historian as an honest praise, and Mr. Lodge's comments upon Hamilton's course in his newspaper attacks on Jef-

erson and his proposed intrigue in the New York state election are direct contributions toward a clear historical view.

His extenuation of Hamilton's course in accepting Burr's wager of battle is more than ingenious; it turns a repulsive subject into a positive illustration of Hamilton's character. Mr. Lodge has shown historical sagacity in his use of the duel, and literary judgment by carrying the reader's mind forward after the duel into a clear conception of Hamilton's nature. He accepts the customary explanation that the code of honor then prevalent sufficed to account for two public men thus meeting each other, but he rescues Hamilton from the position of an unworthy acquiescence in an ignoble code by taking Hamilton's own apology, and showing its wide and profound bearings upon his character and political thought.

The temper in which this work is performed gives us a high respect for Mr. Lodge's historical acumen. If to the mature judgment and insight which he displays there were added a vivid pictorial imagination, we should congratulate ourselves still more; but even within the short space of this volume we notice instances where opportunities were not used for giving warmth of tone to the picture. There was a dramatic intensity about the struggle over New York's acceptance of the constitution which is not sufficiently impressed upon the reader, and the incidents of Hamilton's professional skill are not used with the power which might have done much to give vividness to the image of Hamilton's personality. The judicial temper, however, is almost necessarily somewhat deliberate in its exhibition; and if Mr. Lodge is not always as swift in his writing as an interest impels us to wish, we have a sense of security in the pace at which he moves. We are not likely to be upset on the way, and, after all, in history soundness is more lasting than brilliancy.

FROUDE'S CARLYLE.

THERE is no biography as interesting as an autobiography, and Mr. Froude's life of Thomas Carlyle¹ is essentially an autobiography, and a very frank and full one. In his will, Carlyle expressed the desire that no biography of him should be written. But he had preserved all the materials for one, and when he found that, whether he wished it or not, a life, perhaps several lives, would appear, he made over to his friend, Mr. Froude, his memoir of his wife, and the other biographical papers which have since been published with it as *Reminiscences*, and also a collection of her letters, covering the period of his life in London, with his own introductory explanation and notes, and with them his journal and other correspondence. The thought of misrepresentation, whether of praise or blame, was intolerable to him, and not long before his death he arranged with Mr. Froude that the *Reminiscences* should be printed as soon as he had gone, in the glow of feeling that his death would kindle, and that his memoir and letters should appear later. It is in pursuance of this plan that Mr. Froude has acted. The *Reminiscences* have been published, and now we have two volumes describing the first half of Carlyle's life, — the Scottish part, while success was still uncertain; soon to be followed by the letters, and to conclude with an account of his last years, when Mr. Froude was in constant intercourse with him. Thus these papers come to us with the highest authority, Carlyle's own.

The manner in which the task was to be done was not left doubtful. Carlyle's manly hatred of shams would not endure a half truth about himself,

¹ *Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of his Life.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A. Two vols. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

however flattering. He never hid his faults. He hated the "delicate, decent . . . English biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles sword of *Respectability* hangs forever over the poor English life-writer (as it does over poor English life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. . . . The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate the likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow creatures will surely not be forgotten. . . . But, having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting; having, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever." And, says Mr. Froude, "as an illustration of his own wishes on the subject, I may mention that I consulted him about a passage in one of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, describing an eminent living person. Her judgment was more just than flattering, and I doubted the prudence of printing it. Carlyle merely said, 'It will do him no harm to know what a sensible woman thought of him.'" Mr. Froude's work was thus laid out for him on principles very different from those which usually guide the English, and still more the American, "life-writer." He had to justly delineate a life of few events, but intense individuality; a man of genius, whose freely displayed defects were an essential part of his character, before the grief which made his death seem a personal loss had been wholly tempered by time. And Mr.

The same in one vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Froude must have known that the bitterness of many passages would be resented, and the blame for them laid upon the biographer rather than the hero; and that the criticism would be sharpened by the acerbity with which the church partisans in England have attacked his own previous historical works.

These considerations give an apologetic tone to Mr. Froude's pages at times, and yet his is a wonderfully interesting story. Not even Johnson or Pepys has been more fully shown to us. Mr. Froude's sympathies are keen, but they are not allowed to overpower his justice. And taking these volumes with the *Reminiscences* and the letters, we have one of the fullest soul pictures ever drawn. The absolute candour with which Carlyle insists on revealing himself makes the drawing wonderfully complete and vivid. No one but Carlyle could so have shown Carlyle to us. No doubt it weakens his moral authority to see him so human, but that does not make the history less interesting. It is a painfully pathetic story, this of the first thirty-nine years of Carlyle's life, with which these two volumes deal; full of the struggle, and not reaching the triumph. They leave Carlyle tormented by ill-health, solitary in his tastes, and "caviare to the general," when he makes his last despairing attempt to win the London world, in 1834. Failure seemed certain when success was nearly won. Burning with the fire of genius, he could not rest. "Except when writing I never feel myself alive," he said. He had never hesitated in his devotion to literature. He had sacrificed to it the years in which men generally do their best work. He had, indeed, introduced German literature to England, but the reputation that he had won by the exuberant splendor of those essays had been nearly destroyed by the *Sartor Resartus*, which no Englishman would read. And the great work of his

life was still to be done. Those long years at Craigenputtock seemed wasted, — years passed in a bleak prison, in a mental solitude more gloomy than the desolate moors that surrounded him. And how sad those years were! Sick, without books to satisfy his mental craving, raging against the bars, unable to admit even his wife to companionship, his egotism and arrogance seemed to separate him from mankind and forbid success. Had he died then his life would have been a sad failure.

Sad it had always been. His youth was full of gloom. For his mother he had a devoted love, but his family were humble peasants, in no way companions for him. Edward Irving was his only friend, and they were seldom together. His early attachment to Miss Gordon, had it not been so soon broken, might have been invaluable in giving him a healthier view of life; for his nature was not then insusceptible to feminine influence, and indeed needed it profoundly. An attachment then, before his character had finally hardened, to some charming woman, who would have wiled away his bitterness, smoothed his rugged manners, and quickened or at least directed his aspirations, might have brightened his whole life. But Miss Gordon was so much his superior in rank that their intercourse was soon broken off, and his life in Edinburgh was darker than ever. He was very poor and very proud. "Heaven knows that ever since I have been able to form a wish the wish of being known has been the foremost," he early wrote to a friend. Uncertain how to reach his aim; dissatisfied with every attempt, with the ministry, with teaching, with the law; unassured of literary power; doubtful and despondent, he yet aspired to something better than the sordidness around him. He had "a sense that revolt against such a load of unveracities, impostures, and quietly inane formalities would one day become indispensable;" and so for

years he struggled on, alone and wretched, until that singular incident occurred in Leith Walk, when he was twenty-five years old, which he describes in *Sartor Resartus* as follows. In a doubtful, palpitating mood, all at once there rose in him the thought, "What art thou afraid of? . . . Death? . . . Tophet? . . . Let it come, then, and I will meet it and defy it. And as I so thought there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul, and I shook base fear away from me forever. I was strong; of unknown strength; a spirit; almost a god. Ever from that time the temper of my misery was changed; not fear or whining sorrow was it, but indignation and grim fire-eyed defiance. Thus had the everlasting *no* (*das ewige Nein*) pealed authoritatively through all the recesses of my being, of my *ME*; and then it was that my whole *ME* stood up in native God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded its protest. . . . It is from this hour I incline to date my spiritual new birth; perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a man." Whether this attitude of "fire-eyed," defiant self-assertion was as noble as Carlyle believed it to be we may doubt, but that he meant this account to be taken quite literally is certain, — a real change of soul, and self-caused. With all his enthusiasm, he did not think for a moment of attributing it to a higher influence. But we can hardly doubt that it was his introduction to the charming Miss Welch, a few weeks before, and the long evening talks with that "bright and earnest" girl, enthusiastic for literature and full of animation, that inspired the change.

Froude's picture of her is very pleasant. When a child she wanted "to learn Latin, like a boy," but her mother objected. "The question was settled at last in a characteristic fashion by herself. She found some lad in Haddington who introduced her to the mysteries of nouns of the first declension. Having mastered her lesson, one night, when she

was thought to be in bed, she had hidden herself under the drawing-room table. When an opportunity offered the small voice was heard from below the cover:

"*Penna*, a pen.

"*Pennæ*, of a pen, etc., etc.

"She crept out, amidst the general amusement, ran to her father, and said, 'I want to learn Latin; please let me be a boy.' And learn it she did, though not exactly boy fashion; for her tutor, after a time, was Edward Irving, and his teaching of Virgil made her change her religion to a girlish paganism. One of her old note-books tells how, when she was tempted to do wrong, she used simply to say to herself, 'A Roman would not have done it,' and that sufficed under ordinary temptations; and when she had withstood a severer trial she felt that she deserved a civic crown. Her account of the death of her dolly is charming: —

"'It had been intimated to me by one whose wishes were law that a young lady in Virgil should, for consistency's sake, drop her doll. So the doll, being judged, must be made an end of, and I, doing what I would with my own, like the Duke of Newcastle, quickly decided how. She should end as Dido ended, that doll! — as the doll of a young lady in Virgil should end! With her dresses, which were many and sumptuous, her four-posted bed, a fagot or two of cedar allumettes, a few sticks of cinnamon, a few cloves, and a nutmeg, I, *non ignara futuri*, constructed her funeral pyre, *sub auras* of course; and the new Dido, having placed herself in the bed with help, spoke through my lips the last sad words of Dido the first, which I had then all by heart as pat as A B C. . . . The doll, having thus spoken, *pallida morte futura*, kindled the pile, and stabbed herself with a pen-knife by way of Tyrian sword. Then, however, in the moment of seeing my poor doll blaze up, — for, being stuffed with bran, she took fire and was all over

in no time, — in that supreme moment my affection for her blazed up also, and I shrieked, and would have saved her and could not, and went on shrieking, till everybody within hearing flew to me and bore me off in a plunge of tears.’”

Her devotion to her tutor ripened, as she grew older, into a passionate attachment, which he returned, although engaged to another young girl; and the unfortunate affair dragged along for some years before Irving's marriage to his betrothed put an end to it. It was before Irving's marriage that he introduced Carlyle to her; “a red, dusky evening, the sky hanging huge and high, but dim as with dust or drought,” Carlyle says. She attracted him powerfully at once, and in return appreciated the ability and friendship of this “Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,” without returning his affection. After half a dozen years of devotion he won her consent, though never her passionate love, — a thing, indeed, which he would hardly have known what to do with. She had many reasons for her hesitation. Superior to him in family and position, and accustomed to a luxurious home, she would give up a great deal in becoming the wife of a selfish, rough-mannered student, who at thirty-one had done nothing to show his ability but mere hack work, translation from the German and the like. But she loved her power, nevertheless, over this masterful genius, who talked like a demi-god. “In serious moments she would tell him that their meeting had made an epoch in her history, and had influenced her character and life. When her humor changed she would ridicule his Annandale accent, turned his passionate expressions to scorn; and when she had toned him down again, she would smile once more, and enchant him back into illusions. She played with him, frightened him away, drew him back, quarreled with him, received him again into favor, as the fancy took her,” till at last, after

being particularly provoking once, she gave way, being moved thereto by a busybody who told Carlyle of her *tendresse* for Irving, which he had not had sympathy enough with her to discover himself.

To tell the truth, sympathy with her he never had, though he wished hers to be ready when he felt the want of it for himself. His correspondence with her about marriage in 1825 was sadly characteristic. His dyspepsia troubled him, and he thought that if they could marry and take a poor farm of hers he should be in good health, and find time for literature besides. Her sound sense rejected the plan at first: the hardships would be great; neither of them was fit for such a life, and it could be avoided by his coming to live with her mother. He, however, was determined to be master in his own house, and thought she ought to sacrifice herself to him in such a matter. “For these many months,” he wrote her, “the voice of every persuasion in my conscience has been thundering to me as with the trump of the archangel: Man! thou art going to destruction. . . . Thy nights and days are spent in torment; thy heart is wasting into entire bitterness. Up, hapless mortal! Up, and rebuild thy destiny if thou canst!” and so on. Only it did not occur to him that it would be well for him to think a little of her destiny, too, — the brilliant woman whom he won and neglected, and sorrowed over too late. She did not hold back very long. In 1826 things looked a little brighter for a time, and they were married; but their married life was not happy. “For the forty years which these two extraordinary persons lived together their essential conduct to the world and to each other was sternly upright. They had to encounter poverty in its most threatening aspect, — poverty which they might at any moment have escaped if Carlyle would have sacrificed his intellectual integrity, would have carried his talents to

the market, and written down to the level of the multitude. If he ever flagged it was his wife who spurred him on; nor would she ever allow him to do less than his very best. She never flattered any one, least of all her husband; and when she saw cause for it the sarcasms flashed out from her as the sparks fly from lacerated steel. Carlyle, on his side, did not find in his marriage the miraculous transformation of nature which he had promised himself. He remained lonely and dyspeptic, possessed by thoughts and convictions which struggled in him for utterance, and which could be fused and cast into form only (as I have heard him say) when his whole mind was like a furnace at white heat. The work which he has done is before the world, and the world has long acknowledged what it owes to him. It would not have been done as well, perhaps it would never have been done at all, if he had not had a woman at his side who would bear without resenting it the outbreaks of his dyspeptic humor, and would shield him from the petty troubles of a poor man's life—from vexations which would have irritated him to madness—by her own incessant toil.

The victory was won, but, as of old in Aulis, not without a victim. Miss Welch had looked forward to being Carlyle's intellectual companion; to sharing his thoughts and helping him with his writings. She was not overrating her natural powers when she felt being equal to such a position and deserving it. The reality was not like the dream. Poor as they were, she had to work as a menial servant. She who had never known a wish ungratified for any object which money could buy; she who had seen the rich of the land at her feet, and might have chosen among them at pleasure; with a weak frame, withal, which had never recovered the shock of her father's death,—she after all was obliged to slave like the wife of her husband's friend Wightman, the hedger, and cook

and wash and scour and mend shoes and clothes for many a weary year. Bravely she went through it all; and she would have gone through it cheerfully if she had been rewarded with ordinary gratitude. But if things were done rightly Carlyle did not inquire who did them. Partly he was occupied, partly he was naturally undemonstrative, and partly she, in generosity, concealed from him the worst which she had to bear. The hardest part of all was that he did not see that there was occasion for any special acknowledgment. Poor men's wives had to work. She was a poor man's wife, and it was fit and natural that she should work. He had seen his mother and sisters doing the drudgery of his father's household without expecting to be admired for doing it. Mrs. Carlyle's life was entirely lonely save so far as she had other friends. He consulted her judgment about his writings, for he knew the value of it, but in his conceptions and elaborations he chose to be always by himself. When he was at work he could bear no one in the room; and, at least through middle life, he rode and walked alone, not choosing to have his thoughts interrupted. The slightest noise or movement at night shattered his nervous system; therefore he required a bedroom to himself: thus from the first she saw little of him, and as time went on less and less; she too was human and irritable. Carlyle proved, as his mother had known him, "ill to live with." Generous and kind as he was at heart, and as he always showed himself when he had leisure to reflect, the devil, as he had said, continued to speak out of him in distempered sentences, and the bitter arrow was occasionally shot back. No wonder that, late in life, she said, "I married for ambition. Carlyle has exceeded all that my wildest hopes ever imagined of him,—and I am miserable."

The next nine years, up to the final removal to London, were years of severe

struggle, during which at times it was hard to keep the wolf from the door, and Carlyle's generosity to his brothers was unbounded. He was a pure and true man, of noble ideals, which he would not diminish by one jot. His mind gained in strength in the solitude of those barren moors, and his wonderful essays on German authors and on Voltaire and Diderot were well received; for the English critics appreciated that these men were truly seen and truly painted for them for the first time. Carlyle had made them live again. But he was too far from books, too remote from the correcting influence of other minds, and he let his enthusiasm run riot in the *Sartor Resartus* to an extent that disgusted the public, and shut against him the pages of the magazines whose generous treatment had been his sole means of support. And so the scene had grown very dark when he resolved to make a final struggle in London with his historical projects; a grandly successful one, as the event proved. It was well that he went. The great works upon which his fame rests, the French Revolution and Frederick the Great, could hardly have been written on his Scottish farm. In London for a time he worked much better. But that unwavering fight in Scotland against frightful odds was a grand sight. Year after year he went on, unfaltering, sick, in utter solitude, the books and essays which the publishers dared not touch lying tied up in his desk. He was not altogether right. His work might have been better, as well as more popular, could he have profited by the advice of his publishers; but to him it seemed degradation. He had faults enough, — he insists on our seeing them. He could not endure "the common woes of humanity. Nature had in fact given him a constitution of unusual strength. He saw his ailments through the lens of his imagination, so magnified by the metaphors in which he described them as to seem to him something supernatu-

ral; and if he was a torment to himself, he distracted every one with whom he came in contact." Every annoyance was exaggerated. When he was teaching he talked vehemently of breaking the backs of the "brats." When he went to town he wanted to cut the throat of the watchman, whose cries disturbed his sleep, because he was so "loud, hideous, and ear and soul piercing, resembling the voices of ten thousand gibcatts all molten into one terrific peal." His criticisms upon the distinguished men of his time were bitterly caustic, with scarcely any praise; for his hero worship did not extend to his own time. Barry Cornwall, Campbell, Coleridge, De Quincey, Rogers, Moore, Bentham, even gentle Elia, have their little personal weaknesses magnified into damning vices. His dearest friend was etched with the same biting acidity. It is safe to say that we should not have the portrait that he gave us of Frederick the Great had Carlyle ever met him. He drew his own picture with the same savage keenness. Sometimes it was with deliberate abuse: "On the whole, art thou not among the vainest of living men, at bottom among the very vainest? Oh, the sorry mad ambitions that lurk in thee!" Often unconsciously, as in that passage in the *Reminiscences* referring to his mental change in 1825: This year I emerged "free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be Heaven, I have for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down . . . [with] no feeling of my own except honest silent pity for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation for the poor world's sake at the frivolous, secular, and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel protection societies, and unexampled prosperities for the time being. What my pious joy and gratitude then was let the pious soul figure." Well had it been for Carlyle if the soaring of his soul had borne

him to some nobler height than that of scornful pity and wrath for the noblest movements of his time.

We cannot, on the whole, blame his friend Jeffrey, as Froude seems inclined to do, and as Carlyle himself certainly did, for not procuring a professorship for such a man, if he had the power. Carlyle was, in truth, utterly unfit for it. He was right when he called himself a Bedouin. He had learnt neither how to command nor how to obey, still less how to work harmoniously side by side with others. He never could long lay aside his obscure philosophy, but must ever be showing

"How every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night."

His rough manners, his dislike of teaching, his irregular habits of labor, all made him unfit for such a post, at least until the mighty force of his genius had set him above its ordinary demands. But what a man he was! He never failed to impress his magnificent personality on every one who knew him. His power of speech was unsurpassed. "Carlyle first, and all the rest nowhere," was the description of him by one of the best judges in London, when speaking of the great talkers of the day. "His vast reading, his minute observation, his miraculously retentive memory, gave him something valuable to say on every subject which could be raised. What he took into his mind was dissolved and recrystallized into original combinations of his own. His writing, too, was as fluent as his speech. His early letters — even the most exquisitely finished sentences of them — are in an even and beautiful hand, without erasure or alteration of a phrase. Words flowed from him with a completeness of form which no effort could improve. When he was excited it was like the eruption of a volcano, — thunder and lightning, hot stones, and smoke and ashes. He had a natural tendency to exaggeration, and although at such times

his extraordinary metaphors and flashes of titanesque humor made him always worth listening to, he was at his best when talking of history, or poetry, or biography, or of some contemporary person or incident which had either touched his sympathy or amused his delicate sense of absurdity. His laugh was from his whole nature, voice, eyes, and even his whole body. And there was never any malice in it. His own definition of humor, 'a genial sympathy with the under side,' was the definition also of his own feeling about all things and all persons when it was himself that was speaking, and not what he called the devil that was occasionally in possession. In the long years that I was intimate with him I never heard him tell a malicious story or say a malicious word of any human being. His language was sometimes like the rolling of a great cathedral organ, sometimes like the softest flute notes, sad or playful, as the mood or the subject might be; and you listened, — threw in, perhaps, an occasional word to show that you went along with him; but you were simply charmed, and listened on without caring to interrupt. Interruption, indeed, would answer little purpose, for Carlyle did not bear contradiction any better than Johnson. Contradiction would make him angry and unreasonable. He gave you a full picture of what was in his own mind, and you took it away with you and reflected on it."

He threw himself into his work with an enthusiasm that amounted to actual passion. "It is an agitating, fiery, consuming business when your heart is in it. I can easily conceive a man writing the soul out of him," he said, "writing till it evaporated like the snuff of a farthing candle, when the matter interests him properly." In his concentration he became narrow. He made high art the target of his wit, and had even less tolerance for science. But he had a wonderful power of historical analysis and dramatic

description, and his pictorial imagination, by which, in a word or two, he could call up a life-like image of his hero king or some nameless fellow traveler on a journey, kept its power remarkably late in life. It is a great misfortune that the French Revolution and Frederick the Great should have been his only important historical works.

Yet he could never have been a historian of the first rank, for he had no grasp of impersonal causes. His mind was too impatient of correction from another to grow symmetrically. Hardly any one can safely disregard contemporary criticism. Carlyle certainly did not do it with impunity. His appetite for extravagance grew on him. His instincts became more perverted. The exaltation of strength in his earlier work became an apotheosis of violence later in life, when the slave-driver became a hero and the murderer a saint. That he did not do more of such work is no matter of regret.

It would have been difficult, however, to correct a nature whose faults were such an integral part of it as Carlyle's were. To have moderated his over-vehemence and arrant individualism would have made him a pleasanter and broader man, but it would have weakened his power. Had he been a wider student, with a clearer grasp of abstractions and the power of absorbing more from others, he would have been a greater historian; but it would probably have lessened his influence upon his own generation, for it was his unconquerable individuality and his concentration of imagination that made him such a power. To have given him a true sympathy with humanity, a profound power of thought, would have been reconstruction, not correction. We should have had a greater man, but we should not have had Carlyle.

He could not fall in with the current of his time, as Emerson and Victor Hugo did: his philosophy was reactionary, and his influence short-lived. He

united with German mysticism and romanticism an English worship of force and a caustic Scotch humor that were quite foreign to it, and the compound of foreign philosophy and native practice was not a stable one. Mr. Emerson had the mysticism without the pugnacity, and he elevated our souls. Victor Hugo had the vehemence for action without the passive philosophy, and he swept the French people on in a flood-tide of passion. Carlyle united both, and did not reach either mind or heart so perfectly. While Emerson was teaching individualism and avoiding self-assertion, Carlyle preached hero worship with unbounded egotism, and urged action while he flouted reform. An idealist, he grew to scorn ideas. He threw himself into the past to create a world that no present could ever give.

These three men, Emerson, Hugo, and Carlyle, belonged to the same general awakening, and need to be studied together: the first representing the ideal, the second the real, and the third the reactionary elements. They were all three men of strong imagination, though of very different kinds. They were almost poets. Neither Carlyle nor Victor Hugo had the lofty and refined spiritual insight of Emerson, but they had far more pictorial imagination. Both of them, and especially the Frenchman, could conjure up before our eyes the scenes of their fancy with a life-like reality and vividness that no other author of our time, except Hawthorne, has approached. But both, in their weaker moments, load their pages with an intolerable mass of detail, from which Emerson's are free.

The intellectual methods of the three men had much similarity. They each broke away from the old creeds without losing their reverence for the Divine. Neither of them was a vigorous reasoner or a sound critic. They swayed us by their eloquence, not their logic. But their individualism led them into an ex-

travagance and an egotistic brusqueness of style that at times became harshly abrupt.

The dreams of Carlyle and Emerson and Victor Hugo were an epoch in the intellectual growth of the century, but the world moves on by more substantial means than dreams. It has left them behind, and we do not believe that it will ever return to them. We turn back often to the sound thought, the careful reasoning, of the past, but not to its conjectures, however splendid. For permanent progress is made by accurate reasoning, in which each successive step is firmly fixed, and not by soaring intuition, however lofty its flight.

In Carlyle, as in Emerson and in Victor Hugo, there was the same unconquerable rebellion against the narrow and tyrannous spirit of the time, and a return to humanity, a devotion to it, an adoring love of it, as the motive of life. But the manly enthusiasm for reality of the followers of the Scotchman has faded before a new gospel of clothes;

and in America transcendentalism melts away before the positive spirit of the new culture. In France, in a general way, Victor Hugo has triumphed, for he threw himself into the democratic current of the time, and now the stage is free from the classic fetters that he struggled with in youth; and the democracy that he gave his maturer life to has gained at last not only the sceptre, but the power to use it, as well. The new literary elements, however, that he contributed, the romance, the melodrama, the horrible violence, have not been lasting either in plays or novels. All his wondrous powers of enthusiasm and imagination have not founded a school, or reconciled gay Paris to the terrible conceptions of *Le Roi s'Amuse*.

These men were the prophets of a new era, which they felt rather than saw; and the world hailed them with delight. But it soon craved something solidier than prophecy; something which neither Carlyle, nor Emerson, nor Victor Hugo could give, — science.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It is curious, the love some people have of definitions. They are the delight of persons who think, but whose thinking has not gone a great way. It is not hard to understand why definitions are in such favor. To begin with, they save a good deal of trouble; it is pleasant to know that we have the result of much patient thought and careful investigation put up for our use in a neat, compact little bundle, easily portable without fatigue. Definitions are compressions of large truth into small compass, and it is plain that they may be very useful things; but the difficulty with them is that they are not always trustworthy, and it is just this essential

point about them which the definition-lover is incompetent to decide. He wants a sure rule of judgment in a certain matter, because he himself does not understand it well enough to do without a definition, or to make one for himself. Oddly enough, he is often ignorant of what a definition is; he needs, first of all, to have the meaning of that word defined for him. For instance, I come upon a sentence in a notice of William Morris's new book on art, in which the reviewer says that Mr. Morris gives a definition of art which is "singularly lucid," and one which is "not easily forgotten," and then proceeds to quote the same as follows: "That thing which

I understand by real art is the expression by man of his pleasure in labor." The reviewer thinks this "goes to the root of the matter," and he is much pleased to get hold of this definition, because he thinks that Mr. Morris ought to know what art is, and that he, the reviewer, has gained precisely what he wanted. Now it may be possible that Mr. Morris does not set this forth as a real definition of art, but uses the words only descriptively of his own feeling about art; the reviewer, however, who takes the words to define art, needs to be told that it is no definition at all. A definition sets limits or boundaries to a thing, thereby placing it apart and distinguishing it from every other thing; to define something by terms which apply equally to some other thing is not to define it at all. Mr. Morris's phrase is certainly lucid and easily enough remembered; the only trouble with it is that we are no wiser with regard to the essential nature of art than we were before, and the "root of the matter" is left quite untouched. The definition-lover would do well to learn that there are several things it is not worth while to define, — not that art is one of these things, *bien entendu*, — and which we may manage to comprehend very fairly without the aid of definitions. Sometimes the farther we go in our study of a given subject, and the more deep and thorough our understanding and knowledge of it is, the less need we have of definitions for ourselves, however we may care to make them for the sake of others less advanced in the same line of thought. A certain French historian of philosophy once asked of Hegel a succinct account of his philosophic system. "Mais, monsieur," the German replied, "*ces choses ne se disent pas succinctement*." I fancy that this little story may wake a smile at the vain expectation of the historian that a German could be got to express his thought with the felicitous brevity of a Frenchman.

But Hegel was in the right in not attempting the impossible, and in his implied demand that those who thought his system worth inquiry should cease to look for any royal road to its comprehension, and be at the pains instead of arriving at it by their own labor.

— The only haunted house I was ever in was one not made with hands. It had been built I know not how many generations before the birth of the oldest inhabitant, the architecture a mixture of Greek and Gothic. It had numerous porticoes, long colonnades, winding corridors, many inner courts, halls, and secret passages. Its partitions were of tapestry, sometimes closely woven and wholly impervious to the eye, but oftener of a sleazy embroidered fabric, which scarcely intercepted the arched and columnar vista. The carpets were of plush or velvet, the woof of which was so thrown up as to suppress all sound of footsteps. I have been often in this haunted house, have seen and heard much of its spiritings and sorceries, but am no more able now than at first to account for them; on the contrary, with every successive visit the mystery deepens, and my perplexity increases. I have to complain of the capricious treatment which I receive. On certain occasions I am made most welcome; bidden to ask all the questions that occur to me; entertained by all manner of pretty illusions and pageants; instructed in cabala and hieroglyph; and entrusted with the profoundest state secrets. The queen of all the hamadryads is faithful to the place and hour of tryst. Like the favored peasant youth in the ballad, I cry out, —

"Ye million leaves of the wildwood wist
How Beauty Rohtraut's mouth I kissed!"

The next time I go to the woods all is changed. I am treated with cold unfamiliarity; none admits my acquaintance; the humblest retainers and servants will not deign to answer my civil questions; all gossip is hushed, or is

carried on in confused whispers, unintelligible to me; the queen of the hamadryads laughs my pretensions to scorn. I beat a humiliating retreat, feeling baffled and misused.

With a comrade it is still the same.

We rove up and down the woods, snapping the flower from its stem, thrusting aside the branch and the brier. The squirrel barks at us like a sort of sylvan *canis minor*; the brooding bird starts away with an aggrieved and accusing cry; everything protests at our ruthless and unmannerly haste, our eagerness and curiosity. But let us sit down somewhere in the depths of the woods, quietly observant and grateful-minded; keeping our note-books in our pocket, since the powers that be here are marvelously close and conservative, and always distrustful of the interviewer. It is not long before we are the centre of an increasingly curious circle of spectators. The snappish squirrel comes back to look at us, silent and alert, but not inimical; the chipmunk darts down before us, and dives through his trap-door, giving us the impression that the devouring earth has made a clean morsel of him. The birds perch lower, eyeing us with not unfriendly glances; we even catch glimpses of that shy party-colored woodlander, the redstart, flitting among the branches overhead. It is so quiet that the slightest noise becomes significant and noteworthy.

"My music is the buzzing of a fly,"

as that droning insect sails in from the hot sunshine for a moment's cool refreshment. Or the wood-pewee, who is a strange little mystic, may be heard in some leafy recess urging its childish, unanswerable query, — always with a rising inflection of voice, as though expecting to be answered by yes or no. So lorn and pathetic is the quality of this wood-note that we sometimes fancy the pewee, like the poet's nightingale, sings with its breast against a thorn.

The woods are full of mysterious

stirs, even when there is no wind. A quick, rustling undulation among the low plants and vines hints that the timorous snake is making all haste to get out of our way. (Does the groveling creature think that we still hold the Adamic grudge?) There is no wind, so what can it be but black sorcery which keeps yonder leaf dancing like a dervise among its motionless and listless comrades? And what spirit of mischief lives in that clump of fern, to keep one lustrous plume in continual oscillation? The fern, we would say, is the magician's own plant. Although we have never tested its occult powers on St. John's Eve, we should not be surprised if told that there are those who walk these woods, rendered invisible through its aid. A dense growth of ferns always puts us in mind of the South American tropics. A mystery lurks under the mandrake, also, whether in May it bears its subtly-fragrant white flower, or in August ripens its apple of mellow gold. A cluster of mandrakes crowning a knoll suggests a grove of dwarf palms, sheltering who knows what race of grotesque hop-o'-my-thumbs.

If the time be midsummer, we shall probably find in some warm hollow ground the pale waxen pipes of the monotropa. How uncanny is this plant, that has not one drop of green blood in its veins, no fragrance, not a leaf susceptible to the flattering zephyr! A flower brought up in the garden of night, under the rays of a gibbous moon, would look like this; and yet there is sometimes a faint blush on its livid cheek, as though it had spied the dawn a long way off. There is no legend told of the monotropa, so we may assign one: say that some evil eye of the woods long ago cast its spell upon a fresh-blooming flower, changing it into the stark effigy of a flower.

In speaking of mythology we ordinarily qualify it as *ancient*, as though disclaiming participation in the error;

but if the Pantheon had not descended to us, would we not have constructed it ourselves, at first hand? There is an implied myth, a paganish personification, in nearly all our allusions to nature. Within these common haunts of ours, how easy to recreate the whole race of woodland deities and genii! That is a pretty account of the popular origin of field and forest myths given in the Fourth Book of *The Excursion*. Swift alternations of sunshine and cloud shadows on the distant hills appeared as "fleet oreads, sporting visibly." Gnarled dead branches, projecting from a crag or starting out of deep woody shade, figured as Fauni and Panes. The herdsman, stretched out on the summer turf, if he happened to hear a sweet and distant music, instantly accredited it to Apollo's lute. Have we not seen and heard all these marvels? Or shall we admit that the imagination of Greek peasants in the old time was of a quicker and more generous order than our own?

We have said that the woods are haunted. Looking up through an opening in the dense leafy roof, what is that fine point of white light we see in the blue zenith? Surely, a star! After this revelation we feel that the woods are in Night's province, and jealously watched by her Argus eyes. That keen sentinel posted on the meridian is to us as thrilling a surprise as a chance glimpse of Dian and her nimble attendants, seen or fancied by the superstitious forester of old.

It is in vain that we plunder the woods; all that we bring hence slips from our possession like coin picked up in fairy-land. This handful of wood-flowers, how frayed and pale, even common, when seen by the light of outside day! How drooping these ferns, how tawdry this moss! The truth is, the spirits of these are not with us, having parted from us when we left the woods; we carry away nothing but their poor remains. Thus the forest holds its own.

— While all this talk about art is going on, would it not be well for us to stop and ask if we really have any clear notion of what art is? Perhaps we amateurs do not know so much about it as we fancy, for apparently artists themselves and professed devotees of art cannot define its essential nature or cannot agree in their definitions. Mr. William Morris says that "real art is the expression of man's pleasure in labor;" Mr. P. B. Marston has just told us that art is the worship of a certain kind of beauty; while a Methodist minister, whom I lately heard discoursing on the subject, maintained with tremendous earnestness that art exists essentially to give pleasure. Among diverse theories like these we may pick which we choose, and I don't know but we conveniently could hold them all at once. Part of the art talk we hear is the idle chatter of persons to whom art is merely the latest fashion; a good deal of it is the froth of a pretentious sentimentalism, without genuine earnestness or any true apprehension of the art idea. The cultus of beauty of the "mystic" sort is of recent importation with us, and happily does not count many worshipers; but it is some time since Mr. Pater advised his English readers, in carefully-culled phrase, that, "while all melts under our feet [!], we may well catch at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange flowers, and curious odors, or the work of the artist's hand, or the face of one's friend." There is a false ring in language like this; it does not speak a sane delight in pure beauty, but a kind of counterfeit, unwholesome sentiment, which is worse than no sentiment at all. We are in a transitional state with regard to art just now, and much of what passes at present for intelligent discussion and acute criticism will by and by be seen to be the feeblest "catching

at" the subject by those who have not had the power or the will to seize upon it with a firmer grasp. Art is not life, though it should be a part of the lives of all of us. The terms of a true definition are convertible, and therefore Mr. Morris's language is inadequate to its purpose; for not every expression by man of his pleasure in labor is an art product. Art is the revelation of beauty, but by that word must be understood something more than the merely external or sensuous beauty which Mr. Marston worships. That a poet should choose for a theme the simple life and honest love of a sweet-natured country girl seems to Mr. Marston an impudent desecration, the "emptying of a coal-sack" on the sacred pavement of the temple of beauty. Dorothy is an "outrage on poetry," for no reason given by Mr. Marston, unless it be that, because she had hard red hands, the girl herself was not a perfectly beautiful creature. This is curious logic indeed, and remarkable criticism.

The truth is that the refined sensuousness which has lost its relish for simple delights, and searches after the stimulus of "strange dyes and curious odors," has also lost its sensibility to the appeal of the higher forms of beauty; and however it may laud them in words has in reality ceased to understand or be in sympathy with their deepest meaning.

We may agree with the Methodist parson that art gives pleasure, but we join issue with him at once when he makes the giving of pleasure its end and aim. He might with equal truth preach to his people that because true goodness brings with it the highest happiness, therefore happiness is the object which must be directly sought by the good man. If we really care to know anything of art, let us begin at the beginning, and learn something of its essential nature and fundamental principles, before we set up to be artists or critics

of art. Something is required of us before we can be even simple connoisseurs. "*Il faut avoir de l'âme pour avoir du goût.*"

—There are certain good English words which seem to have lost their real meaning, and to have been degraded by long use. The other day I said, with a good deal of enthusiasm, that a person of my acquaintance was a most respectable woman, and my companions looked shocked, as if I had done her great injustice. "I don't know anybody for whom I have a higher respect," I added, feeling that I ought to explain myself; and the faces of my audience brightened at once, and the conversation went on as before. The word "respectable" means, in the sense in which I had used it, that a person is a plain, ordinary human being, of an every-day sort, who pays his bills and behaves himself decently, but whom nobody would think of admiring. The word seems to belong to the middle and lower classes in society, but why should we not use it literally, and bravely call any person respectable (whom we can), in the highest rank or in any other? It is a fine tribute to any character when we can heartily call it respectable.

Words come to have definitions of their own, as if they had been cut from their roots and were growing elsewhere, on their own account and with new properties, like transplanted herbs. It seems sometimes that the early English writers had the chance of using our language while it was fresh and unworn. The words had the clear cutting and shininess of new coins, but after many years' use they are like the smooth old shillings and sixpences, that are marked with a cross, and will no longer be taken at their first value. When we read the old authors we are delighted with the exactness of their language. There is a quaintness which delights us; but we are most pleased at discovering for ourselves the real meaning of words which we have hitherto mistaken. It

is a good thing if we learn something from every page, and drop the false meanings as fast as we learn the true. It is worth while to stop and think what words really were made to mean in the first place. One can hardly look through five lines, or listen to five sentences, without finding some expression that is really wide of the idea which was meant to be conveyed. Preciseness in speech or writing need not show either primness, or self-consciousness, or painstaking, and it would really give one much more liberty. One need not be a Latin scholar, or able to tell himself everything about a word's derivation and history; a minute's thought will serve to take a fresh coin from among the worn ones whose value has been lessened, and to buy with it his reader's or listener's quicker and more grateful attention.

— In reading *Comus*, I am always reminded of Shakespeare's fairy-land and its elfin agencies. In *Comus*, the action takes place in the night-time, the scene being laid in an enchanted forest. The same may be noted of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. *Comus* is prince of nocturnal revel, having the same delight in whimsical frolic and miscreancy that we observe in Puck. Both are zealous to accomplish their malicious spells before "*Aurora's harbinger*" or the "*blabbing eastern scout*" discovers and denounces them. In the *Mask*, the lady is lost, and becomes the victim of sorcerous charms; in the *Dream*, *Helena* and *Hermia* wander about the

woods, sorely abused in their wits by the magic practice of Puck.

In Shakespeare's flora, there is a little western flower, wounded by Cupid long ago, and ever since called "*love-in-idleness*," the juice of which, misapplied by Puck, produces such a series of lamentable complications. In Milton's flora, also, there is a plant of occult properties, — the herb *hæmony*, very potent against all "*enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp*."

I am impressed with a certain family resemblance traceable in the *Attendant Spirit* and in the *Ariel* of the *Tempest*. The former, to be sure, has a moral gravity and a reasoning faculty not possessed by the other; but fancy *Ariel* to have taken a serious turn, to have mastered *Prospero's* books of magic, to have studied some works on humanity and divinity, — would not such a curriculum place him on a level with the *Attendant Spirit*? Both are glad to be released from responsibility in the affairs of mortals. Listen to *Ariel* slipping away into elemental liberty: —

"I do fly,
After summer, merrily,"

And the spirit in *Comus* is no less eager to be off: —

"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end."

but not without a parting word of counsel, characteristic of a Miltonian spirit:

"Mortals that would follow me
Love virtue."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Art. The initial volume of *L'Art* for the present year (J. W. Bouton, New York) is unusually rich in the department of etching. If the letterpress of *L'Art* were not so carefully prepared and so valuable in material, one would be tempted to remove some of these elegant *planches* from the context and frame them. For this purpose we should

certainly select Teyssonnière's *Piazza* of St. Mark, the *Pont des Saintes-Pères* of Lucien Gautier, Leon Gauchere's *La Lande de Kerrenic*, the *San Giorgio Maggiore*, by Boulard *fils*, and *Un Début à l'Atelier* of Edward Ramus, after the original by Maurice Bompard. The volume contains twenty-six full-page plates, fifteen of which are

etchings. The latter prove what we have long suspected, that the French artists of to-day are more skillful with the steel-point than with the graver. That precision and rapidity of touch which are necessary to the etching belong by nature to a Frenchman. Though there are many finished wood-cuts in the present volume, they by no means represent its highest excellence. The literature of *L'Art* is always unexceptionable; the collected numbers of a few months constitute a library of admirable critical, historical, and archaeological papers. Among the more important articles in the issue under consideration are the conclusion of M. Hédou's notice of Noel le Mire, M. August Weber's *Souvenirs de Quelques Galeries Roumaines*, and M. Monceau's studies on *Les Tapisseries de l'Ancien Chapitre d'Auxerre*. — Mr. Bouton sends also a copy of the *Catalogue Illustré du Salon for 1882* (L. Baschet, Paris), a full catalogue of titles, with a liberal collection of rude memoranda of the paintings and statues in the form of photolithographic plates. It is a pity that these have no index.

Biblical Criticism. Onesimus, *Memoirs of a Disciple of St. Paul*, by the author of *Philochristus* (Roberts), is one of the reproductions of early Christianity in literary form, which appear to have come again into favor, after nearly a generation of silence. It is difficult in such works to avoid the labor of educating the readers who are to enjoy the book. — Porter & Coates have improved the *Comparative New Testament*, which they were one of the first to issue after the appearance of the Revision, by incorporating in the text the readings preferred by the American Committee, by furnishing a history of the Revision, and in minor ways rendering their edition more complete. — The Gospel according to Matthew is the first volume in the series of *The International Revision Commentary on the New Testament*, edited by Dr. Philip Schaff. (Scribners.) It is simply the *Illustrated Popular Commentary* reproduced with the Revision text. Such works may serve to fasten the Revision, but the excuse for a new commentary does not seem to us very important. We are repeatedly told that the Revision disturbs no truth in the New Testament. Why, then, should it require a commentary of its own?

Political Economy. Pleas for Protection Examined, by Augustus Mongredien (Cassell), is one of the pamphlets of the Cobden Club. Mr. Mongredien gives notice that these are chapters taken in advance from a larger work upon which he is engaged. He considers the question purely as a commercial one, apparently. — The *Social Law of Labor* (Roberts) is the title which Mr. W. B. Weedon gives to his book, in which he endeavors to present the questions of capital and labor with direct reference to the society in which the questions are asked. He has, he thinks, discovered in society an order which transcends the church, the state, the family, and the individual. Whatever may be the worth of his discovery, he is right in this, that no solution of the problem of capital and labor can possibly be reached which regards them, as so many writers appear to regard them, as distinct individualities. It is only as an

order, as relations, are apprehended that such questions can even be asked fairly. We think, however, that he does not sufficiently regard the distinction between the state and the nation. — *Capital and Population*, by Frederick B. Hawley (Appletons), is a study of the economic effects of their relations to each other. The book is substantially a critique of Mill's *Principles*, carrying forward those principles, as the author conceives, into their logical consequences. — *Currency, or The Fundamental Principles of Monetary Science*, postulated, explained, and applied, by Hugh Bowly Willson (Putnams), aims to demonstrate the possibility of a purely automatic method of supplying both coined and paper money through a universal monetary system. His book will receive the attention of students. — The seventh of the *Economic Tracts*, published by the Society for Political Education in New York, is *Money and its Substitute*, by Horace White, an essay prepared originally for Mr. Lalor's *Cyclopaedia*. Mr. White's training as a journalist gives him an advantage in presenting his subject, and within brief limits he furnishes a clear outline.

Travel and Adventure. The Gypsies, by Charles G. Leland (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), will be received with interest by all who know Mr. Leland's long familiarity with the subject; and so much entertaining and curious information about this people cannot elsewhere be found. — Osgood's *Pocket Guide to Europe* (Osgood) condenses travel advice almost to a memorandum. It reads as if compiled by various persons, or by an editor who has his strong preferences. Warwick, for instance, has more notice than Amsterdam. As a rule, one who goes to a small town is likely to see everything without any other than local advice; it is in the large cities where he will waste his energies in finding the most important sights. The book, however, seems business-like. — Among the *Azores*, by Lyman H. Weeks (Osgood), has the advantage of a fresh subject; and though Mr. Weeks is not a specially graceful writer, he is a faithful one, and his little book will carry a substantial knowledge of the islands and the life on them. — *Orient Sunbeams, or From the Porte to the Pyramids, by Way of Palestine* (Putnams), continues the journey taken last summer by S. S. Cox. Mr. Cox is an irrepressibly good-natured traveler. — The *Index Guide to Travel and Art-Study in Europe*, by Lafayette C. Loomis (Scribners), is a compendium of geographical, historical, and artistic information for the use of Americans. It deals with art, scenery, history, legend, and myths; it has plans and catalogues of galleries, and it draws up routes of travel. The alphabetical arrangement of the greater part of the contents is a feature which is gradually being accepted as the most convenient in such books. The compactness of this work and its comprehensiveness are likely to make it useful and popular.

History and Biography. Mr. Jebb's *Richard Bentley*, in the series *English Men of Letters* (Harpers), will do something toward affording the general reader some notion of the racy material which gathers about the life of Bentley, and will give a little more definiteness to a figure which

scholars have cherished as their humorist. — *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life* in New York, by Abram C. Dayton (Harlan), is the reminiscences of an old gentleman whose memory was sound for all events up to 1837, which he makes the date of the end of the Knickerbocker dynasty. The pictures which he draws of life in New York are full of interesting material, and the reader will amuse himself with them even though he find the narrator sometimes a little garrulous and prosy. — *The Naval War of 1812, or The History of the United States Navy during the last War with Great Britain*, by Theodore Roosevelt (Putnams), is an interesting and needed contribution to our history, written by a man who is cool enough to be an impartial narrator, and patriotic enough to recognize the true import of the struggle. — *Victor Hugo and his Time*, by Alfred Barbou, translated from the French by Ellen E. Frewer (Harpers), is scarcely an anticipation of the poet's biography. Call no man happy until he is dead, when he can no longer, it is to be hoped, read the gushing praise of his too ardent followers, and see the text interspersed with dismal engravings of, by, and about him. Still this volume will furnish the reader with a variety of details respecting Victor Hugo and contemporary comment, although the spirit in which it is conceived renders one skeptical of its accuracy of statement. — *Some Experiences of a Barrister's Life*, by Mr. Serjeant Ballantine (Holt), is a somewhat disappointing book. It is apparently an index to a lost memory. The writer names one man after another whom he knew, and tells what a fine fellow he was, but just as the reader settles himself to enjoy this comrade he sees him walk off, leaving nothing but his name and an air of excellence behind him; or Mr. Serjeant Ballantine tells us that he has a good story to tell, and begins to laugh over it, but the story does not get told, and our laugh is postponed. — *Montesquieu's Consideration on the Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans* is a new translation, together with an introduction, critical and illustrative notes, and an analytical index, by John Baker. (Appletons.) The work, while containing Montesquieu's treatise unimpaired, has also a large embroidery of notes by the translator, who makes it the occasion for a philosophical study of considerable acuteness. — *The second volume of Mr. James Schouler's History of the United States of America under the Constitution* (William H. Morrison, Washington) carries the work forward from 1801 to 1817, and is, like the previous volume, furnished with many curious details, which the author's diligence has accumulated from a variety of material. This and a singularly rococo style for a historian are the first characteristics to impress the reader. — *The Russian Empire, its Origin and Development*, by S. B. Boulton (Cassell), is a small hand-book of combined history and description; it is well written and interesting, more than could be expected of so concise a work. — *Giovanni Ruffini is a biographical and literary study*, by Professor Arturo Linaker. A lithographic portrait of Ruffini's fine head fronts the title-page. (Fratelli Bocca, Florence, Turin, and Rome.) — *John C. Calhoun*, by Dr. H. von Holst, is the latest issue in the

series of American Statesmen. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) — *Henry W. Longfellow, Biography, Anecdotes, Letters, Criticism*, by W. Sloane Kennedy (Moses King, Cambridge), is a compilation drawn from the multitudinous sources which have been opened, especially since the poet's death. The editor has taken pains, and though the labor of reading so many newspaper extracts is somewhat fatiguing, there is some interest attaching to the survey thus permitted. The biography at the close is a valuable feature, for which the editor is mainly indebted to that published in the *Literary World*. — *Mr. F. H. Underwood's sketch of Longfellow* (Osgood) is a more deliberate and orderly production, although by the author's confession its final form is a concession to the supposed need of the public for early intelligence. There is more criticism in this work, but it is nearly all Mr. Underwood's. The preface also contains an interesting piece of autobiography, and since the work includes comment upon the poet's contemporaries, it is a pity that this bit of personal history could not have been expanded as a contribution to literary history. — *Mr. E. A. Freeman brings nearly to a conclusion his history of the Norman Conquest of England in the Reign of William Rufus and the accession of Henry the First, in two volumes.* (At the Clarendon Press, Oxford.) With maps. — *The ninth volume of Campaigns of the Civil War* (Scribners) is *Atlanta*, by Jacob D. Cox, LL. D.

Fiction. *Family Fortunes*, a domestic story, by Edward Garrett (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is a refined story of sentiment, with the customary Scotch figures. It would seem as if Scotland had invented no new characters since story books began to be written, but perhaps what we vaguely want is a new Scotch language. — *Edmond de Goncourt's La Faustine* has been translated by John Stirling. (Petersons.) The English version, with all its erasures and coverings, seems to make the story even more gross than the original, for the bouquet of the French has disappeared, and so long as that lasted one might feel an illusion of the super-sense. — *Plain-Speaking*, by the author of *John Halifax, Esq.* (Harpers), is a collection of studies, stories, sketches, and essays, which are apparently the chips of Mrs. Craik's workshop, or, more accurately, the snippings of her piece-bag. What an extraordinary difference between the moral tone of this and the last book, and between the technical excellence of the two! — *Nicholas Minturn and Miss Gilbert's Career* have been added to the new and neat series of Dr. Holland's complete writings. (Scribners.) — *The Revolt of Man* (Holt) is Number 136 of the *Leisure Hour Series*; a satirical novel, in which the author performs the mental gymnastic of landing in the next century at a point when men, who have been excluded from their present position, regain the ascendancy in affairs. The story moves in shackles, and can scarcely be recommended as more than a somewhat trying piece of ingenuity. — *The Villa Bohemia*, by Marie Le Baron (Kochendoerfer & Urie, New York), is the light and trifling story of how several girls who set up a declaration of independence in the country were captured by their

natural enemy. It is written in school-girl English.—A Reverend Idol (Osgood) represents a somewhat higher grade of the same order. It is a diffuse feminine novel.—Dick's *Wandering*, by Julian Sturgis (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) will be agreeably welcomed by those who have read this young author's former story of *John-a-Dreams*.—*Guernedale, an Old Story*, by J. S. of Dale (Scribners), is likely to give a flip to the palate of the satiated novel-reader.—Recent numbers of the Franklin Square Library (Harpers) are Mary Cecil Hay's *Dorothy's Venture*, *Beggar my Neighbor*, by E. D. Gerard, *Mount Royal*, by M. E. Braddon, and Trollope's latest two, *Marion Fay* and *Why Frau Frohmann Raised her Prices*, and other stories.—*South-Mountain Magic*, a narrative by Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren (Osgood), is a collection of sketches of life and superstitions, drawn by the writer from her residence among the dwellers about South Mountain of the Blue Ridge.—*Barriers Burned Away*, by E. P. Roe (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is issued anew in a revised edition, which bids for a large public, since it is published in a three-columned paper style, and, like other large paper books, is strictly limited in number, a hundred thousand copies only being printed.—There is no English word quite vile enough to characterize the villeness of Zola's last novel—in the original. In the translation, by John Stirling (T. B. Peterson & Bros.), the villeness is veiled in a manner that will be disappointing to the class of readers to which Pot-Bouille is addressed; for the translator, evidently having the fear of the police in his eyes, has stopped short of actual obscenity. He has managed, however, to add to the book a vulgarity which it does not possess in the original French,—a vulgar prose style. "A crowd of carriages stopped the fiacre, on which were three trunks, and in which was Octave on his way from the Lyons station." Octave in three trunks! It is a dull story at best; in Mr. Stirling's hands its dullness is phenomenal.—The fourth volume of Bret Harte's collected writings (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) contains the author's single essay in the field of the novelist, *Gabriel Conroy*. This novel is now for the first time placed in book-form in the hands of the trade, it having previously been issued only by subscription.

Theology and Philosophy. The Book of Enoch, translated from the Ethiopic, with introduction and notes, by Rev. George H. Schodde, Ph. D., professor in Capital University, Columbus, Ohio (Draper, Andover), will be welcomed not only by scholars, but by all who would use the small store of genuine literary monuments of the earliest ages of Christianity.—The *Present Religious Crisis*, by Augustus Blauvelt (Putnams), is the first of three volumes, in which the author, who appeared a few years since in one of the magazines as an alarmist, intends to arouse religious-minded men from their blindness to the perils of the hour, to reëxamine the foundations of religious belief, and, let us hope, to discover a common ground upon which the believer in Christianity may stand with all past believers; otherwise his work will fall to the ground.—*Westminster Sermons* is the title of a collection of sermons preached on special occa-

sions in Westminster Abbey by the late Dean Stanley (Scribners), and the reason for the collection on this basis may readily be found in Stanley's felicitous use of occasions to illustrate his favorite theme of historic Christianity.—The *Creation and the Scripture, the Revelation of God*, by Gilbert Chichester Morrell, M. D. (Putnams), is a posthumous work, which records the author's labor in securing a foothold for himself in Christianity when Christian writers seemed determined to undermine the structure by their denials of science. It is the work of a serious and conscientious man, but throws no singular light on the controversy implied.—*The Stars and the Earth, or Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity* (Lee & Shepard), is a little work which years ago was introduced to the American public, by Dr. Thomas Hill, who now furnishes a new introduction. He makes some slight emendations called for by the new state of knowledge on the subject, but the ingenious application of science to philosophy remains unaltered. We say ingenious, for the whole argument is likely to impress some minds as a bit of fancy.

Books for Young People. The *Young Nimrods around the World*, by Thomas W. Knox (Harpers), is a profusely illustrated book of travel, chiefly in the Pacific,—a literary menagerie without the objectionable features of the circus.

Criticism. *Human Life in Shakespeare*, by Henry Giles (Lee & Shepard), is a reissue of a book which ought not to want readers. The lecture form is a little destructive of compactness of statement, and one is apt to be irritated at diffuse comments on Shakespeare, but the insight of Mr. Giles is valuable, and a favor has been done the public in the reissue, which has an introduction by Mr. O'Reilly.—*Essays from the Critic* (Osgood) is a collection of seventeen papers upon topics of immediate interest, from the files of the *Critic* journal. The authors are Messrs. Burroughs, Sanborn, Stoddard, Whitman, Stedman, Bellows, Eggleston, Miss Thomas, Mrs. Howe, and others.

Poetry and the Drama. *Summer Gleanings*, compiled and arranged by Rose Porter (White and Stokes), may be placed under the head either of Poetry and the Drama, or of Blank Books. It opens like a reporter's note-book, is furnished with a little verse under each day's date, with a neatly marked off blank space for one's own poetry or prose, and two other blank spaces on the page for a pencil sketch and pressed flowers. One may thus render his or her summer unerringly sentimental, and as the book is furnished with guards between the leaves the pressed flowers ought not to prevent it from staying shut at the end of the summer. The method of this sentiment is curdling.—*Californian Verses*, by Charles H. Phelps (San Francisco Publishing Company), is a thin volume of verse, some of it not unmusical, but none of it apparently necessary.—*The Defence of the Bride and other Poems*, by Anna Katharine Green (Putnams), will be a surprise to those who know Miss Green only as a novelist; but the surprise will give way in part when it is seen that the poetry is largely a novelist's poetry, that it rests for its interest upon the

same general love of narrative and sensation which makes Miss Green choose such subjects as *The Leavenworth Secret*. One may call the poems spirited; they have an energy about them at times which suggests violent exercise. — *The Story of a Hunchback* and other Poems is so modestly made known that we are unable to tell readers where they can get a copy, or who is the author. J. L. stands on the title-page to represent the poet, but there is no publisher's name, and even the printer's imprint has cautiously been suppressed. The book is, in Coleridge's words, as good as manuscript. The verse, though never rising to unusual height, is melodious, and the sentiment pure and tender. The shyness of this singer gives a value to the song, which we might have cared for less if it had seemed intended to disclose the singer. — One passes into different company when taking up *The Vision of Esther*, by Charles De Kay (Appletons), which the author explains to be a companion, and in some degree a continuation of, *The Vision of Nimrod*. Mr. De Kay's poetry has a cosmic intention, and the reader is warned at the outset that he must pack his mind for a bolder and severer journey than he is accustomed to take in contemporary verse. The book is one of three continents, apparently; the third is to emerge from the waters, if the other two prove strong enough to hold the public. — *A Red-Letter Day* and other Poems, by Lucius Harwood Foote (A. Williams & Co., Boston), contains the verses of a man who has traveled and known the world, and read poetry, and transmutates his experience and reading into thirty poems, which are sometimes spirited, but do not seem to forget themselves in inspiration. — Poems, by Mary E. Blake (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the title of a volume in which a warm and religious nature gives varied expression to sentiment in forms of verse which are familiar and unstrained.

Domestic Economy and Health. The Chemistry of Cooking and Cleaning, by Ellen H. Richards, Instructor in Chemistry in the Woman's Laboratory of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (Estes & Lauriat), is a manual for house-keepers, which will interest them by giving not detailed directions, but scientific reasons. — A less adorned manual is *Good Things* made, said, and done, for every home and household, sent by Goodall, Backhouse & Co., of Leeds. No author's name is given; perhaps the publishers prepared it. — *Bible Hygiene, or Health-Hints* (Blakiston, Philadelphia), is the work of a physician who not only has an honest belief in the Bible, but reads it, especially the Mosaic books, with a sense of its practical character. Probably the greater number of people who have read *Leviticus* faithfully, a chapter at a time, have been entirely oblivious to the fact that the sanitary laws laid down in it are not a matter merely of ritual. The theme is a good one, and we do not think this author has exhausted its capacity.

Sport and Humor. *Twenty Questions*, a short treatise on the game, to which are added a code of rules and specimen games for the use of beginners, by Hotspur (Holt), is a witty and really serviceable book on the important subject which it discusses. Veteran players, after they have recounted their triumphs, may spend the rest of the day profitably in reading this treatise. — *A Comic History of the United States*, by Livingston Hopkins (Cassell), has so much of wit as consists in brevity. The pictures by the author are occasionally funny, but there is a misplacement of wit in most cases.

Lexicography. An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M. A. (Macmillans), is modestly announced by the learned compiler as "undertaken with the intention of furnishing students with materials for a more scientific study of English etymology than is commonly to be found in previous works upon the subject." To secure compactness a very small type has been used, and either plates, ink, press-work, or paper are at fault, for the general effect is muddy. This is of less importance in a book of reference, but it is simply inexcusable. The greater the mechanical difficulties assumed in such a case, the more imperative is success. — Harper & Brothers issue Skeat's Concise Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, which the compiler claims is not an abridgment of his larger work, but, so far as we can see, a briefer work, designed for the general rather than the scientific student.

Education and Text-Books. On Horseback, in the school and on the road, by E. L. Anderson (Holt), is better than the usual handbooks on the subject, for it is written by a gentleman, and has reference to a gentleman's use of the horse. — An Etymology of Latin and Greek, by Charles S. Halsey (Ginn, Heath & Co.), is intended for a school hand-book, to accompany the customary work in the classics, and to systematize a study which has usually been treated in too desultory and fragmentary a fashion. It is made up of principles, of tables of substitution of sounds and of the application of the principles of the Indo-European method. — *Primary Helps*, being No. 1 of a new series of Kindergarten manuals, by W. N. Hailmann (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse), has the customary grasp of the science; it begins with the philosophy of a Kosmos, and comes down to sticks and peas. — In Rolfe's English classics (Harpers), Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and Timon of Athens have been reached. — *Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry*, with Logarithmic and other Mathematical Tables, and Examples of their Use and Hints on the Art of Computation, by Simon Newcomb (Holt), is a volume in the author's mathematical course, and its scope is limited to the subjects and treatment necessary in the fullest course of mathematics usually taught in our colleges and technological schools.



R. Waldo Emerson



